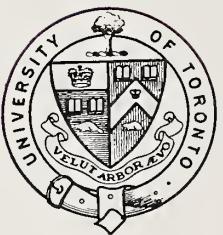


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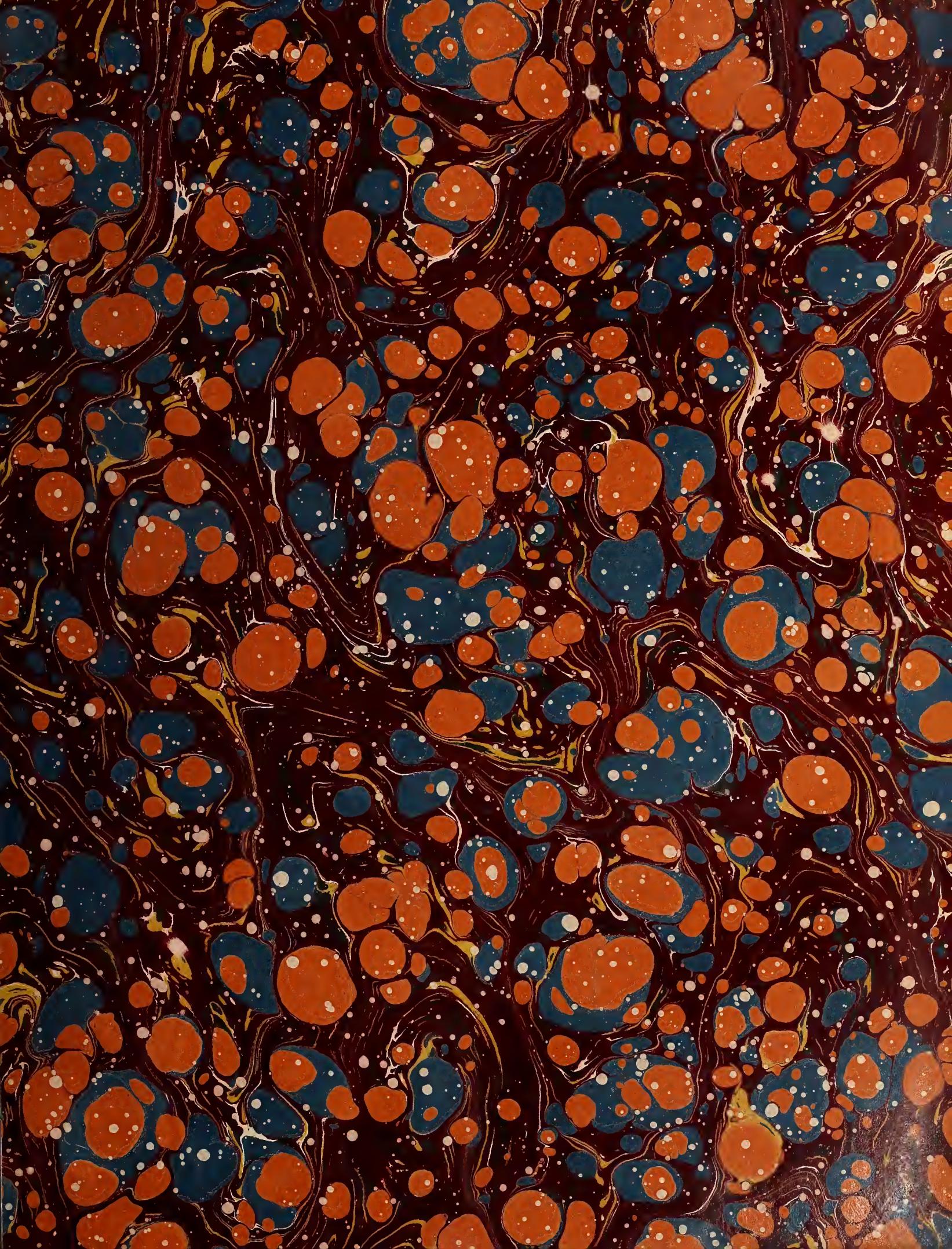
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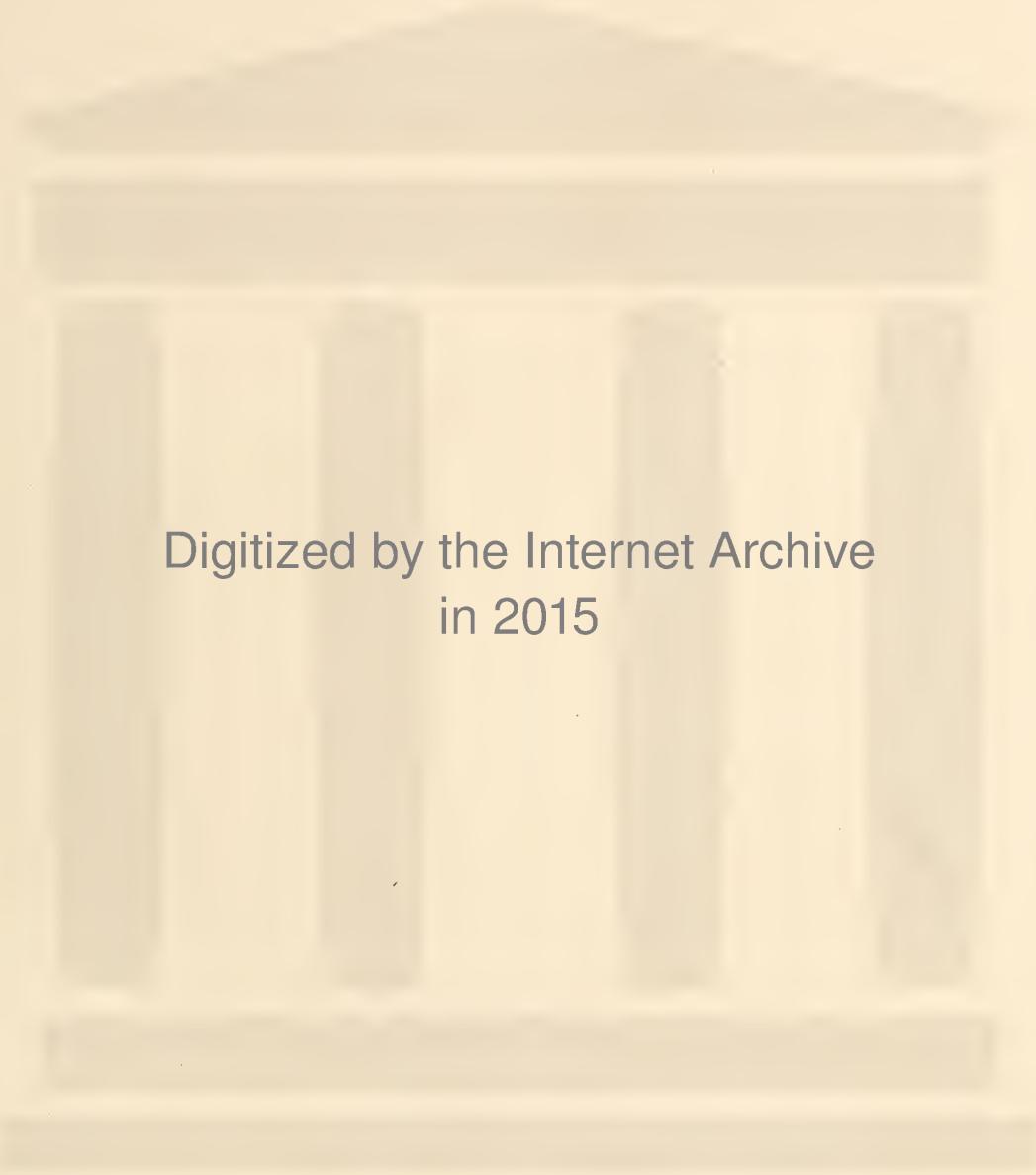
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On the Coast of Florida.

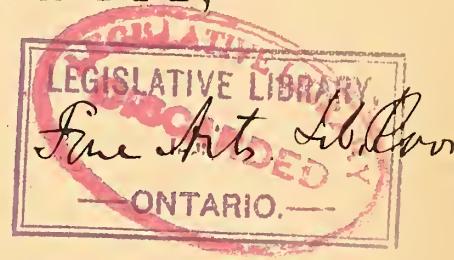
New York, J. L. Appleton, & Co.

PICTUREQUE AMERICA

BY
ALFRED W. BRIDGERS.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA;

OR,



THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

A DELINEATION BY PEN AND PENCIL

OF

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THE MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, LAKES, FORESTS, WATER-FALLS, SHORES,
CAÑONS, VALLEYS, CITIES, AND OTHER PICTURESQUE
FEATURES OF OUR COUNTRY.

With Illustrations on Steel and Wood, by Eminent American Artists.

EDITED BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
549 & 551 BROADWAY.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872,

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P R E F A C E .

IT is the design of the publication entitled "PICTURESQUE AMERICA" to present full descriptions and elaborate pictorial delineations of the scenery characteristic of all the different parts of our country. The wealth of material for this purpose is almost boundless.

It will be admitted that our country abounds with scenery new to the artist's pencil, of a varied character, whether beautiful or grand, or formed of those sharper but no less striking combinations of outline which belong to neither of these classes. In the Old World every spot remarkable in these respects has been visited by the artist; studied and sketched again and again; observed in sunshine and in the shade of clouds, and regarded from every point of view that may give variety to the delineation. Both those who see in a landscape only what it shows to common eyes, and those whose imagination, like that of Turner, transfigures and glorifies whatever they look at, have made of these places, for the most part, all that could be made of them, until a desire is felt for the elements of natural beauty in new combinations, and for regions not yet rifled of all that they can yield to the pencil. Art sighs to carry her conquests into new realms. On our continent, and within the limits of our Republic, she finds them—primitive forests, in which the huge trunks of a past generation of trees lie mouldering in the shade of their aged descendants; mountains and valleys, gorges and rivers, and tracts of sea-coast, which the foot of the artist has never trod; and glens murmuring with water-falls which his ear has never heard. Thousands of charming nooks are waiting to yield their beauty to the pencil of the first comer. On the two great oceans which border our league of States, and in the vast space between them, we find a variety of scenery which no other single country can boast of. In other parts of the globe are a few mountains which attain a greater altitude than any within our limits, but the mere difference in height adds nothing to the impression made on the spectator. Among our White Mountains, our Catskills, our Alleghanies, our Rocky Mountains, and our Sierra Nevada, we have some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery in the world. On our majestic rivers—among the largest on either continent—and on our lakes—the largest and noblest in the world—the country often wears an aspect in which beauty is blended with majesty; and on our prairies and savannas the spectator, surprised at the vastness of their features, finds himself, notwithstanding the soft and gentle sweep of their outlines, overpowered with a sense of sublimity.

By means of the overland communications lately opened between the Atlantic coast and that of the Pacific, we have now easy access to scenery of a most remarkable character. For those who would see Nature in her grandest forms of snow-clad mountain, deep valley, rocky pinnacle, precipice, and chasm, there is no longer any occasion to cross the ocean. A rapid journey by railway over the plains that stretch westward from the Mississippi, brings the tourist into a region of the Rocky Mountains rivalling Switzerland in its scenery of rock piled on rock, up to the region of the clouds. But Switzerland has no such groves on its mountain-sides, nor has even Libanus, with its ancient cedars, as those which raise the astonishment of the visitor to that Western region—trees of such prodigious height and enormous dimensions that, to attain their present bulk, we might imagine them to have sprouted from the seed at the time of the Trojan War. Another feature of that region is so remarkable as to have enriched our language with a new word; and *cañon*, as the Spaniards write it, or *canyon*, as it is often spelled by our people,

signifies one of those chasms between perpendicular walls of rock—chasms of fearful depth and of length like that of a river, reporting of some mighty convulsion of Nature in ages that have left no record save in these displacements of the crust of our globe. Nor should we overlook in this enumeration the scenery of the desert, as it is seen in all its dreariness, not without offering subjects for the pencil, in those tracts of our Western possessions where rains never fall nor springs gush to moisten the soil.

When we speak of the scenery in our country rivalling that of Switzerland, we do not mean to imply that it has not a distinct and peculiar aspect. In mountain-scenery Nature does not repeat herself any more than in the human countenance. The traveller among the Pyrenees sees at a glance that he is not among the Alps. There is something in the forms and tints by which he is surrounded, and even in the lights which fall upon them, that impresses him with the idea of an essential difference. So, when he journeys among the steeps, and gorges, and fountains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, he well perceives that he is neither among the Alps nor the Pyrenees. The precipices wear outlines of their own, the soil has its peculiar vegetation, the clouds and the sky have their distinct physiognomy.

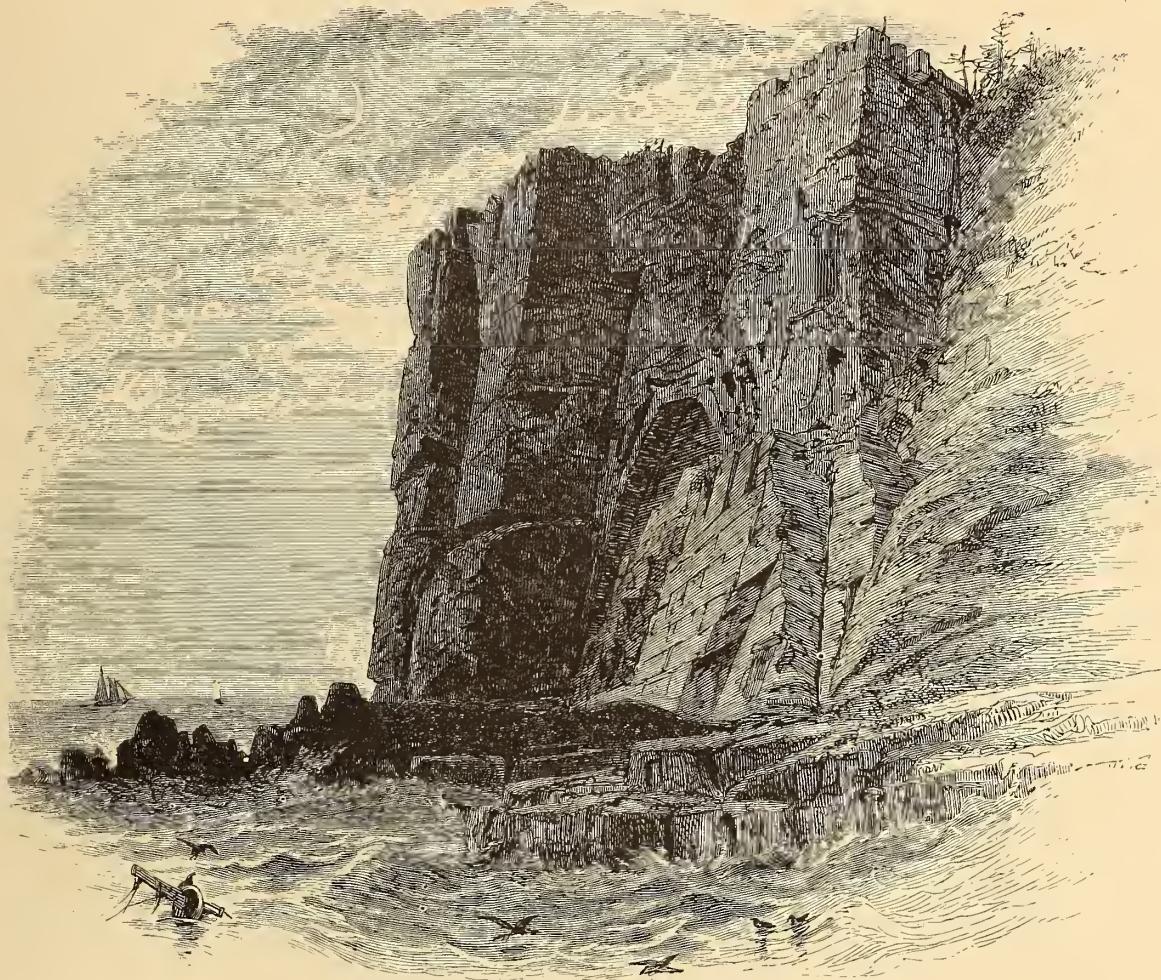
Here, then, is a field for the artist almost without limits. It is no wonder that, with such an abundance and diversity of subjects for the pencil of the landscape-painter, his art should flourish in our country, and that some of those by whom it is practised should have made themselves illustrious by their works. Amid this great variety, however, and in a territory of such great extent, parts of which are but newly explored and other parts yet unvisited by sketchers, it is certain that no country has within its borders so many beautiful spots altogether unfamiliar to its own people. It is quite safe to assert that a book of American scenery, like "*PICTURESQUE AMERICA*," will lay before American readers more scenes entirely new to them than a similar book on Europe. Paintings, engravings, and photographs, have made us all, even those who have never seen them, well acquainted with the banks of the Hudson, with Niagara, and with the wonderful valley of the Yosemite; but there are innumerable places which lie out of the usual path of our artists and tourists; and many strange, picturesque, and charming scenes, sought out in these secluded spots, will, for the first time, become familiar to the general public through these pages. It is the purpose of the work to illustrate with greater fulness, and with superior excellence, so far as art is concerned, the places which attract curiosity by their interesting associations, and, at the same time, to challenge the admiration of the public for many of the glorious scenes which lie in the by-ways of travel.

Nor is the plan of the work confined to the natural beauties of our country. It includes, moreover, the various aspects impressed on it by civilization. It will give views of our cities and towns, characteristic scenes of human activity on our rivers and lakes, and will often associate, with the places delineated, whatever of American life and habits may possess the picturesque element.

The descriptions which form the letter-press of this work are necessarily from different pens, since they were to be obtained from those who had personally some knowledge of the places described. As for the illustrations, they were made in almost every instance by artists sent by the publishers for the purpose. Photographs, however accurate, lack the spirit and personal quality which the accomplished painter or draughtsman infuses into his work. The engravings here presented may with reason claim for "*PICTURESQUE AMERICA*," in addition to the fidelity of the delineations, that they possess spirit, animation, and beauty, which give to the work of the artist a value higher than could be derived from mere topographical accuracy.

The letter-press has passed under my revision, but to the zeal and diligence of Mr. Oliver B. Bunce, who has made the getting up of this work a labor of love, the credit of obtaining the descriptions from different quarters is due. To his well-instructed taste also the public will owe what constitutes the principal value of the work, the selection of subjects, the employment of skilful artists, and the general arrangement of the contents.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA.



Castle Head, Mount Desert.

ON THE COAST OF MAINE.

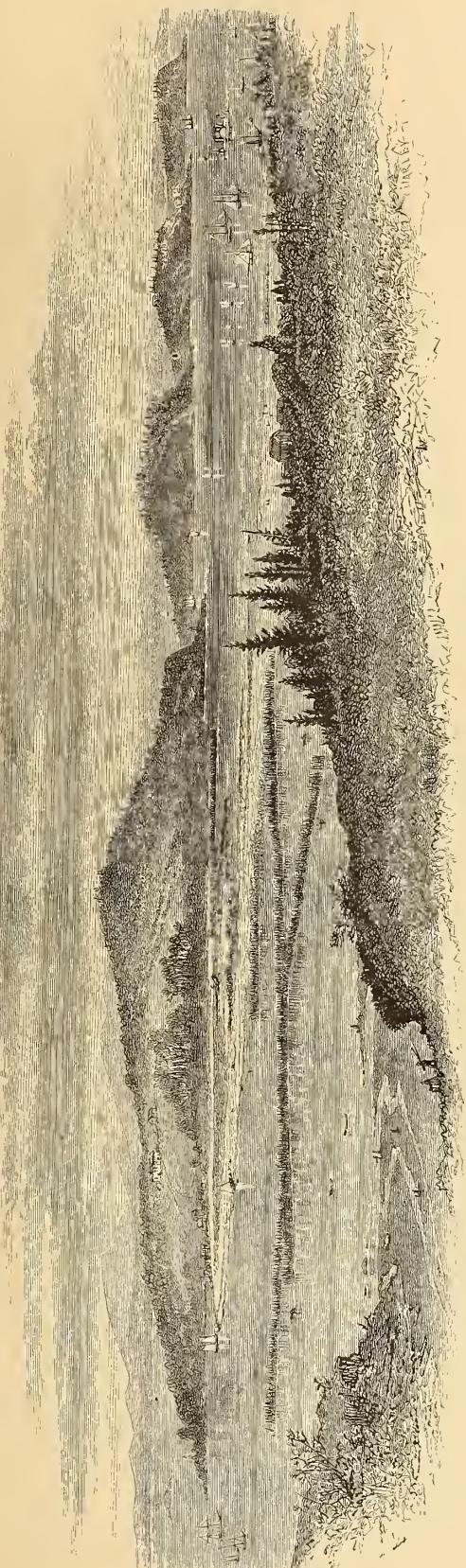
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

THE island of Mount Desert, on the coast of Maine, unites a striking group of picturesque features. It is surrounded by seas, crowned with mountains, and embosomed with lakes. Its shores are bold and rocky cliffs, upon which the breakers for countless centuries have wrought their ceaseless attrition. It affords the only instance along our Atlantic coast where mountains stand in close neighborhood to the sea; here in one picture are

beetling cliffs with the roar of restless breakers, far stretches of bay dotted with green islands, placid mountain-lakes mirroring the mountain-precipices that tower above them, rugged gorges clothed with primitive forests, and sheltered coves where the sea-waves ripple on the shelly beach. Upon the shores are masses of cyclopean rocks heaped one upon another in titanic disorder, and strange caverns of marvellous beauty; on the mountains are frightful precipices, wonderful prospects of far-extending sea, and mazes of land and water, and magnificent forests of fir and spruce. It is a union of all these supreme fascinations of scenery, such as Nature, munificent as she is, rarely affords.

Mount Desert is situated one hundred and ten miles east of Portland, in Frenchman's Bay, which stretches on the eastern and western sides of the island in a wide expanse, but narrows at the upper or northern end, where a bridge establishes permanent connection with the main-land. The greatest length of the island is fourteen miles, and its extreme width eight, the area being a hundred square miles. Nearly midway it is picrced by an inlet of the sea known as Somes's Sound, which is seven miles in length. It includes three townships, Tremont, Mount Desert, and Eden, and possesses several harbors, the best known of which are Southwest, Northeast, and Bar Harbor. The latter is on the eastern shore, opposite the Porcupine Islands, and derives its name from a sandy bar, visible only at low water, which connects Mount Desert with the largest and northernmost of the Porcupine group. The village at this harbor is known by the name of East Eden, and here tourists and summer visitors principally abide. The mountains are upon the southern half of the island, and lie in seven ridges, running nearly north and south. There are thirteen distinct peaks, the highest of which is known as Green Mountain; and the next, which is separated from Green Mountain by a deep, narrow gorge, is called Newport. The western sides of the range slope gradually upward to the summits, but on the east all of them descnd by steep precipices, four of them into lakes and one into Somes's Sound.

The best view of the inmountains is from the sea. The steamer from Portland, which lands at Bar Harbor twice a week, approaches the island at noonday, when the landscape, under the direct rays of the sun, possesses the least charm. But no other situation affords so fine a command of the range, although, from this view, the rocks and cliffs of the shore, lying under the shadows of the mountains, appear to have but little magnitude or picturesquc value. If it so chance, as it did with the writer, that delays bring the steamer along the coast when the sun is sinking behind the hills, a picture of singular beauty is presented. The mountains then lift in gloomy grandeur against the light of the western sky, and, with the movement of the steamer, break every moment into new combinations of rare beauty. Now they lie massed, one against another, in long, undulating lines, now open into distinct groups; now Green Mountain fronts the sea with all its stern majesty, now Newport rises apparently from the very water's edge in one abrupt cliff a thousand feet in height. It is a dissolving view that for an hour or more presents a superb succession of scenic effects, which the spectator watches with entrancing interest, until he discovcrs the steamer gliding by green



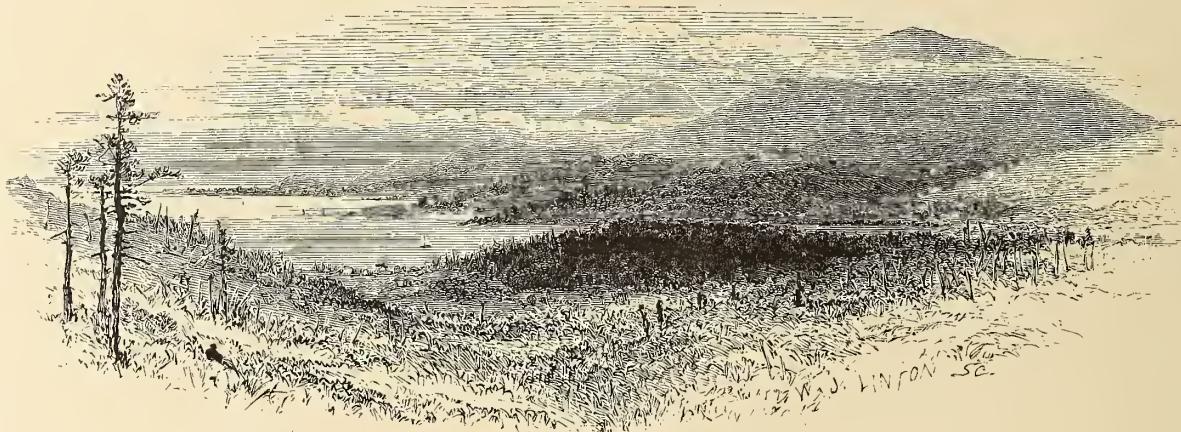
islands and amid fleets of gayly-bannered yachts on its approach to the shore. The village of East Eden, while possessing a charming lookout over the bay, is without one feature of beauty. It is built upon a treeless plain, and consists for the most part of a group of small white houses, rapidly extemporized for the accommodation of summer boarders. Every structure, with the exception of a few cottages erected by wealthy gentlemen of Boston, stands without trees, garden, or other pleasant surroundings. The place is as conspicuously inexact in its cognomen as the island itself is; one wonders whether the notion of naming places by their contraries is a legitimate Down-East institution. In regard to the name of the island, an attempt is made to escape the inconsistency of the appellation by shifting the accent from the first to the last syllable. The primary meaning of the designation, however, requires the accentuation on the first syllable. It was named by the French, who were the discoverers of this coast, "Mont Désert," as expressive of the wild and savage aspects of the mountains and cliffs that front the sea.

Two purposes of special interest fill the mind of the visitor as soon as he finds himself satisfactorily domiciled at East Eden. One is, to explore the long series of rocks and cliffs on the shore; the other, to ascend Green Mountain, and enjoy the superb view from its "thunder-smitten brow." These respects to the scenery of the island having been paid, his subsequent purpose is likely to be fishing and boating. He will be anxious to try his hand at the

The Porcupine Islands, Frenchman's Bay.

splendid trout with which the lakes are said to abound, and to go far down the bay for catches of cod and haddock, which here are of large dimensions and in great abundance. The bays, inlets, and sounds of the coast of Maine afford superb resources for the yachtman. The coast seems to have crumbled off from the main-land in innumerable islands, large and small, so that there is a vast area of inland-sea navigation, which, with infinite variety of scene, gives ample space for boating. A yachting-party might spend a summer delightfully in threading the mazes of this "hundred-harbored Maine," as Whittier describes it. Abandoning the pleasant vision of such a summer, let us for the present remember that our special object is to visit and depict the scenery of Mount Desert.

The several points along the coast to which the visitor's attention is directed are the cliffs known as "The Ovens," which lie some six or seven miles up the bay; and "Schooner

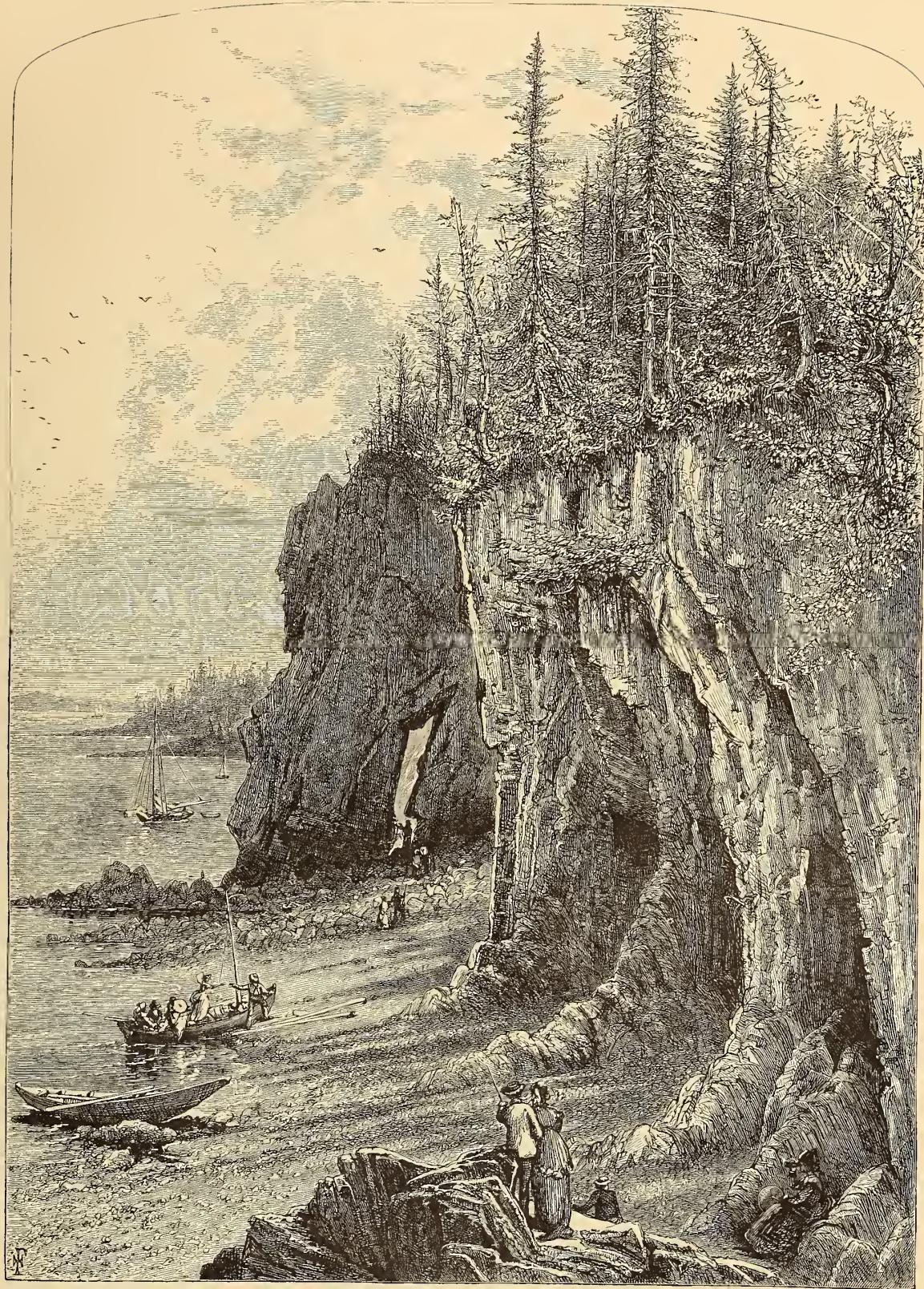


View of Mount-Desert Mountains from Saulsbury-Cove Road.

Head," "Great Head," and "Otter-Creek Cliffs," lying on the seaward shores of the island. It will fall more duly in order to proceed first to "The Ovens," which may be reached by boat or by a pleasant drive of seven or eight miles.

With a one-armed veteran for an escort, Mr. Fenn and the writer set forth for a scene where we were promised many charming characteristics for pen and pencil. It was necessary to time our visit to "The Ovens"—the nomenclature of Mount Desert is painfully out of harmony with the scenes it verbally libels—so as to reach the beach at low tide. The cliffs can be approached only by boat at high tide, and the picture at this juncture loses some of its pleasing features.

The Mount-Desert roads for the most part are in good condition, and have many attractions. The forests are crowded with evergreens, and the firs and the spruce-trees marshal in such array on the hill-sides that, with their slender, spear-like tops, they look like armies of lancers. The landscape borrows from these evergreens an Alpine tone, which



THE CLIFFS NEAR "THE OVENS."

groups of pedestrians for the mountains, armed with alpenstocks, notably enhance. The fir, spruce, pine, and arbor-vitæ, attain splendid proportions; the slender larch is in places also abundant, and a few sturdy hemlocks now and then vary the picture. The forest-scenes are, many of them, of singular beauty, and in our long drives about the island we discovered many a strongly-marked forest-group.

At one point on our drive to "The Ovens," the road, as it ascends a hill near Saulsbury Cove, commands a fine, distant view of the mountains, which Mr. Fenn rapidly sketched. Clouds of fog were drifting along their tops, now obscuring and now revealing them, and adding often a vagueness and mystery to their forms which lent them an additional charm.

The cliffs at "The Ovens" contrast happily with the rocks on the sea-front of the island in possessing a delicious quiet and repose. The waters ripple calmly at their feet, and only when winds are high do the waves chafe and fret at the rocks. Here the perpendicular pile of rock is crowned by growths of trees that ascend in exact line with the wall, casting their shadows on the beach below. Grass and flowers overhang the edge; at points in the wall of rock, tufts of grass and nodding harebells grow, forming pleasant pictures in contrast with the many-tinted rocks, in the crevices of which their roots have found nourishment. The whole effect of the scene here is one of delicious charm. The wide and sunny bay, the boats that glide softly and swiftly upon its surface, the peaceful shores, the cliff crowned with its green forest, make up a picture of great sweetness and beauty. "The Ovens" are cavities worn by the tides in the rock. Some are only slight excavations, such as those shown in Mr. Fenn's drawing, but a little northward of the spot are caves of a magnitude sufficient to hold thirty or forty people. The rocks are mainly of pink feldspar, but within the caves the sea has painted them in various tints of rare beauty, such as would delight the eye and tax the skill and patience of a painter to reproduce. The shores here, indeed, supply almost exhaustless material for the sketch-book of the artist.

To this spot, at hours when the tide permits, pleasure-seekers come in great numbers. It is a favorite picnic-ground for the summer residents at East Eden, whose graceful pleasure-boats give animation to the picture. The visitors picnic in the caves, pass through the archway of a projecting cliff, which some designate as "Via Mala," wander through the forests that crown the cliffs, pluck the wild-roses and harebells that overhang the precipice, and roam up and down the beach in search of the strange creatures of the sea that on these rocky shores abound. Star-fishes, anemones, sea-urchins, and other strange and beautiful forms of marine life, make grand aquaria of the caves all along the coast, and add a marked relish to the enjoyment of the explorer.

From the quiet beauty of "The Ovens" to the turbulence of the seaward shore there is a notable change. Our next point visited was "Schooner Head," which lies four or five miles southward from East Eden, and looks out on the wide Atlantic. "Schooner Head" is so named from the fancy that a mass of white rock on its sea-face, viewed at a proper distance,

has the appearance of a small schooner. There is a tradition that, in the War of 1812, a British frigate sailing by ran in and fired upon it, under the impression that it was an American vessel hugging the shore. "Schooner Head" derives its principal interest from the "Spouting Horn," a wide chasm in the cliff, which extends down to the water and opens to the sea through a small archway below high-water mark. At low water the arch may be



Great Head.

reached over the slippery, weed-covered rocks, and the chasm within ascended by means of uncertain footholds in the sides of the rocky wall. A few adventurous tourists have accomplished this feat, but it is a very dangerous one. If the foot should slip on the smooth, briny rock, and the adventurer glide into the water, escape would be almost impossible. The waves would suck him down into their depths—now toss him upon rocks, whose slippery surface would resist every attempt to grasp, then drag him back into their foaming embrace. When

the tide comes in, the breakers dash with great violence through the archway described, and hurl themselves with resounding thunder against the wall beyond, sending their spray far up the sides of the chasm. But, when a storm prevails, then the scene is one of extreme grandeur. The breakers hurl themselves with such wild fury through the cavernous opening against the walls of rock, that their spray is hurled a hundred feet above the opening at the top of the cliff, as if a vast geyser were extemporized on the shore. The scene is inspiriting and terrible. Visitors to Mount Desert but half understand or appreciate its wonders if they do not visit the cliffs in a storm. On the softest summer day the angry but subdued roar with which the breakers ceaselessly assault the rocks gives a vague intimation of what their fury is when the gale lashes them into tumult. At such times they hurl themselves against the cliffs with a violence that threatens to beat down the rocky barriers and submerge the land ; their spray deluges the abutments to their very tops, and the thunder of their angry crash against the rock may be heard for miles. But at other times the ceaseless war they make upon the shore seems to be one of defeat. The waves come in full, sweeping charge upon the rocks, but hastily fall back, broken and discomfited, giving place to fresh and hopeful levies, who repeat the first assault, and, like their predecessors, are hurled back defeated. The war is endless, and yet by slow degrees the sea gains upon its grim and silent enemy. It undermines, it makes channels, it gnaws caverns, it eats out chasms, it wears away little by little the surface of the stone, it summons the aid of frost and of heat to dislodge and pull down great fragments of the masonry, it grinds into sand, it gashes with scars, and it will never rest until it has dragged down the opposing walls into its depths.

"Great Head," two miles southward of "Schooner Head," is considered the highest headland on the island. It is a bold, projecting mass, with at its base deep gashes worn by the waves. A view of its grim, massive front is obtained by descending a broken mass of cyclopean rocks a little below the cliff, where at low tide, on the sea-washed bowlders, the cliff towers above you in a majestic mass.

People in search of the picturesque should understand the importance of selecting suitable points of view. The beauty or impressiveness of a picture sometimes greatly depends on this. It is often a matter of search to discover the point from which an object has its best expression ; and probably only those of intuitive artistic tastes are enabled to see all the beauties of a landscape, which others lose in ignorance of how to select the most advantageous standing-place. To the cold and indifferent, Nature has no charms ; she reveals herself only to those who surrender their hearts to her influence, and who patiently study her aspects. The beauty of any object lies partly in the capacity of the spectator to see it, and partly in his ability to put himself where the form and color impress the senses most effectively. Not one man in ten discerns half the beauty of a tree or of a pile of rocks, and hence those who fail to discover in a landscape the charm others describe in it, should question their own power of appreciation rather than the accuracy of the delineation. The shores of Mount Desert must be studied with this appreciation and taste, if their beauties



THE "SPOUTING HORN" IN A STORM.

are to be understood. No indifferent half glance will suffice. Go to the edge of the cliffs and look down; go below, where they lift in tall escarpments above you; sit in the shadows of their massive presence; study the infinite variety of form, texture, and color, and learn to read all the different phases of sentiment their scarred fronts have to express. When all this is done, be assured you will discover that "sermons in stones" was not a mere fancy of the poet.

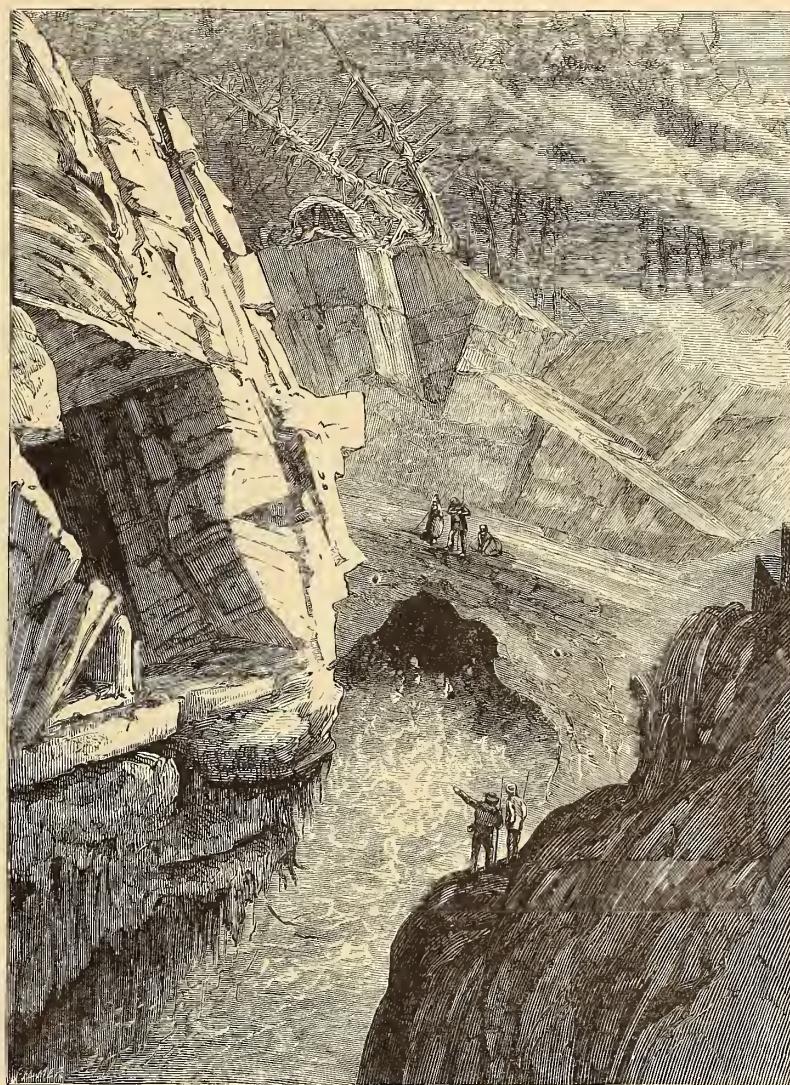
One of the characteristics of Mount Desert is the abundance of fog. In July and August especially it seriously interferes with the pleasure of the tourist. It often happens that, for several days in succession, mountain, headland, and sea, are wrapped in an impenetrable mist, and all the charms of the landscape obscured. But the fog has frequently a grace and charm of its own. There are days when it lies in impenetrable banks far out at sea, with occasional incursions upon the shore that are full of interest. At one hour the sun is shining, when all at once the mist may be discerned creeping in over the surface of the water, ascending in rapid drifts the sides of the mountains, enveloping one by one the islands of the bay, until the whole landscape is blotted from view. In another hour it is broken; the mountains pierce the shadowy veil, the islands reappear in the bay, and the landscape glows once more in the sunshine. It is a rare pleasure to sit on the rocky headlands, on the seaward side of the island, on a day when the fog and sun contend for supremacy, and watch the pictures that the fog makes and unmakes. Sometimes the fog skirts along the base of the islands in the bay, leaving a long, slender line of tree-tops painted against the blue ether, looking like forests hung in the sky. Then a vessel may be seen sailing through a fog-bank, now looking like a shadowy ghost floating through the mist, when suddenly its topsails flash in the light, like the white wings of a huge bird. In another moment the fog shifts, and the under edge of the mainsail may be traced in a line of silver, while all the rest of the vessel is in the deepest shadow. Now one sail glitters a brilliant white, and the fog envelops all the rest of the vessel. The pictures thus formed vary like a succession of dissolving views, and often produce the most striking and unique effects. Sometimes there is the marvellous exhibition of a mirage, when fleets appear sailing through the air, and, as described by Whittier—

"Sometimes, in calms of closing day,
They watched the spectral mirage play;
Saw low, far islands, looming tall and high,
And ships, with upturned keels, sail like a sea the sky."

The fog-pictures at Mount Desert are by no means the least interesting feature of this strange shore.

Near a small stream, known as "Otter Creek," deriving its name from the otter which once abounded there, are a succession of cliffs, which possess characteristics quite distinct from those already described. They are more remote from the village than "Schooner

Head" or "Great Head," but the drive to them derives great interest from the wild and narrow notch between Green and Newport Mountains, through which the road lies for a mile or two. The sides of the mountains are high, precipitous, and savagely rugged. The lower base of each is covered with a thick and tangled forest-growth; half-way up, a few gnarled and fantastic growths struggle for place amid the scarred and frowning rocks,



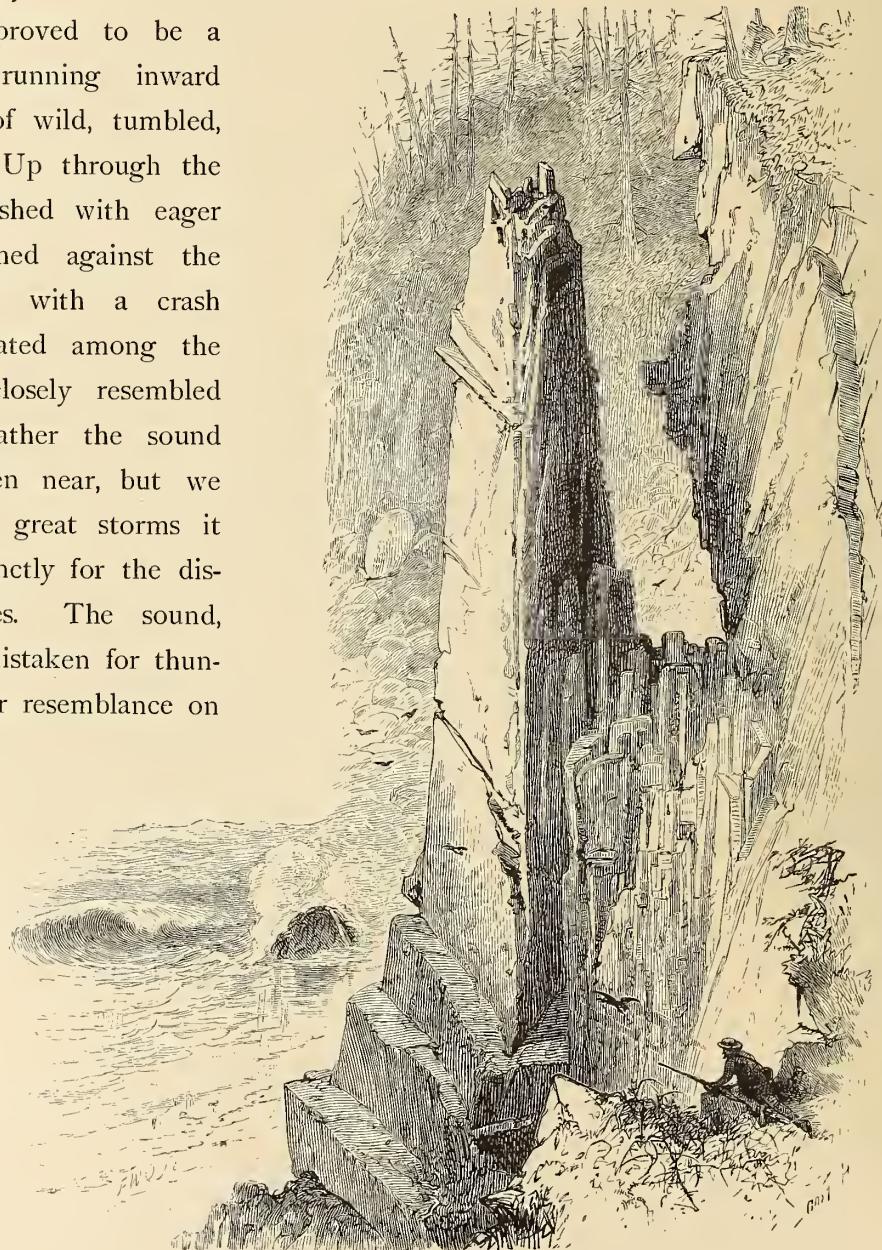
Thunder Cave.

while the upper heights show only the bare, seamed, and riven escarpments. It is a wild picture, inferior, no doubt, to the famous Notch of the White Mountains, but possessing, notwithstanding, very strong and impressive features.

At "Otter-Creek Cliffs" we set out in search of what is known as "Thunder Cave." After leaving our vehicle, we had a long but superb forest-walk to reach it. There are numerous fine birches on Mount Desert, and more than once we saw groups of these trees

that would have filled any artist with delight, and especially the painter Whittredge, whose birch-forests are so famous. Near Great Head are numerous splendid specimens of this tree, whose bark, of yellow, Indian red, and gray, afforded delicious contrasts of color. On the path to Thunder Cave we noted one forest-picture that comes vividly back to memory. The trees were mostly evergreen, and the surface of the ground covered with outcropping rocks and tangled roots, all richly covered with mosses. The broken light through the dark branches, the tint of the fallen pine-leaves, the many-colored mosses which painted every rock in infinite variety of hue, the low, green branches of the fir and the spruce, all made up a picture of ripe and singular beauty.

Thunder Cave proved to be a long, low gallery, running inward amid a great mass of wild, tumbled, and distorted rocks. Up through the gallery the waves rushed with eager impetuosity, and dashed against the hollow cavity within with a crash which, as it reverberated among the overhanging rocks, closely resembled thunder. In fair weather the sound is apparent only when near, but we were assured that in great storms it had been heard distinctly for the distance of seven miles. The sound, which might well be mistaken for thunder, has all the greater resemblance on account of a peculiarity which Mr. Fenn detected while making his sketch. Piled up within the cave at the end of the gallery are a great number of large stones, varying from one to probably three feet in length,



The Obelisk.

and of corresponding thickness. Every time the waves dash into the cave, they dislodge some of these stones, sometimes dragging them back, sometimes lifting them up and tossing them against the sides of the cavity, and, as these bowlders thus roll and grind together, they produce in the hollow of the cavern almost the exact mutterings and reverberations of thunder. The crash of the breakers against the wall is the clap of thunder; the rolling stones carry off the sound in its successive reverberations, making the resemblance complete.

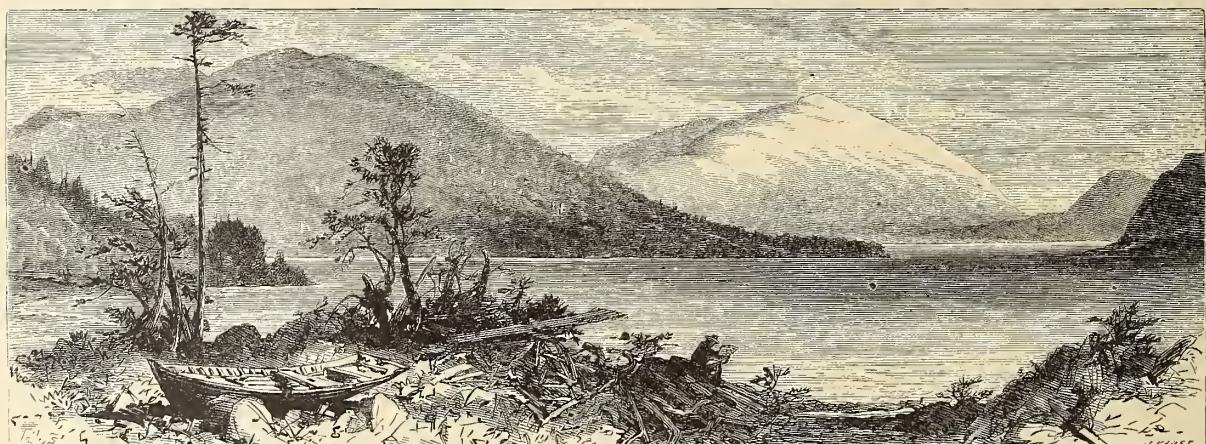
Near Thunder Cave we discovered a natural obelisk. The woodland path at onc point reaches the edge of a wide, precipitous break in the cliff. Forcing our way through tangled wood-growth to obtain a view of the cliff, we saw, situated directly under the bank, where the tourist ordinarily would not detect it, a tall, pointed column, with an apparently artificial base of steps, bearing a close semblance to a monument of stone. This singular freak of Nature the reader will find illustrated by Mr. Fenn's pencil.

Returning to our point of departure, we procceded westward in search of other cliffs, where we made another discovery. The path lay along the top of the cliff, but, coming to a dislodgement of the perpendicular wall, where some convulsion had thrown down the cliff into a wild mass of rocks, we with no little difficulty clambered down the broken and jagged pile, with the purpose of getting from below a view of the cliffs. Fortunately, the tide was low; and this, the tourist should remember, is necessary, when he arranges his visits to the shores of Mount Desert. There is more animation when the tide is coming in, but high water cuts off access to many interesting points. Reaching a wet, barnacle-covered, projecting line of rocks, a picture presented itself that filled both artist and penman with surprise. "Why, this is an old Norman castle!" was our exclamation. The cliff, a little distant from our point of view, stood up in perpendicular lines of rock that assumed almost exactly the form of battlements. The upper line closely resembled the parapet of a castle-wall; there were in the sides deep embrasures; and the whole front had the aspect of a dark, broken, time-stained wall reared by the hand of man. It stood in grim and gloomy grandeur, fronting the sea in stern defiance of the world beyond. The waves chafed at its feet; wild sea-birds hovered about its crest; there was an air of neglect and desolation, as if it were an old ruin, and we found it impossible to dissociate the grim and frowning walls from the historic piles that look darkly down upon so many European landscapes. Finding afterward that the cliff was known by no name, we called it "Castle Head." The path followed by the customary visitor extends along the cliff above this strange pile, and hence its peculiarities escape the notice of all except those who boldly clamber down the broken wall just before it is reached, and survey it from the water's edge. The illustration of this striking scene is at the beginning of our article.

The interest of Mount Desert, as we have already said, is divided between its sea-cliffs and its mountain-views. It is customary for pedestrian parties to form at East

Eden and walk to the mountain-top, and there remain overnight, in order to view the sunrise from this altitude. A cottage, originally built by the United States Coast Survey, stands on the extreme top of the mountain, and affords satisfactory accommodation for the tourists. A rude mountain-road, constructed by the Survey, enables vehicles to ascend to the cottage; but pleasure-parties commonly prefer the ascent on foot. The distance from the village is four miles. The height of the mountain is seventeen hundred and sixty-two feet.

The sunrise is a magnificent picture, but the prevalence of fogs is a continual cause of disappointment to people, who travel far and rise early often only to behold a sea of impenetrable mist. The prospect, however, whenever the fog permits it, is a splendid one at all hours, and possesses a variety and character quite distinct from the views usually obtained from mountain-heights. Here there is not only a superb panorama of



Eagle Lake.

hills and vales, but a grand stretch of sea, and intricate net-works of bay and islands which make up a picture marvellously varied both in form and color.

One of the most delightful features of the scene thus presented are the mountain-lakes that hang like superb mirrors midway in the scene. "Eagle Lake," so named by Church the artist, is visible at intervals during the entire ascent of the mountain, and at every point of view is beautiful. Half-way up, a short *détour* from the road will bring the tourist to its pebbly shore, where he may spend an hour or more watching its clear, mountain-encircled waters, or devote his entire day in pursuit of the trout with which it abounds. The largest lake in the island is on the western side of Somes's Sound, and is about four miles in length. There is a group of three lakes on each side of this sound, although to some of them the more prosaic designation of pond is applied.

Somes's Sound, which divides the lower portion of the island into two distinct portions, possesses many attractions for those who admire bold headlands. It bears a resem-

blance both to the shores of the Hudson and the Delaware Water-Gap. It is usual to ascend the sound in boats from Southwest Harbor; but explorers from East Eden sometimes drive to Somesville, at the head of the sound, a distance of nine miles, and there take boats for a sail down the stream. The sound cuts through the centre of the mountain-range at right angles, between Dog Mountain and an elevation on the eastern side, to which the appellation of "Mount Mansell" has been given, in honor of Sir Robert



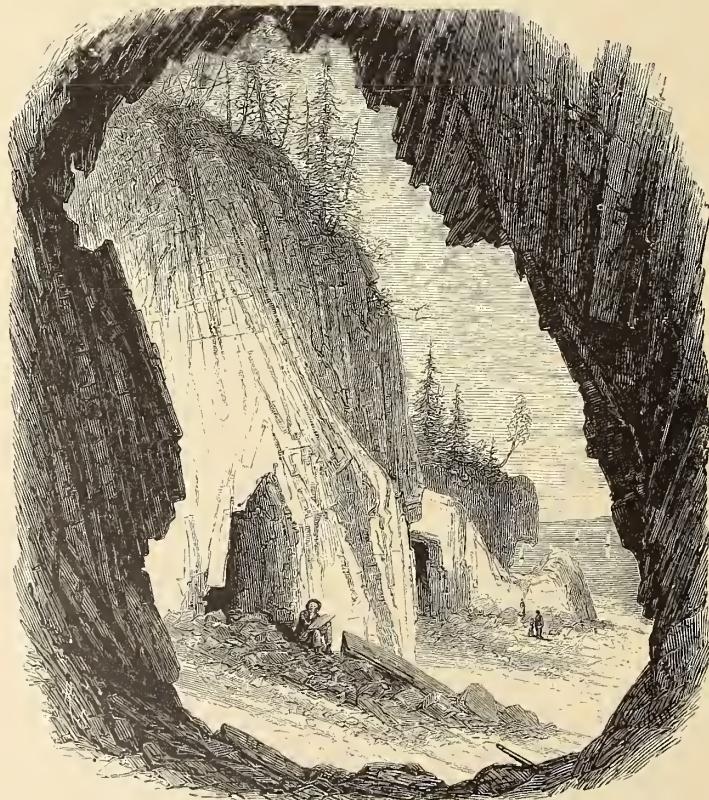
Eagle Cliff, Somes's Sound.

Mansell, after whom the island was at one time named by the English. Dog Mountain rises abruptly from the water's edge, and one of its cliffs, which is some eight hundred or a thousand feet in height, is called "Eagle Cliff." At the moment Mr. Fenn was sketching, a splendid bald-headed eagle was sailing in wide circles around the head of the cliff, thus giving, to the imagination of the artist, ample justification for the title.

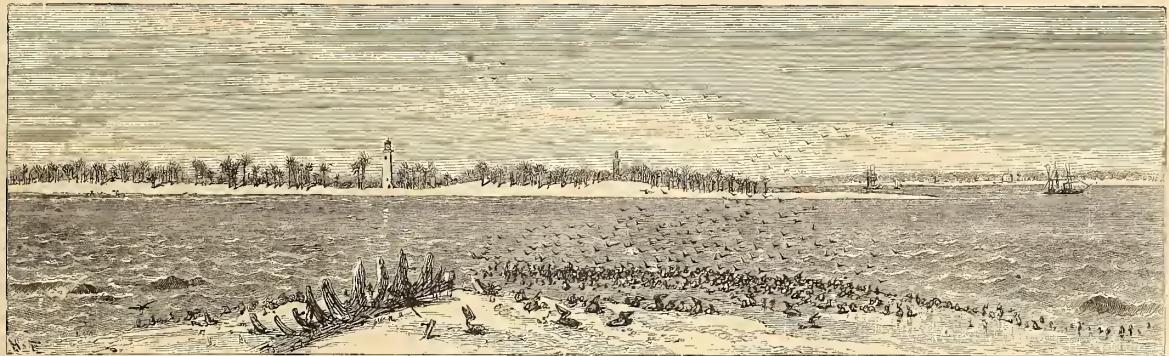
We have now enumerated the principal features of this beautiful island. But there are hundreds of places that almost equally as well deserve the attention of pen and pen-

cjl. The shore varies in character and form at nearly every step, affording almost innumerable delightful pictures; while the lakes, the mountains, the forests, are endless in their long catalogue of rare and beautiful scenes. And in addition to scenes upon the island itself are the picturesque and rocky Porcupine Islands, the rugged shores of Iron-bound Island, on the Eastern side of Frenchman's Bay, and Mount-Desert Rock, fifteen miles down at sea, upon whose narrow base stands a light-house. Artist and writer have been limited to giving mere indications of a locality that is almost exhaustless in its variety of scenery.

Mount Desert was discovered by the French, under Champlain, in the early part of the seventeenth century, who gave it the name by which it is now known. In 1619, the French formed a settlement, which was named "Saint-Sauveur," but in a few years it came to a cruel end. The Virginian settlers were accustomed to fish upon the New-England coast, and the captain of an armed vessel, hearing from the Indians of the settlement, sailed down upon it, and with a single broadside made himself its master. Some of the settlers were killed, and others carried away into captivity. The first permanent settlement was made by Abraham Somes, who in 1761 built a house at the head of the sound which now bears his name.



View from Via Mala, at The Ovens



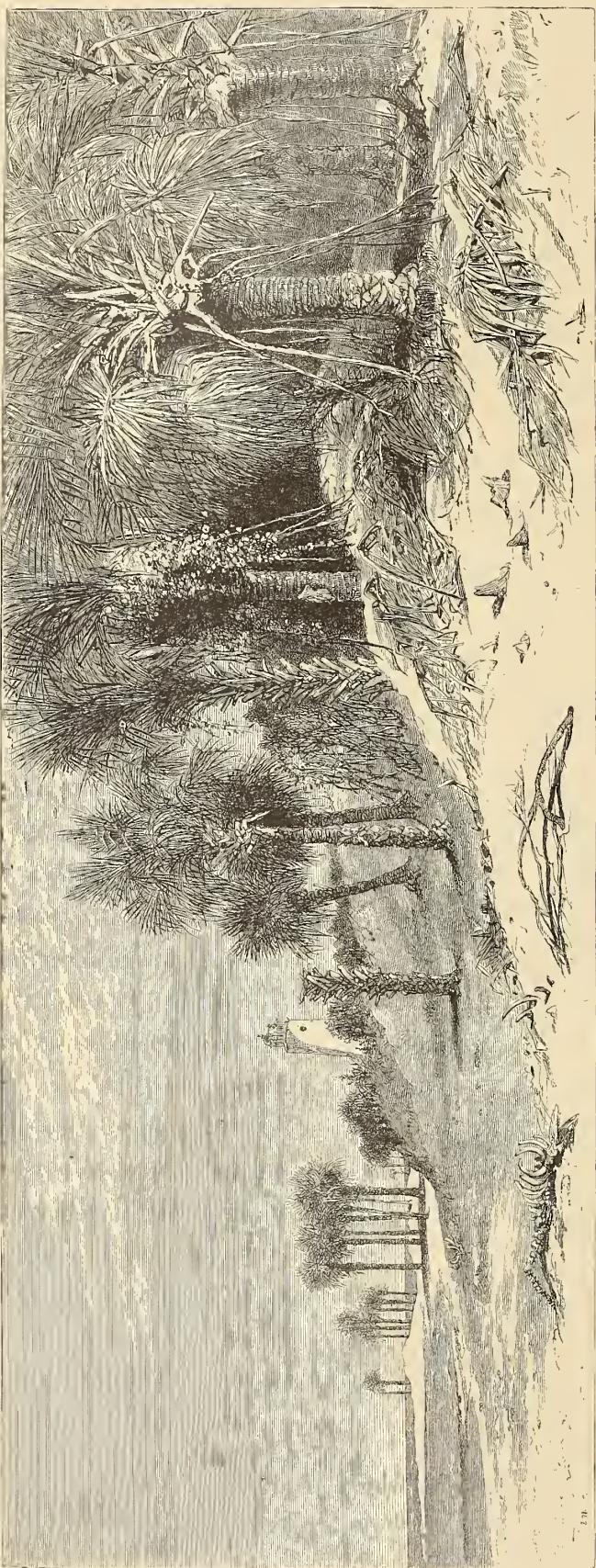
Mouth of the St. John's River—Looking in.

ST. JOHN'S AND OCKLAWAHIA RIVERS, FLORIDA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

FLORIDA is a strange land, both in its traditions and its natural features. It was the first settled of the States, and has the most genial climate of all of them; and yet the greater part of it is still a wilderness. Its early history was one long romance of battle and massacre, and its later annals are almost equally interesting. The Spaniards, who were the first Christian people to visit it, were much impressed with its mystery and its scenery, and, as they discovered it on Easter Sunday, which in their language is called "Pascua Florida," they commemorated the event by giving the new territory its present appellation.

The time was when Florida was an immense sand-bar, stretching into the Gulf of Mexico, and probably as barren as can be conceived. But in the semi-tropical climate under which it exists, in the course of ages the seeds carried to its shores by the sea and the winds and the myriads of birds which find it a resting-place, have clothed it with luxuriant vegetation, interspersed with tracts of apparently barren sands. It is a land of peculiar scenery, which the pencil of the artist has heretofore scarcely touched. Its main features illustrate the absurdity of the common notion that the landscapes of tropical and semi-tropical latitudes are superior in luxuriance of vegetable production to those of the temperate zones. The truth is, that in the hot regions it is only where there is constant moisture that there is a strong and rank growth of plants. Generally, aridity prevails, the hill-sides are bereft of vegetation, and an air of parched-up and suffering Nature characterizes all that is seen. It is only when we come North that our landscapes glow with universal vegetable profusion; that the forests stand out in bold relief on the hill-sides; that the earth is carpeted with vernal green, and prodigality of vegetation reigns supreme. In the tropical landscape, the abundance of flowers, which are supposed to be peculiar to



Mouth of the St. John's River—Looking out.

warm climates, are exceptional phases. They exist, but it is in the recesses of the swamp, where the burning sun is checked in its effulgency. In these recesses, and favored by springs of water, we have in Florida the wildest effects. We have flowers, and vines, and strange leafings, and gigantic trees, as nowhere else to be seen; but they are always in hidden places; the open tropical landscape, we repeat, is arid and desolate.

Originally starting out for the avowed purpose of hunting the picturesque, we sailed for the mouth of the St. John's—a river that reaches into the very heart of the peninsula, and from the ill-defined shores of which you can branch off into the very wildest of this, in one sense, desolate region. The approach of the mouth of the harbor, as is the case with all our Southern rivers, is interrupted by a bar, over which the surf beats always more or less wildly. Extra facilities being afforded us, we safely passed the "rough places," and with impatience sought a lookout from Pelican Bank, situated at the mouth of the harbor. Our sudden intrusion startled myriads of sea-fowl, which went screaming away, yet in such close contact to our persons that we could have caught many of them in

our hands. The scene had a strange look, for, as far as the eye could reach, a long, low reef of burning sand presented itself; the only vegetation visible was a jungle of sun-burnt, wind-blasted palmettos. A little north was Fort St. George Island, the most southern of the cultivated sea-islands. Once fairly launched on the waters of the St. John's, after making a sketch of the harbor looking toward the sea, we impatiently passed all intervening places until we arrived at Pilatka, a central point, from which we could easily reach the Black River, and the more famous Ocklawaha, and other small streams, only navigable for boats of miniature size.

But, before we enter upon the business of our journey, let us, by way of parenthesis, say that this section of country has always been remarkable for its recuperative effects upon invalids, who, living farther north, suffer from the borcan blasts of our long and dreary winters. Jacksonville, a popular winter resort, is the most important of these hygienic towns, and boasts a population of over five thousand persons. There are also Hibernia, at the mouth of Black Creek, Magnolia, something over fifty miles from the mouth of the river, and Picolata, ten miles still farther up. If the time comes when these famous places for a winter residence for invalids can furnish abundantly the necessities and comforts of life, there is no reason why they should not be annually crowded, for nothing can be better than their balmy air for those upon whom the Northern winters bear too heavily. But it is inconsiderate for those who are past recovery with pulmonary complaints to wander to the wilds of Florida in pursuit of health, for, whatever may be the advantages of climate, the lack of the comforts the sick require more than counterbalances the effect of the balmy air. Among the especial resorts for invalids is Green Cove Springs, near Magnolia, famous for curing rheumatism and a hundred complaints, and composed of a series of warm sulphurous pools, in some places twenty-five feet deep. The water is very transparent, and of a pale-bluish tint. It was perhaps some rumor of the virtues of these springs that gave origin to the notion, current among the early Spanish explorers, that there was in Florida a fountain, to bathe in which would insure perpetual youth and health.

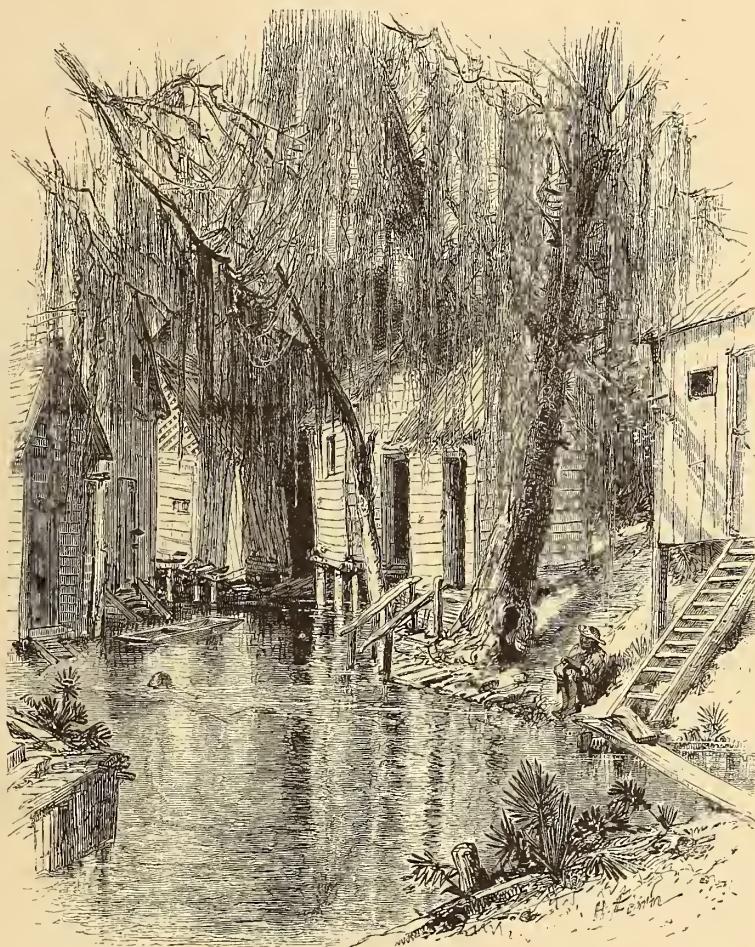
At Pilatka, by the aid of influential letters and previously-made arrangements, we secured the good-will of the captain of the steamer we named the "Flying Swan," a craft which, from its simplicity of construction and rude machinery, might have been the first model constructed by Fulton when he was putting into practical shape the use of steam in propelling boats. Its general outline was that of an ill-shaped omnibus, with the propelling-wheel let into its rear, and, on further examination, we found the smoke-pipe, the engine, pilot-house, and all other of the usual gear of steamers, were housed, for the excellent reason of protecting them from being torn away by the overhanging limbs or protruding stumps everywhere to be met with in the narrow and difficult navigation of the swamps.

A sail of twenty miles along the St. John's brought us, a little before sunrise, to the



BAR LIGHT-HOUSE, MOUTH OF ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

mouth of the Ocklawaha River, looking scarcely wide enough to admit a skiff, much less a steamboat. As daylight increased, we found that we were passing through a dense cypress-swamp, and that the channel selected had no banks, but was indicated by "blazed" marks on the trunks of the towering trees. There was plenty of water, however, to float our craft, but it was a queer kind of navigation, for the hull of the steamer went bumping against one cypress-but, then another, suggesting to the tyro in this kind of aquatic adventure that possibly he might be wrecked, and subjected, even if he escaped



Green Cove Springs.

a watery grave, to a miserable death, through the agency of mosquitoes, buzzards, and huge alligators.

As we wound along through the dense vegetation, a picture of novel interest presented itself at every turn. We came occasionally to a spot a little elevated above the dead-water level, covered with a rank growth of lofty palmetto, the very opposite, in every respect, to those stunted, storm-blown specimens which greeted us at the mouth of the St. John's River. Here they shot up tall and slender, bearing aloft innumerable parasites.



A Florida Swamp.

often surprising the eye with patches, of a half-mile in length, of the convolvulus, in a solid mass of beautiful blossoms.

Another sharp turn, and the wreck of an old dead cypress is discovered, its huge limbs covered with innumerable turkey-buzzards, which are waiting patiently for



Waiting for Decomposition.

the decomposition of an alligator that some successful sportsman has shot, and left for the prey of these useful but disgusting birds. The sunshine sparkles in the spray which our awkward yet efficient craft drives from its prow, and then we enter what seems to be a cavern, where the sun never penetrates. The tree-tops interlace

and the tangled vines and innumerable parasites have made an impenetrable mass overhead.

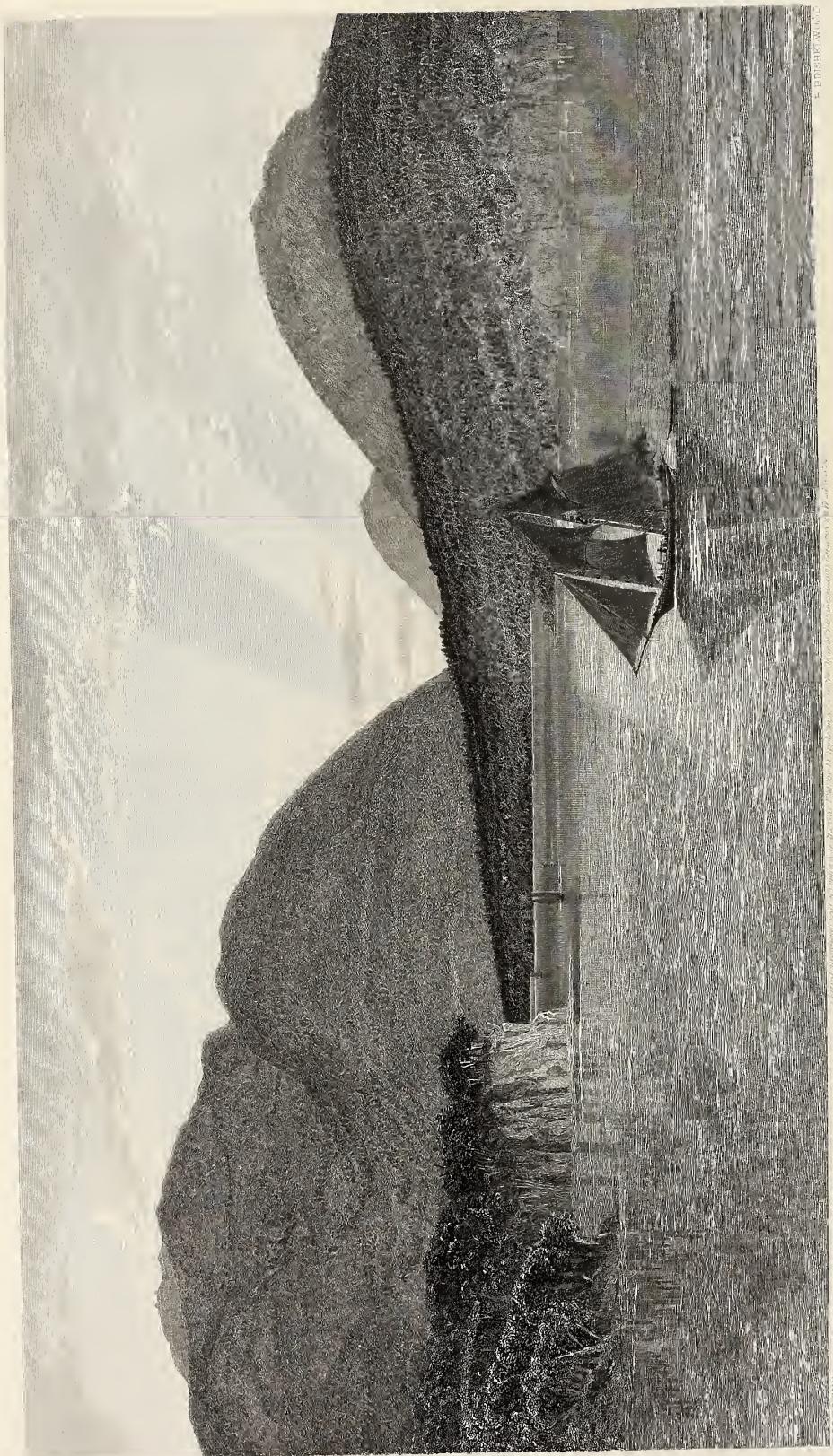
The swamps of Florida are as rich in birds as in vegetation. It is no wonder that Audubon here found one of the finest fields from which to enrich his great works of natural history. A minute list of the varieties we sometimes saw in a single day would fill a page. One of the most attractive was the water-turkey, or snake-bird, which was



Ascending the Ocklawaha River at Night.

everywhere to be met with, sitting upon some projecting limb overlooking the water, the body as carefully as possible concealed from view, its head and long neck projecting out, and moving constantly like a black snake in search of its prey. Your curiosity is excited; you would examine the creature more critically, and you fire, at what seems a short, point-blank shot. The bird falls, apparently helpless, in the water; you row rapidly to secure your prize, when, a hundred yards ahead, you suddenly see the snaky head

Mount Desert Coast of Maine.



FRITH & CO.

Printed by Frith & Co., 10, Pall Mall, London, W.C.

1860.

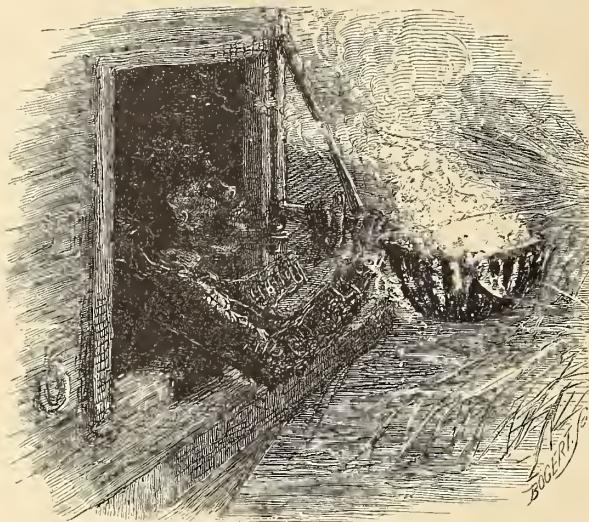
of the "darter" just protruding above the surface of the water. In an instant its lungs are filled with air, and, disappearing again, it reaches a place of safety.

Another conspicuous bird is the large white crane. It is a very effective object in the deep shadows of the cypress, as it proudly stalks about, eying with fantastic look the finny tribes it hunts for prey. Especially is it of service in seizing upon the young of the innumerable water-snakes which everywhere abound. With commendable taste, it seems to pay especial attention to the disgusting, slimy, juvenile moccasins, which have a taste for sunning themselves on harsh dried leaves of the stunted palmetto.

But the prominent living object to the stranger in these out-of-the way places is the alligator, whose paradise is in the swamps of Florida. Here he finds a climate that almost the year round suits his delicate constitution; and, while his kindred in the Louisiana swamps find it necessary to retire into the mud to escape the cold of winter, the Florida representative of the tribe is happy in the enjoyment of the upper world the year round. It was a comical and a provoking sight to see these creatures, when indisposed to get out of our way, turn up their piggish eyes in speculative mood at the sudden interruption of a rifle-ball against their mailed sides, but all the while seemingly unconscious that any harm against their persons was intended. Like Achilles, however, they possess a vulnerable point, which is just in front of the spot where the huge head works upon the spinal column. There is of necessity at this place a joint in the armor, and a successful hunter, after much experience, seldom lets one of the reptiles escape. If any philanthropist has ever objected to the slaughter, the circumstance is not remembered in the swamps and everglades of Florida. On one occasion we fired into a herd of alligators, and the noise of two or three shots caused all but one to finally disappear. For some reason it seemed difficult to get the remaining one to move, the creature lying with its head exposed to our gaze, looking as demoniac as possible. A bullet, which struck somewhere in the vicinity of its jaws, touched its feelings, and then, with a grunt not unlike that of a hog, it buried itself in the muddy water. This unwillingness to move was then explained by the appearance of a large number of young alligators, which, in the confusion, came to the surface like so many chips. We had, without being aware of it, attacked the mother while she was protecting her nest.

In the vicinity of the alligator's nest we came upon a primitive post-office, consisting of a cigar-box, bearing the magic letters "U. S. M." nailed upon the face of an old cypress-tree. It was a sort of central point for the swampers, where they left their soiled notes and crooked writing to be conveyed to the places of destination by "whom-ever came along." We, desiring to act the part of a volunteer mail-carrier for the neighborhood, peeped into the post-office, but there were no signs of letters; so our good intentions were of no practical effect.

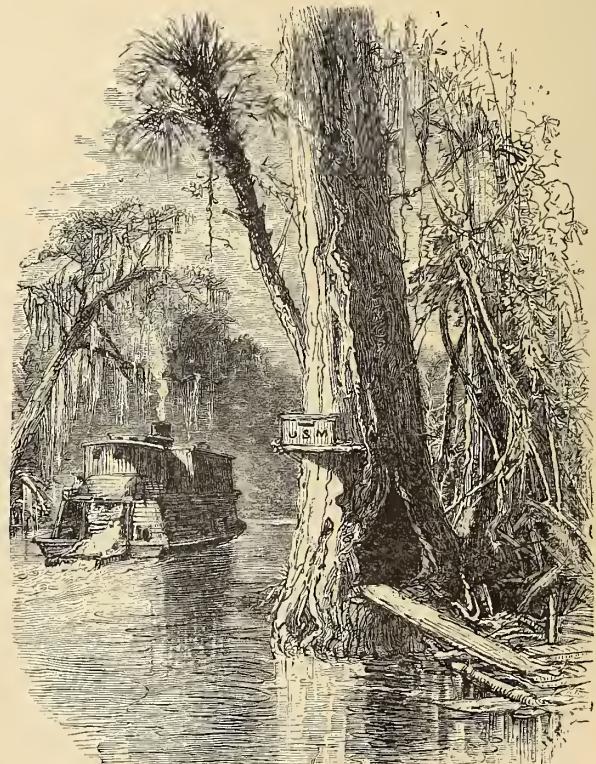
Our little craft bumps along from one cypress-stump to another, and fetches up against a *cypress-knee*, as it is termed—sharp-pointed lances which grow up from the roots



The Lookout.

of the trees, seemingly to protect the trunk from too much outside concussion; glancing off, it runs into a roosting-place of innumerable cranes, or scatters the wild-ducks and huge snakes over the surface of the water. A clear patch of the sky is seen, and the bright light of a summer evening is tossing the feathery crowns of the old cypress-trees into a nimbus of glory, while innumerable paroquets, alarmed at our intrusion, scream out their fierce indignation, and then, flying away, flash upon our admiring eyes their green and golden pluming. It now begins to grow dark in earnest, and we become curious to know how our attentive pilot will safely navigate this mysterious channel in what is literally Egyptian darkness. While thus speculating, there flashes across the landscape a bright, clear light. From the most intense blackness we have a fierce, lurid glare, presenting the most extravagantly-picturesque groups of overhanging palmettos, draped with parasites and vines of all descriptions; prominent among the latter is the scarlet trumpet Creeper, overburdened with wreaths of blossoms, and intertwined again with chaplets of purple and white convolvulus, the most minute details of the objects near being brought out in a sharp red light against the deep tone of the forest's depths. But no imagination can conceive the grotesque and weird forms which constantly force themselves on your notice as the light partially illuminates the limbs of wrecked or half-destroyed trees, which, covered with moss, or wrapped in decayed vegetation as a winding-sheet, seem huge unburied monsters, which, though dead, still throw about their arms in agony, and gaze through unmeaning eyes upon the intrusions of active, living men.

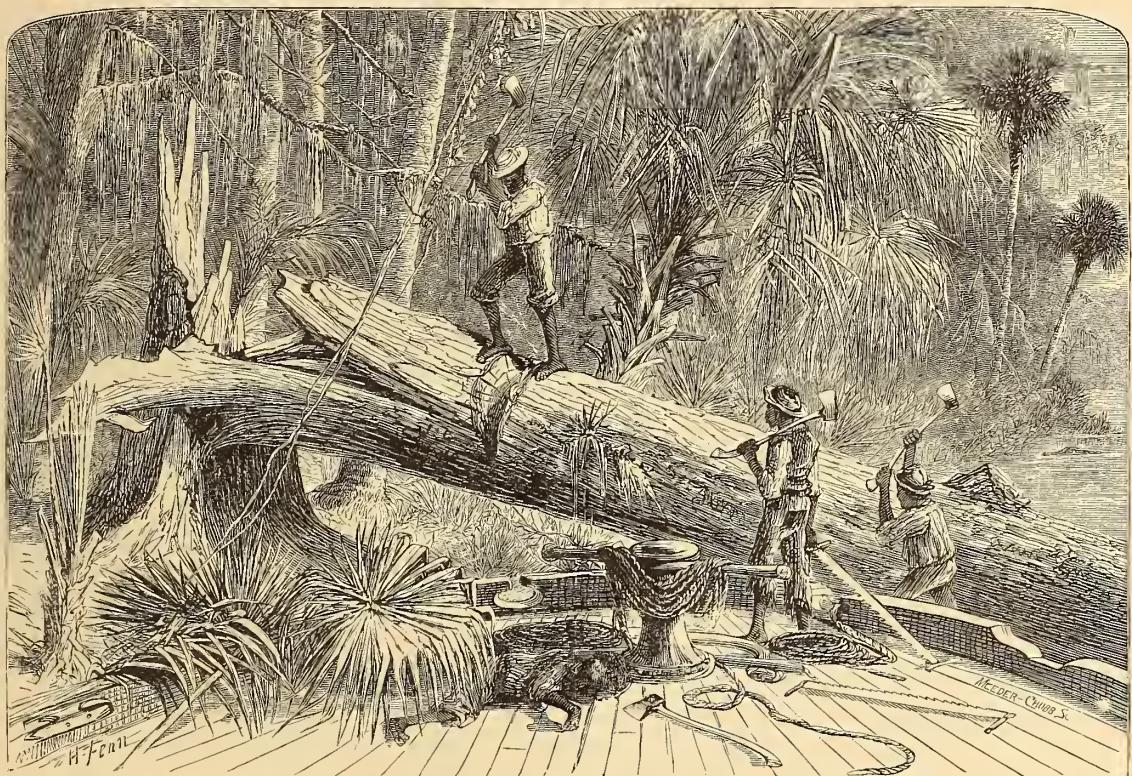
of the trees, seemingly to protect the trunk from too much outside concussion; glancing off, it runs into a roosting-place of innumerable cranes, or scatters the wild-ducks and huge snakes over the surface of the water. A clear patch of the sky is seen, and the bright light of a summer evening is tossing the feathery crowns of the old cypress-trees into a nimbus of glory, while innumerable paroquets, alarmed at our intrusion, scream out their fierce indignation, and then, flying away, flash upon our admiring eyes their green and golden pluming.



A Post-office on the Ocklawaha.

Another run of a half-mile brings us into the cypress again, the firelight giving new ideas of the picturesque. The tall shafts, more than ever shrouded in the hanging moss, looked as if they had been draped in sad habiliments, while the wind sighed through the limbs; and when the sonorous sounds of the alligators were heard, groaning and complaining, the sad, dismal picture of desolation was complete.

A sharp contact with a palmetto-knee throws around the head of our nondescript steamer, and we enter what appears to be an endless colonnade of beautifully-proportioned shafts, running upward a hundred feet, roofed by pendent ornaments, suggesting the highest possible effect of Gothic architecture. The delusion was increased by the



A Slight Obstruction in the Ocklawaha.

waving streamers of the Spanish moss, which here and there, in great festoons of fifty feet in length, hung down like tattered but gigantic banners, worm-eaten and mouldy, sad evidences of the hopes and passions of the distant past. So absorbing were these wonderful effects of a brilliant light upon the vegetable productions of these Florida swamps, that we had forgotten to look for the cause of this artificial glare, but, when we did, we found a faithful negro had suspended from cranes two iron cages, one on each side of the boat, into which he constantly placed unctuous pine-knots, that blazed and crackled, and turned what would otherwise have been unmeaning darkness into the most novel and exciting views of Nature that ever met our experienced eyes.

The morning came, and the theatrical display of the swamp by torchlight ended, when we were destined to be introduced to a new feature of this singular navigation. A huge water-oak, seemingly in the very pride of its matured existence, had fallen directly across the channel. Its wood was only a little less hard than iron, and the labor to be performed to get this obstruction out of the way was contemplated with anger by the captain of our craft, and in sadness by the "hands," to whose lot fell the labor of clearing the obstruction away. However, the order was given, and no inhabitant of the swamp is inexperienced in the use of the axe. The sturdy blows fell thick and fast, as



Cypress-shingle Yard.

one limb after another broke loose from the parent trunk and floated slowly away. The great butt was then assailed, and, by a judicious choice in the assault, the weight of the huge structure was made to assist in breaking it in twain. While this work was going on, which consumed some hours, we waded—we won't say ashore—but from one precarious foothold to another, until, after various unpleasant experiences—the least of which was getting wet to our waist in the black water of the swamp—we reached land, which was a few inches above the surface of the prevailing flood.

We were, however, rewarded for our enterprise by suddenly coming upon two "Flor-

ida crackers," who had established a camp in a grove of the finest cypress-trees we ever saw, and were appropriating the valuable timber to the manufacture of shingles, which shingles, we were informed, are almost as indestructible as slate. These men were civil, full of character, and in their way not wanting in intelligence. How they manage to survive the discomforts of their situation is difficult to imagine, but they do exist, the mosquitoes drawing from their bodies every useless drop of blood, the low swamp malaria making the accumulation of fat an impossibility, while the dull surroundings of their life, to them most monotonous, cramp the intellect until they are almost as taciturn as the trees with which they are associated. But their hut was a very model of the picturesque, and the smouldering fire, over which their dinner-pot was cooking, sent up a wreath of blue smoke against the dark openings of the deep forest that gave a



A Sudden Turn in the Ocklawaha.

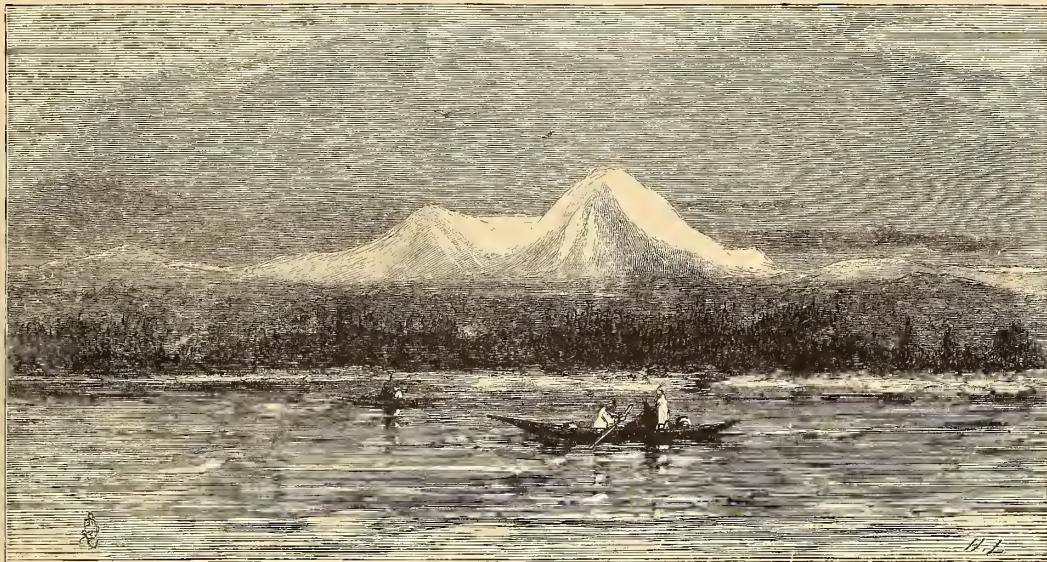
quiet charm, and a contrast of colors, difficult to sufficiently admire, and impossible to be conceived of in the mere speculations of studio-life.

One of our strangest experiences in these mysterious regions was forced upon us one morning, when, thrusting our head through the hole that gave air to our "sleeping-shelf," we saw a sight which caused us to rub our eyes, and gather up our senses, to be certain we were positively awake. Our rude craft was in a basin, possibly a quarter of a mile in diameter, entirely surrounded by gigantic forest-trees, which repeated themselves with the most minute fidelity in the perfectly translucent water. For sixty feet downward we could look, and at this great depth see duplicated the scene of the upper world, the clearness of the water assisting rather than interfering with the vision. The bottom of this basin was silver sand, studded with eccentric formations of lime-crystals

of a pale emerald tint. This we soon learned was the wonderful silver spring of which we had heard so much, which every moment throws out its thousands of gallons of water without making a bubble on the surface. The transparency of the water was marvellous. A little pearly-white shell, dropped from our hand, worked its zigzag way downward, deepening in its descent from a pale green to a rich emerald, until, finding the bottom, it seemed a gem destined forever to glisten in its silver setting. Procuring a "dug-out," we proceeded to inform ourself of the mysteries of the spot. Noticing the faintest possible movement on the surface of the basin at a certain point, we concluded that it must be over the place where the great body of the water entered the spring. So, paddling to the spot, we dropped a stone, wrapped in a piece of white paper, into the water at the place where the movement was visible. The stone went down for some twenty-five feet, until it reached a slight projection of limestone rock, when it was suddenly, as if a feather in weight, forced upward in a curving line some fifteen feet, showing the tremendous power of the water that rushes out from the rock. The most novel and startling feature was when our craft came from the shade into the sunshine, for then it seemed as if we were, by some miraculous power, suspended seventy feet or more in the mid air, while down on the sanded bottom was a sharp, clear *silhouette* of man, boat, and paddle. A deep river a hundred feet wide is created by the water of this spring, which in the course of seven miles forms a junction with the Ocklawaha.



Silver Spring.



Mount Ranier, from the Columbia River.

UP AND DOWN THE COLUMBIA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD.

MAPS are so unexpectedly made over nowadays, what with the Old World passion of conquest, and the New World instinct of truck and dicker, that even we young people, who are rather proud of not yet having forgotten our multiplication-table and syntax, are not a little put to it to bound American America, or United Germany, or dismembered France. There was a happy time when a "pent-up Utica" judiciously contracted our powers, and when we were limited toward the pole by undiscovered countries which we were taught to call respectively Russian Possessions and Upper and Lower Canada—which was which of the twins last mentioned the infant mind never clearly apprehending. In those days our national Northwestern estate was represented on the atlas by a green and a brown patch of uncertain outlines, severally labelled "Indian Territory" and "Oregon." Lewis and Clark were popularly believed to be the only civilized men who had ocular proof of their existence. In the common mind they stood only as irregular polygons on the map, and not as so many acres of soil, stones, forests, lakes, rivers, habitable places, over which familiar heavens arched, and where rains fell on just and unjust, the former class being represented by wild animals and the latter by wild men. Even the wise geographers skated nimbly over the thin ice of their ignorance, lingering only long enough for a single observation, to the effect that this vast, unexplored country was chiefly trackless desert and unexplored forest. And even Con-

MOUNT HOOD

ASIAN CHIEF



gressional orators, who spoke for "Buncombe," and went in, on all occasions, for river and harbor improvements, never could get beyond the third line of the sonorous--

" . . . the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings."

Alas for the infant-schools! Out of that dull, green patch has broken a wealth of offshoots, as out of the scrimp and ugly cactus burst its superb blossoms. A list of States and Territories that dizzies the arithmetic of memory insists on place and nomenclature, and blessed be Providence which ordained that we should not be our own grandchildren, to encounter a tale of three hundred and sixty-five political divisions by them doubtless to be comprehended in the description of their dear, their native land! As the shoots increased the parent-stem dwindled, and now Oregon, pinched and shrivelled, is only a fourth larger than all New England, or rather less than twice New York in extent. And as for the vast Indian Territory, that would seem to exist variably wherever the Noble Savage is upon the war-path, and to comprise so much land as his blanket will cover.

In those better days we children used to have delightful thrills of horror at thought of the Great American Desert and far Pacific coast, peopled, as we believed, with lions, alligators, dragons, polar bears, anacondas, the "anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders"—creatures all the more terrible by reason of the utter vagueness of their outlines and conditions. And we used to play at being Captain Cook, who, to our apprehension, was the very symbol and archetype of discoverers; and, as he and his heroic band, used to do much execution among the heaped-up sticks in the wood-shed, which alternately, or rather indiscriminately, represented the Rocky Mountains, hosts of savage foes, or such a menagerie of beasts as has not been seen since the creation. By-and-by one of us repeated the fable of "Rasselas," which is the analogue of Time, left behind him the Happy Valley of a delighted childhood, and went forth to explore the world. I do not remember that any wise Imlac began that long journey in his company, nor that he came to any Cairo where he spent two years in learning the Universal Language, and where every man was happy. On the contrary, I am afraid that Imlac, who stands for the lessons of experience, joined him only after long years and innumerable scrapes had cost him dear; and that the Cairo where all men are happy is not set down on any chart by which he took his way. At least it was not built between Boston and San Francisco, nor yet between that golden capital and Puget Sound, nor did any spire or minaret thereof glitter against the perfect skies of Oregon, whither the wanderings of the new Rasselas led him. But, to drop metaphor, which, like Malvolio's cross-garterings, "obstructs the blood," it was I who made the journey to Oregon, and I find that I cannot tell a comfortable story without saying so in the begin-



MULTNOMAH FALLS.

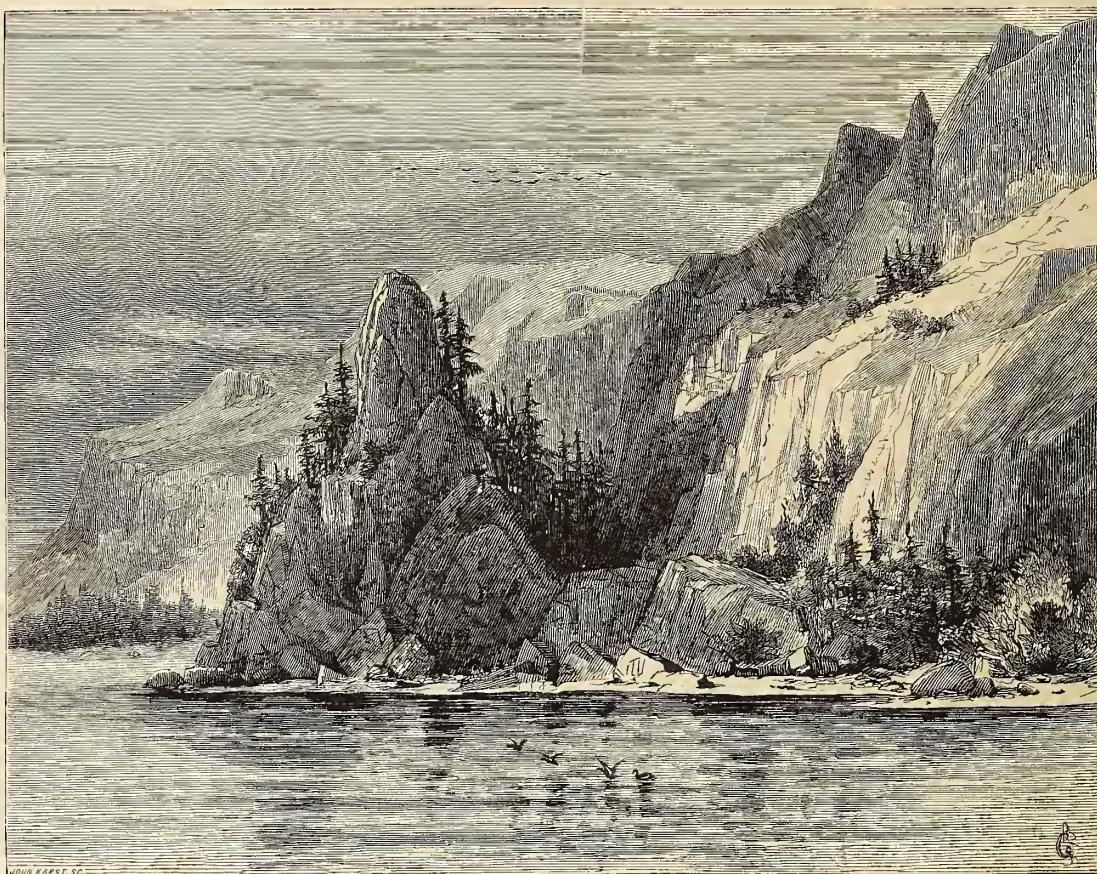
ning, with a heart-felt regret that I am not Wallace, or that most charming traveller, Mr. John Hay, instead of myself.

Perhaps oceans change their habits with time, like climates and individuals. It is easier to believe that in 1520 the Pacific lapsed on purple islands a summer sea, than to discredit the incorruptible Magalhaens, of Portuguese truth and directness, with wittingly bewraying the trust of unborn generations. In 1869, however, it had become the most deceitful of waters, with a horrible swell and pitch peculiar to itself, and caves full of head-winds, like Atlantic gales grown up, out on their travels, and equal to any mischief. Nor is the Pacific content to have its grim way with you only while you are its lawful prey. For it has set a bar at the mouth of the Columbia, which for nine days defied the best seamanship of Captain Robert Gray, of the good bark *Columbia Rediviva*, who named the beautiful river in 1792. And it is only by seizing the unwilling tide in the narrowest nick of time that the pilot compels it to float you beyond the dangerous shoal and into the safety of the stream. Once within the bar; the ship seems to relax every tense nerve and fibre, and to drift on the current like a spent deer which has escaped the hounds. And so, lazily, you come to Astoria.

Astoria, founded by the Northwestern Fur Company, was, I believe, our first white settlement in the Northwest, and it was named in honor of John Jacob Astor, who was the energetic spirit of the company. Astoria is a nice name enough, as names go, and certainly better than Astor's Corner, or Astorville, or New Astor. But to be a mighty trapper, or only to hire the skill of mighty trappers, hardly entitles a man to build himself a monument of imperishable earth, and wood, and water. The Astor Library commemorates in its name a noble benefaction. Astoria preserves the recollection of a sharp and lucky instinct of trade. However, for that matter, there are hardly ten men in a generation for whom a town should be named. Unless Astor, or Lansing, or Lawrence, be many-sided, hospitable, capable of large results and endless activities—unless there be broad avenues leading to temples in his soul, and straight ways to libraries, museums, gymnasiums, schools, in his brain—he has no business to impress his image and supercription on the possible germ of all this completeness. And, if he have this right and title, he will have modesty besides, and never claim it. Alexandria and Rome sound stately, and embalm the pagan virtues of hardiness, courage, force, invincibility. For the men who overran the younger world at least brought blood, brawn, and brains out of their tussle with Nature and man. But our century pretends to a different civilization, and condemns without hope the Anglo-Saxon idiots who, in this age and in this republic, have blasted nineteen post-towns with the name of Rome, and doomed sixteen to stagger under the weight of Alexandria, with the occasional suffix of *Centre*, *Four Corners*, and *Switch*. *Alexandria Switch!* Perhaps we all privately sympathize with the sentiment of Horace Walpole, who declared that he should be very fond of his country if it were not for his countrymen! In the name of grace and fitness, let us keep the sweet

Indian appellatives bequeathed our pleasant places by a vanishing race; and, for whatever other nomenclature we need, let us remember only the "high souls, like some far stars, that come in sight once in a century."

Well, we came to Astoria (which should have been Chetco) in the late afternoon of a perfect summer Sunday. The river, twelve miles wide, lay all aglow with color under the low sun, and out to the west the color deepened and deepened till it seemed to be no longer atmosphere, but substance, like some supernal gem. Astoria is such a tiny place to have set up in the world for itself, so far from civilization! The great river



Rooster Rock.

stretches like a sea to the north; the great ocean creeps close on the west; and on the south and east the forests crowd up to the very thresholds—such forests as only the cunning wolf and wild-cat can find their way in. Yet, as the twilight fell, the little church-bell rang with a sound of cheerful confidence in a responsive congregation, and men and women went churchward, and lights glanced in the windows, and a little, soft baby-cry trembled a moment in the air. So I suppose that the world goes on there just as it does in New York or Nova Zembla, with births and deaths and givings in marriage, and envies and heartaches and sweet charities. But to this hour I cannot think of that atom

of civilization, made so pathetically small by the vastness of sea and river and woods, without a little pang of pity for what seems its unutterable loneliness; and yet I dare say it sits by the fire in supreme satisfaction, finds the keenest zest in the excitement of the semi-weekly stopping of the steamer, and, if it condescended to make comparisons, would consider New York at a disadvantage as to situation. That beautiful and blessed quality of self-conceit, without whose protection the contusions of every day would keep us morally black and blue from head to foot, not only saves ourselves from the buffettings of the unworthy, but saves also our kin, our neighborhood, our township, even our select-man, unless he happen to belong to the opposite political party.

Very late the long' twilight faded, and the darkness grew alive with sound. The soft slipping of the tide and the murmur of the great woods were the ever-recurring lovely air, as it were, with which unnumbered variations blended. The myriad creatures which, every summer-night, seem to be just born, and to try vainly to utter their joy in stridulous voices, piped the whole chromatic scale with infinite self-satisfaction. Innumerable crickets addressed us in cadence with cheery felicitations on our safe arrival among them; a colony of tree-toads interrupted everybody to ask, in the key of F sharp major, after their relatives in the East, and to make totally irrelevant observations, without ever waiting for a reply; and the swelling bass of the bull-frogs seemed to be thanking Heaven that they were not as these impertinents. This inarticulate welcome, this well-known iteration, made the Pacific seem no longer strange, but familiar as the shores of New-York Bay, and it would not greatly have surprised us to open our eyes, next morning, on the barrenness of Sandy Hook or the fair Heights of Brooklyn.

What they really saw, however, when daybreak found us far up the Columbia, was better than city or crowded anchorage. The great river, still lake-like in breadth and quietness, lay rosy in the dawn. The wonderful forests, whose magnificence our tame and civil imagination could not have conceived, came down from farthest distance to the very margin of the stream. Pines and firs two hundred feet high were the sombre background against which a tropical splendor of color flickered or flamed out, for, even in this early September, beeches and oaks and ash-trees were clothed with autumn pomp; and on the north, far above the silence of the river and the splendid shores, four snow-crowned, rose-flushed, stately mountains lifted themselves to heaven. For miles and miles and miles, Mount Adams, Mount Jefferson, Mount Rainier, and Mount St. Helen's, make glad the way. Adams and Jefferson have an unvarying grandeur of form, a massive strength and nobility, as it becomes them to inherit with their names. Mount St. Helen's rises in lines so vague and soft as to seem like a cloud-mountain. Rainier, whose vastness you comprehend only when you see it from Puget Sound, looks, even from the river, immeasurable, lying snow-covered from base to peak.

Portland, one hundred and ten miles up the river, is the point of debarkation for the San-Francisco steamers, and there is much to be said about that busy and thrifty



CASTLE ROCK.

little clucking hen of a city. But, as Portland is not on the Columbia at all, but on the Willamette, twelve miles from its mouth, it may not now be told what golden eggs she has laid. The little steamer which plies up and down the river leaves her dock at the uncomfortable hour of three o'clock in the morning or thereabouts; and that must be very fine scenery, indeed, which reeonciles one to being dragged out of bed in the middle of the night, and dumped, hungry, sleepy, and cross, in the chilly cabin of a day-boat, bare of state-rooms or sofas. The view which daylight brought us was a prospect of the boat's paddle-boxes. A gray mist swallowed up every thing beyond. But when it lifted, three hours later, it was worth while to have been chilled to the bone with its cold, and alarmed by its threat of showing us nothing, to see what it really had to show. For, as it slowly crept back to the shores and up the banks, and so away to the north-pole, whieh it must have come from, river and shores and mountains and sky, and the sun itself, eame out upon us with such intensity of light and color that it seemed as if we or they were absolutely new that morning, and had never seen each other before.

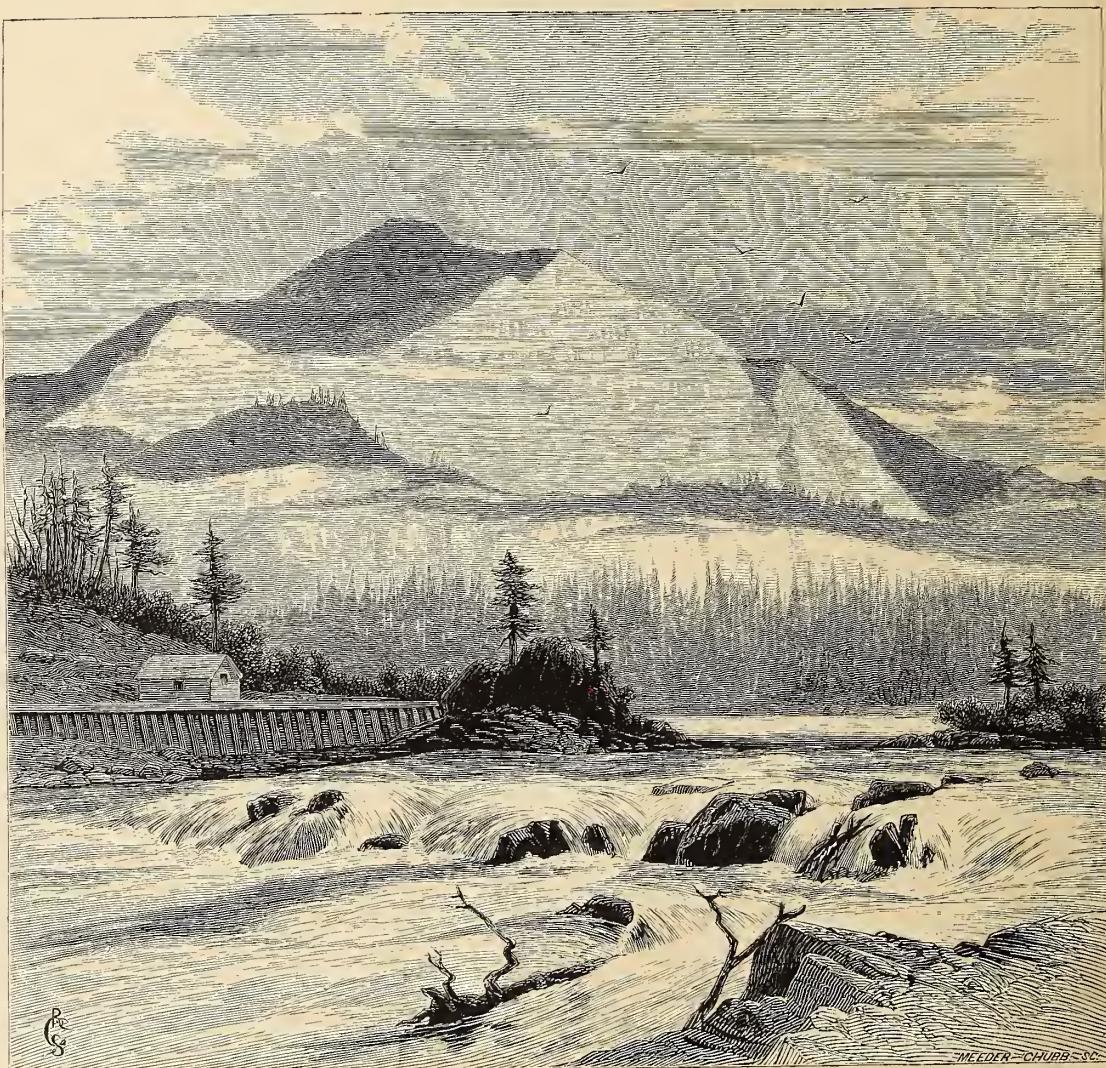
Where the mists lifted, the stream flowed clear and smooth between mountain-shores a mile and a half apart, and rising sharp and bold thousands of feet in air. Forests covered their rocky sides, sometimes rising to the very top, sometimes dwindling into groups and thickets as they climbed. And on the very crest, standing alone and sucking their lusty life from the inhospitable stone, lone pines shot out of the crevices of roek, looking, so far above us, like the queer and graceless toy-trees in the shilling boxes of wooden soldiers, dear to the heart of boyhood. These mountains are a solid wall along the river for miles on miles. Sometimes there is neither rift, nor gorge, nor scar, in their huge sides. Then a canyon opens, and you see beyond and beyond other mountains coming down to link themselves in an unending chain, and glimpses of far-off levels or gray fields of roek bounding the vision. Sometimes a water-fall dazzles and danees out of the sky, a little, fluttering, quivering cobweb at first; then a floating ribbon; then a wind-blown veil of spray; then a eascade, leaping from rock to rock, forty, sixty, a hundred, three hundred feet; then a swift, resistless, triumphant rush of water, swirling and whirling toward the river of its love.*

Yet, if shores and water-falls were beautiful, the forests were the crowning glory of the place. First in rank, again, stood the pines and firs—if they *were* pines and firs. They looked to me like some celestial sort of grown-up, feathery ground-evergreen. And who could expect a pine to rise, straight and fair, three hundred feet, a glimpse of red-brown bolls warm through the foliage of the lesser trees, and a glory of spreading, plumy, dark-green boughs, so purely outlined that every little tuft of them looked as if it, and it alone, had been finished specially to show how perfect a thing a tree-branch may be made for the enjoyment of the woodpeckers and the slugs? Seeing these pines, one

* See Multanomah Falls.

understands the Northern myth of the tree Yggdrasill, at whose feet flowed sacred fountains and whose branches upheld the world.

Then came the cotton-woods, and the cotton-wood is to the Western settler the symbol of intermeddling and knavish incapacity. He considers it the "dead beat" of the vegetable kingdom, usurping ground that belongs to honester growths, making great pretensions to an early and useful maturity, and no better than a pipe-stem in value



The Cascades

when the axe claims it. Yet there crowded these plausible cotton-woods, standing so idly gracious and welcoming all along the shores in such gorgeousness of golden splendor, and in such royal ease and grace of attitude, that one forgets their good-for-nothingness and their general bad name among the virtuous and useful trees, and takes them to his heart at once. A tree whose polished, brilliant leaf looked like our maple, and whose scarlet, pendent swinging boughs looked like darting orioles, we were forbidden to



CAPE HORN

consider a familiar friend, a very learned pundit assuring us that there were no maples on the river. That was the only vegetation with which we were bold enough to set up the plea of acquaintance, every thing else being quite too splendid to countenance any claim of kinship with the paler and punier growths of our ascetic climate.

Sometimes, so far above our heads that they looked like pygmies at play, we saw the lumbermen getting out logs which came tearing down the rugged sluice-ways to the river. More seldom, even, did a single logger's hut appear, like a hang-bird's nest, far up among the rocks, making the place look wilder than the wilderness, because this little struggle toward civilization and domesticity was so overborne by the savagery of Nature. These half-cleared places had a certain repulsiveness, too. Nature carefully hides unsightly spots with shrubs and bushes, and, when her dead trees fall, she tenderly adorns the wreck they make with vines and mosses. But, when man comes in with rude and indiscriminate rapine, she is profaned, and will long leave the place to his clumsy keeping, throwing neither vine nor moss, nor veiling shadow even, across the scars of his occupation. So that those half-clearings looked rough and coarse as the lives of the inhabitants.

Sometimes the river flowed straight and untroubled. Sometimes the mountains swept round into its path, and the stream bent and parted on rocky mounds or islands, and ran shallow, disturbed, and dangerous. Straightway it quieted into chains of narrow lakes without visible outlet, whereon we sailed close up to lofty, impassable shores, like the walls of Sinbad's valley, but, turning suddenly on our track, found unexpected deliverance. Then, looking back, the way was lost by which we had come. Here, in the solitary mountains, we were alone. No world behind—no world before. The sense of solitude was too vast to be painful. But we felt as escaping prisoners feel when we threaded our way through a narrow rift of stone into the wonderful stream that grew more wonderful as we sailed. For, just there, walls of basalt in vast ledges, rising sheer and straight from the shore, overtopped the farther mountains. Rifted boulders, like Castle Rock, stood alone, their base washed by the river, their heads upholding the sky. Majestic ramparts, like Cape Horn, rose, a vast, columnar wall, sometimes seven hundred feet in height. Columns, and obelisks, and shafts, lifted themselves with a mightier strength and a more majestic grace than architecture has been able to achieve. And through these stately gate-ways we came to the Cascades.

The Cascades are the fierce and whirling rapids wherein the river falls forty feet, twenty feet of it being taken almost at a leap. But for five miles the river is a seething whirlpool, and a queer little railroad on the Washington side affords the portage. The track runs so near the water's edge that one has a view of these rapids for the whole way, from the Middle Block-house, relic of not unremote Indian wars, to the drowned forest above the upper landing. The whole river-bed is gigantic rocks, sometimes hidden by the water, sometimes tearing through the water to make sharp and naked islands, between which the current rushes down, white with foam and with a roar

like the sea. Round the rocks and between the rocks and over the rocks, and almost burrowing under the rocks in its force, in those five miles the river takes on every possible form of cascade. Yet where we take steamer again, a moment before the river makes its first plunge, it is as quiet as the Connecticut, and washes along over submerged stumps like any slow bayou.

Being born under a lucky star, Imlac and I were invited to ride on the engine, nay,



Middle Block-house, Cascades.

on the very cow-catcher. It is impossible to imagine a madder excitement. With the whole tremendous motive-power behind you forgotten, you seem to be flying, without even the drawback of having to flap your wings. The wild river to the right of you, the wild mountains close on your left hand; your flight through rifts and chasms of stone which seem ever crowding forward with an evil-minded will to shut you in; just a glimpse of blue sky far above, such as miners see from the bottom of the black shaft; a fierce

rush and roar of wind that strikes down your very eyelids—this is riding on the cow-catcher in the canyon of the Columbia. Half blinded as we were, we saw, as we passed it, the great sides of Rooster Rock and a little log-house beneath. This was the scene of Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan's first battle. Here, in 1856, a small party of white men was for two days besieged by a strong force of Indians; and here the irrepressible lieutenant, tired of his wise and masterly inactivity, determined to attack in his turn, and totally routed the enemy in a very whirlwind of a charge.

Now you are in the heart of the mountains. Soon the rock walls approach each other, and the stream flows narrower and fiercer. The wind roars through the gorges



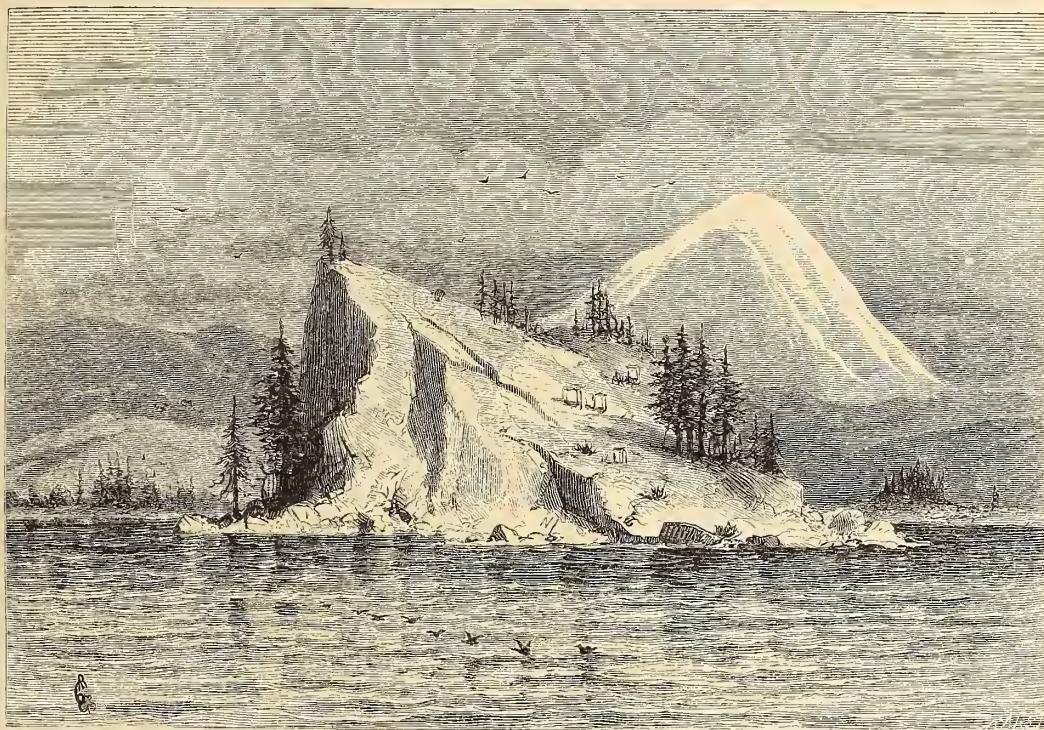
Peak of Red Rock

and in the spring, when the banks are full, beats up such waves that a boat cannot live in them, though these straits are two hundred miles from the sea. The walls are basaltic, columnar, rising in distinct, rudely-modelled pillars from four hundred feet to twelve hundred. Now and then, a bold rampart measures two thousand five hundred feet or even more. The receding or advancing cliffs break the river into a chain of tiny lakes. Wherever the mountains fall back on the south, Mount Hood fills the horizon, snow-covered, shining, vast. Mount Hood is fourteen thousand feet in height, and it is mortifying to admit that Mont Blanc is almost sixteen thousand. But, with this foreground of river and forest, with all this blaze of color set against the cold splendor of the icy peak, and with the blue intensity of the warm sky above, Mount Hood is more

magnificent than words can tell or brush can paint. And, if any "vagrom" man, having seen the two, pretends to think Mont Blanc the finer, let us, as Americans, laugh him to scorn.

Where the mountains recede before Mount Hood, the forest again encroaches, but it leaves bare a desolate peak called Coffin Rock, which was a place of Indian sepulture. Cairns of gray stones cover it, and rude monuments of rock. One is not near enough to see the vileness of the human taint upon it—for your true Indian in his death is little better than in his life, and bequeaths himself, a foul legacy, to the pure elements—and its gray melancholy is pathetic.

The Dalles is the second town of Oregon. The Idaho miners make it their base

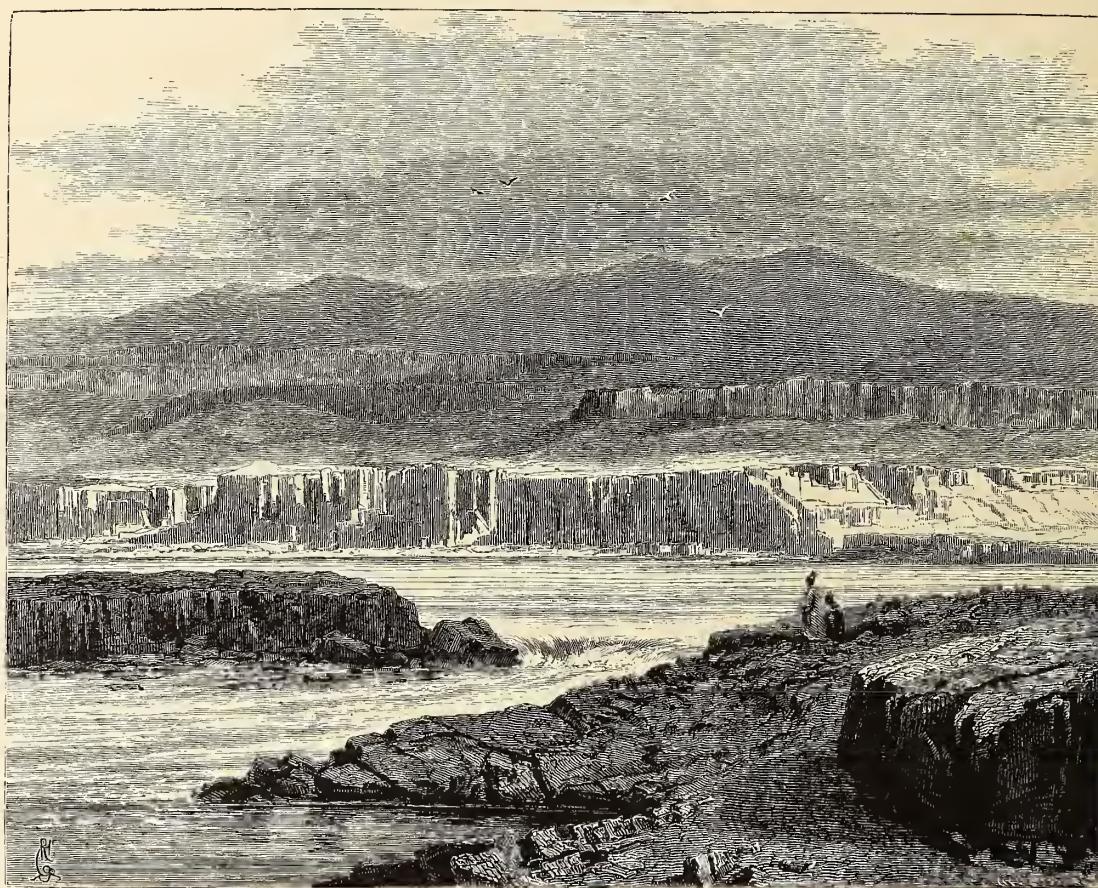


Coffin Rock.

of supplies. The gold comes down there for shipment, and this babe in the woods even dreams of a mint. But its interest to the traveller is neither in grocery nor in ore, but in its wonderful outlook on river and mountain. For ten miles up the stream the *dalles*, or flag-stones, choke the way, and there you must take to the cars again. Here the strange, weather-beaten, weary-looking, old red rock reappeared, after a long absence, looking, amid the harder and bolder cliffs, like a poor relation, pathetic, but very seedy. The queer, battered, time-worn peak on the opposite page is of it.

The cliffs disappear above Dalles City, and lo, the sand-region! The endless wonder of the Pacific-coast journeys is the suddenness of their changes, as if supernatural scene-shifters were kept constantly busy in whipping off the old scenes, and setting new and

unexpected ones for the next act. From forests of tropic splendor to mountains of northern bareness and grandeur, from still pond to roaring cataract, from verdure and cultivation into Sahara, you pass without the least hint from Nature of what she means to do five minutes hence. Possibly Science gets the better of her, and finds out her whimsical intentions; but to the unlearned she seems to have gotten a little tipsy on that wonderful air—which would intoxicate the soberest—and not to be quite sure of her own mind. Her desert on the Columbia is a lively suggestion of her greater works of the same order in Egypt or elsewhere. It looks a limitless plain of hot white sand.



Passage of the Dalles.

The wind is a hurricane, and seems to blow from every point at once, so that the heavens rain a sandy shower. The shifting, sifting sand covers the track. Men in sand-white garments, with sand-white beards and hair, blindly delve along the rails to clear them, and limp aside with sand-stiff joints that seem to creak, as we go by. The sky is a pale-blue vault, faded out by this torrid plain. The sun is veiled, intense, and colorless. The earth is like a place of graves, as if millions of men, whole peoples, whole races, had been buried there and forgotten. But, if Nature had ever set any race there, it must have been of the lowest—in mind vacant, in body vile, in worship regarding stones and

wild animals, its only symbols of steadfastness and power. And when on the flat-shore rocks we saw the bark lodges of the Trascopin Indians, vile children and viler men and vilest women swarming within and without, we felt that they were accounted for—stupidity, dishonesty, beastliness, and all—and had no disposition to cast a stone at them.

The fifteen miles of portage show superb river scenery wherever the sand will let you see it. It is a succession of rapids, falls, and sucking currents, where the *dalles*, or *dales*—rough troughs or flag-stones, which have given their name to the place—make crooked and narrow channels for the stream. Every form which water may put on, every tint with which it can be beautiful, every caprice of motion with which it can move, finds illustration in this Columbia. Below the great fall, the whole volume of the stream—whose branches stretch north through British Columbia, east through Idaho and Montana, south and west into Nevada, and, reaching down, gather in the icy rivulets of the Rocky Mountains—pours through a gate-way not fifty yards in width, whose sides are perpendicular precipices, hewn as with implements. Smooth and green and glassy, it slides under brown shadows but to be torn again into a hundred ribbons by rocks below; as it has just been torn by rocks above. At the falls it is a mile wide, and plunges over a rocky wall twenty feet high and stretching from shore to shore.

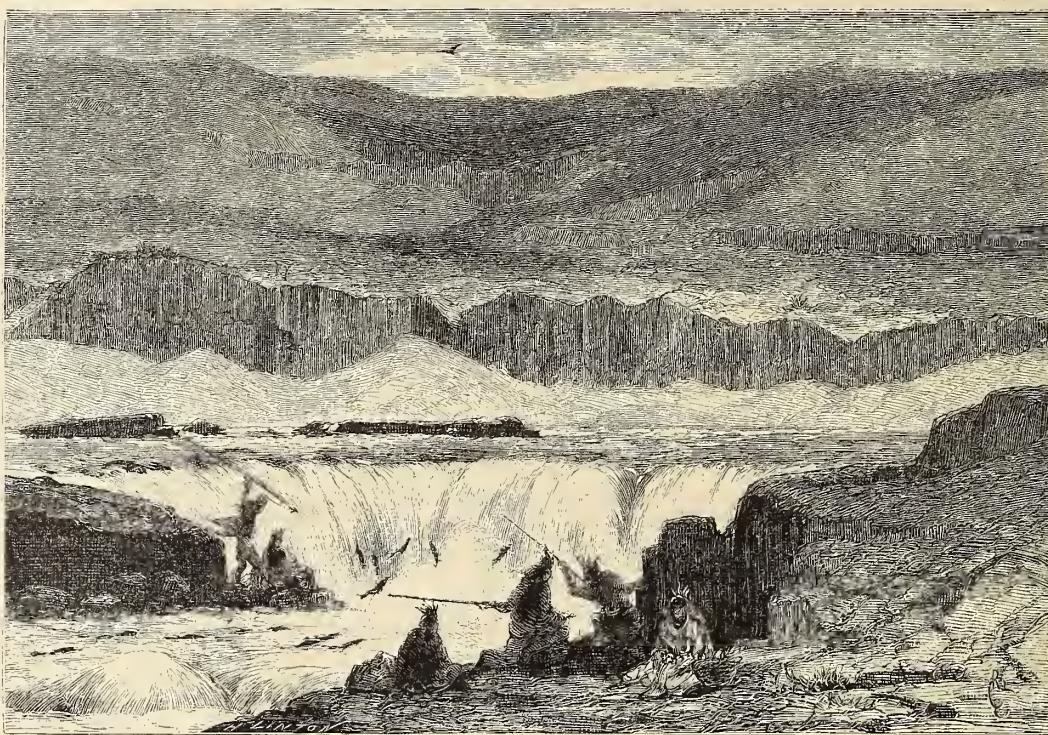
Here are the famous Salmon Falls, up which the salmon go to the quiet reaches of the river to spawn, shooting the rapids with incredible agility. If you can keep your footing on the slippery ledges of rock, you watch them, fascinated. Up they come through the fierce and sucking rapids, gleaming white against the black stones that here and there tear the water; first come a few together; then a multitude swirls along; then the whole river from side to side is light with their innumerable host. And they mind that precipice and torrent no more than if it were a summer pool within its ready margin. They swim swift and stately to the very foot, where you lose them in the seething, white whirlpool. Something flashes in the air, elastic, strong, light. Something glides up the stream above the fall. The daring, determined, wonderful thing has made that leap, defied rock and torrent, and found its safe shelter in the quiet pool beyond. Or, there is the flash, and then a struggle, and the poor bruised creature, wounded to death against the sharp-edged stones, drops back upon the current, and floats down a bloody track, dying after a little while. So they come, and come, and come—such myriads of them—and leap, and win, or lose, for all the hours of the day and for half the days of the year.

All over the rocks at the foot of the fall flutter the very scanty and disreputable rags in which the noble savage invests minute and accidental portions of his body. We nowhere saw the forest-god whom Cooper believed in, nor yet the statuesque and noble hunter whom Ward has found. It is not possible to imagine human creatures more unromantic, more indecent, more loathsome, more inhuman, than the visible Indian who

appears along every line of travel from the Kansas border to the northwestern boundary. That typical warrior who should be capable of declarling—

“Blaze with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee;
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free!”—

lives in the mountain-fastnesses, if he live at all, and does not corrupt his good manners with the evil communications of pale-faces. The red man of the plains, of the rivers, of the railroad and stage-coach neighborhoods, belongs to the universal genus *loafer*. He



Salmon Falls.

is a mighty hunter only of other men's corn and eggs. Savage virtues, if there be any, have departed from him, and civilized vices clothe him as with a garment. These Tras-copins along the Columbia live chiefly on the salmon, and, when they have dried, twice over, all that even their gluttony can desire, they still go to the falls, day after day, and for mere wantonness of cruelty spear the beautiful fish and throw them out on the stones to die there horribly, and rot and infect the air. The ledges were slimy with decaying salmon, and abounded with a horrid parasitic life. Sight and smell drove us quickly away; but the noble savage evidently enjoyed it all. You do not care for their thieving, perhaps; for, besides that you own neither cornfields nor hen-roost within three thousand miles, you reflect that our worthy ancestors set them a large example in that way, to



Richmond from the James

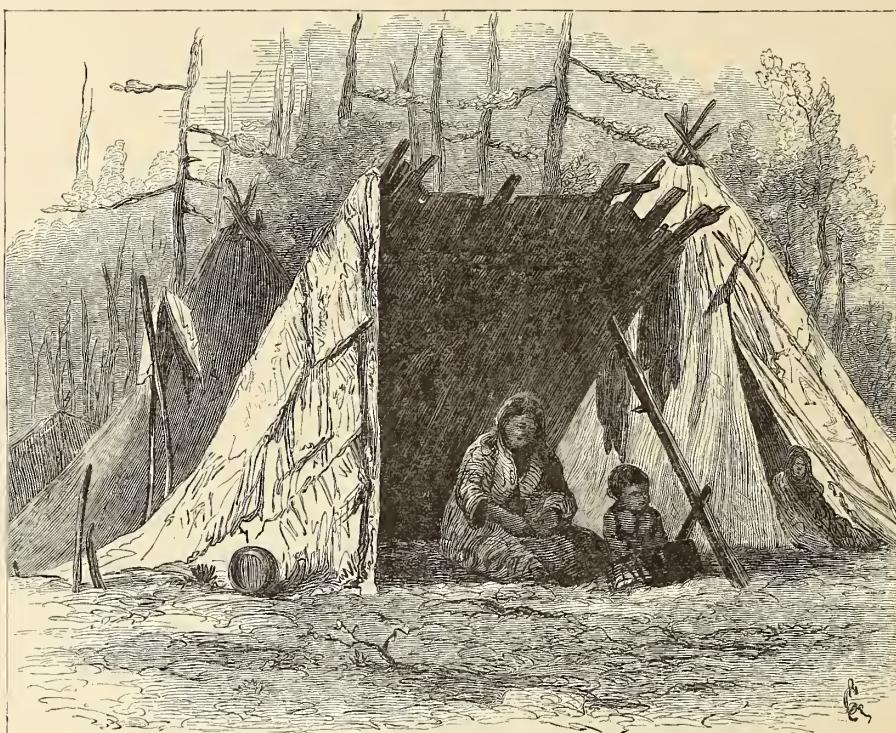
begin with. Moreover, thieving rises into a notable industry, when the alternative of idle hands is this sickening barbarity. But you do care for all their ignorance and dirt, and foulness and disease; and you are pricked for weeks afterward with a sense of personal responsibility in the matter, that clings like the shirt of Nessus.

And, with whatever contemptuous pity you regard these step-children of Nature, it is impossible not to believe that the sum of the united Trascopins and Arapahoes, and Shoshones, and Pahutes, and Crows, and of all other ill-conditioned tribes there be, does not equal in value to humanity the single unit of young Loring's life. Therefore, it would seem that there must be a proper Indian policy somewhere between the indiscriminate wiping out which the frontiersman insists on and the peppermint-candy wiles of Mr. Colyer. The Howard who shall devise it will bring peace to the tender consciences of all travellers who have seen the Indian at home, and have carried the consciousness of him as a nightmare ever since.

I feel that I should ask pardon of the polite reader for this most unhandsome episode, and of the sentimentalist for the callousness of these observations. But the Indian *is* just what I have drawn him, and it seems as if we might sooner settle the perplexing problem of what to do with him if our chameleon policy, whether of peace or war, contemplated the actual creature, and not a figment of the brain of the philanthropist on the one hand, and of the border-settler on the other. For my own part, I believe that not only are not all the aborigines of the West worth one high-hearted young Loring, but that Darwin himself, on seeing them, would be constrained to accord them slow and multiplied centuries to "mount through the various spires of form" before they should reach the negative and harmless excellence of the poor fish they slaughter.

And, if this phase is the very worst of savage life, and an unfair exhibition of their tendencies, why, I have seen the very best phase as well, and I found it very disappointing. I spent some time once at a Catholic mission among the Potawatamies, and I carefully botanized among the transplanted wild shoots. The school was a triumph of drill. The young barbarians, in formal jackets and trousers, inexpressibly uglier than their native rags or their yet more native dull-red skins, were frowned down by big blackboards, and confronted by verbs and definitions and the multiplication-table, and in every way dreadfully put upon by star-eyed Science. They were letter-perfect. I do not remember that they blundered in an answer. They even divided fractions, and their behavior struck me into amazement and admiration, as Hamlet's affected the queen; for it is a thing *I* can't do. But they were only as so many puppets pulled by a string. The lessons meant absolutely nothing to them; they had not an idea. *Why* you should divide a fraction, they had no more notion than the wooden rosaries they all wore, whereas *I* see a possible propriety in the impossible achievement, which shows a superior mental endowment. All the individuality was ground out of the poor little puppets. After the geography-lesson was written on them, it was rubbed out, as it were, and a

grammar-lesson was set down in its place; and then the sponge of the next text-book erased every trace of noun and verb, and the surface was blank for the catechism or hymn, or whatever came next. When school was dismissed, the little martyrs did not fly to play, as lusty white boys fly. They moped away by themselves, holding no commerce with each other, too broken-spirited even to stare at the visitors or to show any eagerness as to the appropriation of pennies very liberally bestowed. Some of them lay on their backs and looked at the sky, and the rest mooned about so vacantly that it was impossible for any thing else to be so slow and indifferent except a snail. When they grow up, it looked as if they would either go back to the wild life or settle down on



Indians on the Columbia.

the debatable border with the most scampish of the white squatters, and poison their dull blood with the coarse but necessary excitement of bad whiskey. No, it is useless; education does not agree with the Indian blood, and, when you try to make this red-handed Ishmael put on *our ways*, he merely loses his own, and is more lazy and not less vicious.

Above the Dalles the forests disappear; nay, every leaf vanishes, and for miles on miles the banks are covered with thick brown grass, wherein not even a mullein-stalk springs. The scenery is tame, and the most eager tourist seldom ventures above Wright's Harbor, two hundred and fifty miles from the sea. Steamers ply, however, for four hundred miles, and then, after a portage along impassable rapids, an odd little boat

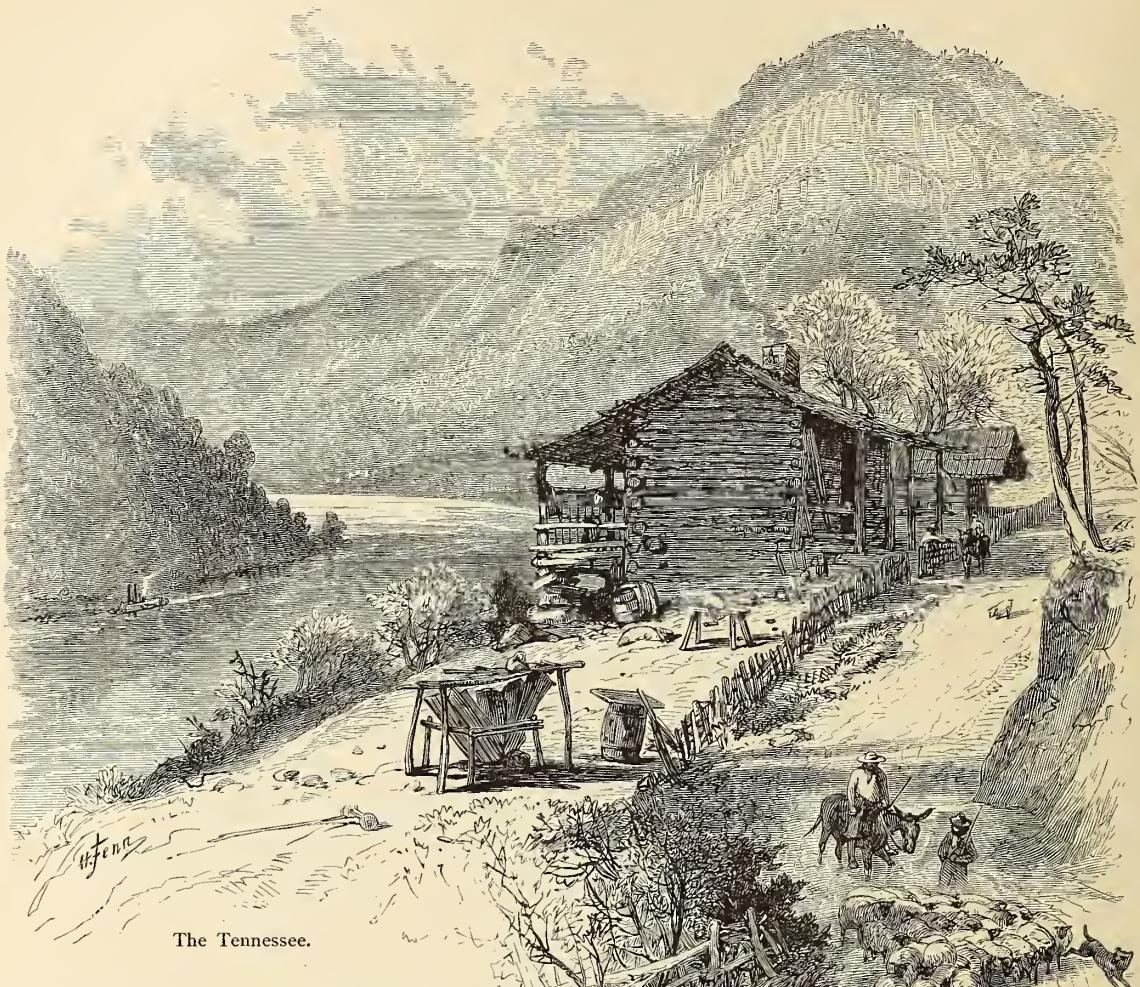
runs up the Snake River, in Idaho. When the great railroad shall connect the head-waters of the Missouri with the head-waters of the Columbia, the six hundred miles of track will open an incalculable wealth to trade, and the most magnificent wilderness of the world to travel. But at present, what with ubiquitous savages, and perils of cold and hunger, and lost trails, it is as well to pause at Celilo, not far above the falls. There, having inspected "the largest warehouse in the United States, being over eleven hundred feet in length, and built to receive the Idaho freights," as the station-master informs you in a solemn recitative, and there being nothing else in or of Celilo that unanointed eyes can behold, you are speedily ready for your train. And so back you go, leaving the falls and salmon and savage, leaving desert and whirlpool and whirlwind, at your back, and not reluctantly returning to the common-sense and conventions of decent and sober Dalles. All the Daleses, I remember, were "assisting" at a Sabbath-school festival when we arrived, and, going to bed on the boat, we seemed consequently to have inhaled a whiff of New-England air, and to sleep the better for it.

To come down the river in the early morning, with the clear eastern light behind you, is almost finer than to sail eastward, with the glow of the sunset over mountain and stream. Certainly Mount Hood lay more stately calm and fair, quite apart, rising lonely from a far, upward-going plain, white, glittering, perfect. Mount Adams and Mount Jefferson, also, seemed to win a charm from the presence of the pure morning; and we had not in the least understood Mount Rainier until this second coming before it. Under the blue heavens it rose in soft and tender liftings, till its triple crown overtopped Mount Hood itself. From Puget Sound, the view of it is grander, but not so lovely; and, as we watched it, it seemed even more worthy to be remembered than sweet St. Helen's.

There are actually many hundreds of persons, no better than ourselves, who are allowed to live all their years in the presence of these five mountains; but we did not see the human likeness of the Great Stone Face anywhere, and we observed that worries, and sorrows, and sickness, and even death, came to them as to us. So, when it seemed best, we were content to leave the enchanted river behind us, and to come back to the familiar East, where, if work and care and pain awaited us, duty as surely waited for us, too. And, as we reluctantly sailed away from the friendliness we had found, and from the majestic forests and the gracious mountains, we seemed to hear in the ripple of the waves these words of a most sweet philosopher: "Let us remember within what walls we lie, and understand that this level life, too, has its summit, and why from the mountain-top the deepest valley has its tinge of blue; that there is elevation in every hour, as no part of the earth is so low that the heavens may not be seen from it, and we have only to stand on the summit of our hour to command an uninterrupted horizon."

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND THE TENNESSEE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



The Tennessee.

IT rained the first day we were at Chattanooga. It rained the second day. The waters came down in ceaseless floods, and Lookout Mountain, with its head buried in the mist, seemed, as seen from our hotel-window, lumpish and uninteresting enough. "After all," thought I, watching the spiritless mass through the thick lances of rain, "Leigh Hunt was right. A great mountain is a great humbug. Look at this! A huge, formless hump, a colorless, dead protuberance, that obstructs rather than supplies a

prospect! What is there about it, or of it, or in it, that men should come long distances to see it, and risk their necks by climbing it?" These ejaculations were uttered half aloud, and the mountain-loving artist, overhearing them, quickly uttered his instinctive remonstrance. "Wait," he wisely suggested to his companion's impatience, "until the rain ceases. Sunshine will change your mood and your conclusions."

There was nothing, indeed, to do but wait, although Chattanooga is dreary enough in a rain-storm. The town was denuded during the war of all its trees, a large part of it was burned, and once it was buried up to its second-story windows under the Tennessee. These things have not served to beautify it. The streets are unpaved, and apparently unworked; in wet weather they are of unspeakable mud, in dry weather of indescribable dust, and at all times they present a surface of ridges and chasms that make travelling upon them a penance which one's bones long feebly remember. The principal business-avenue consists of little better than rudely-constructed barracks; so, what with the bare and rude streets and the roughly-constructed buildings, the place seems more like an extemporized mining-town of the far West than an old settlement of the East. But there is exhibited all the activity of a new colony; better buildings are rapidly going up; a fine new hotel has been opened; there are signs everywhere of prosperity and growth; and hence, if the Tennessee can only be persuaded to respect its legitimate boundaries, we shall find the town in good time a prosperous and agreeable place. It is a very active town. There are several railroads, and many trains come and go; it is an extensive cattle-depot, and droves of horses and bovines ceaselessly fill the streets. The citizens are rather proud of their big new hotel, and they look upon Lookout Mountain with feelings of friendly interest; but I do not know that any thing delights them so much as reminiscences of the big flood that occurred about five years ago. They will show you the high-water marks with unsuppressed enthusiasm, and dwell upon the appearance of steamboats in their main street with an exhibition of pride that is very touching.

When the sun came out on the third day we set forth with all expedition for the mountain. During the regular season, which we had anticipated by a few weeks, coaches run at fixed intervals to the mountain-top, where two hotels give entertainment to all comers.

As we were to remain on the mountain several days, our carriage was packed with all our effects, and we sallied forth with eagerness to scenes which the war brought into such prominent notice. After a drive of about two miles, we began the long, sloping ascent of the mountain-road, and half an hour later found us midway up the "formless hump," very much disposed, indeed, to beg the mountain's pardon for our depreciating criticism at the hotel-window; for now forms of the most varied and striking character revealed themselves in the cliffs and ravines of the mountain, and already superb prospects of the far valley and the winding Tennessee showed through glimpses of the trees.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—VIEW FROM THE “POINT.”

Above us hung beetling eliffs, whieh Mr. Fenn's peneil vividly delineates in one of the larger illustrations, while below us were preeipitous reaehes, here and there picturesquely marked by gigantie bowlders. I do not know but the best eharm of mountain-views is in these half glimpses that you catch in the aseent. If they do not possess the sublimity of the scene from the supreme altitude, they gain many beauties in the nicer articulation of the different objects below. The picturesque, moreover, is a little coy, and reveals it-self more pleasingly in the half glanees through broken vistas than at the open stare. Our journey up the sides of Lookout was continually arrested by the charming pietures of this eharaeter that the winding road brought to view.

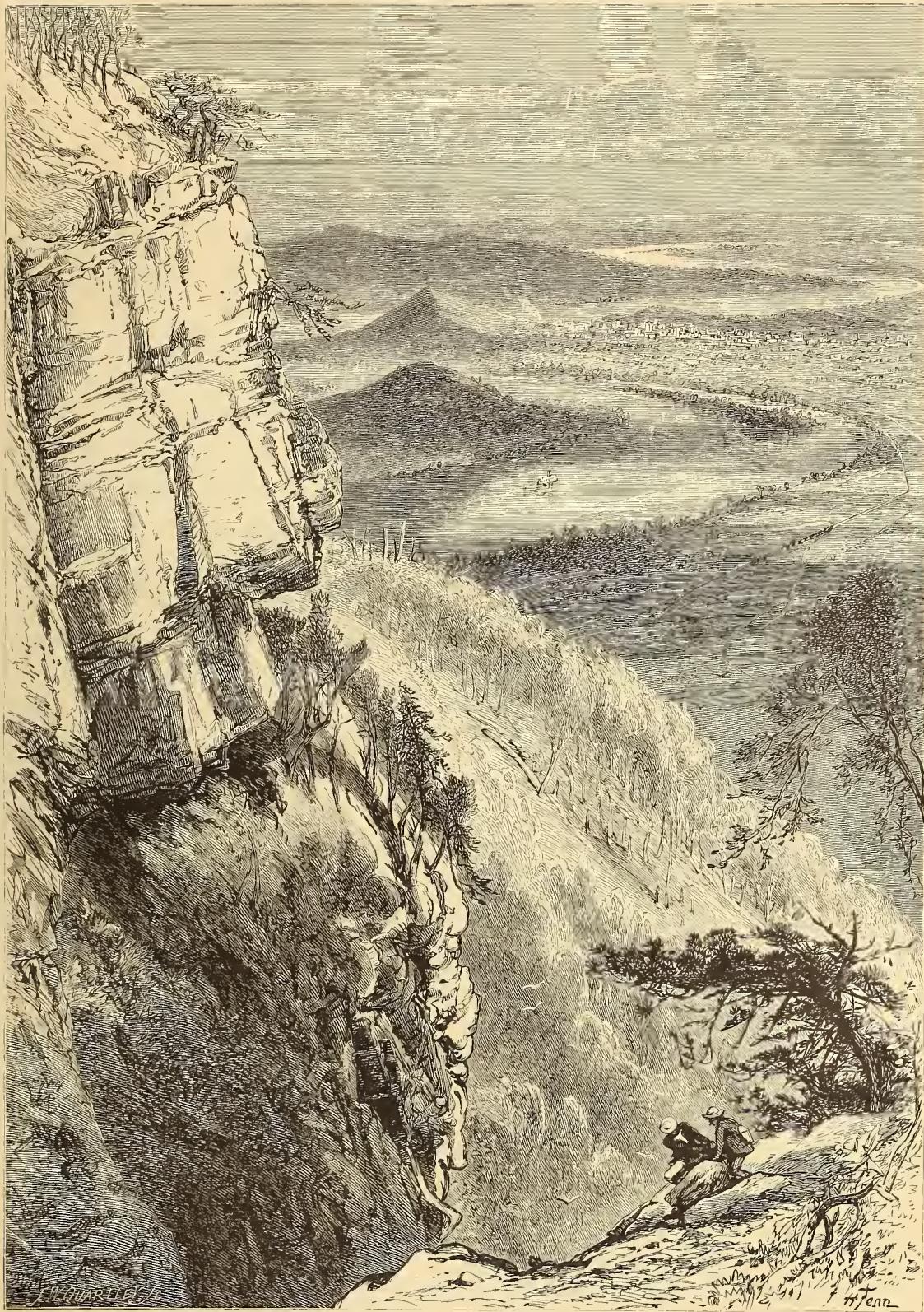
The first sensation of the prospeet from the top is simply of immensity. The eye sweeps the vast spaees that are bounded only by the haze of distance. On three sides no obstaeles intervene between your altitude and the utmost reaehes of the vision. To your right, streteh suecessive ranges of hills and mountains that seem to rise one above another until they dispute form and eharaeter with the clouds. Your vision extcnds, you are told, to the great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina, whieh lic nearly a hundred miles distant. The whole vast space between is paeked with huge undulations of hills, whieh seem to eome rolling in upon your mountain-shore, like giant waves. It is, indeed, a very sea of space, and your stand of roeks and eliffs juts up in strange isolation amid the gray waste of blending hills. Directly before you the undulations are repeated, fading away in the far distance where the Cumberland Hills of Kentueky hide their tops in the mists of the horizon. Your eye eovers the entire width of Tennessee; it reaehes, so it is said, even to Virginia, and embraees within its seope territory of seven States. These are Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia, Kentucky, North and South Carolina. If the view does in truth extend to Virginia, then it reaehes to a point fully one hundred and fifty miles distant. To your left, the pieture gains a delieious eharm in the windings of the Tennessee, whieh makes a sharp curve directly at the base of the mountain, and then sweeps away, soon disappearing among its hills, but at intervals reappearing, glaneing white and silvery in the distance, like great mirrors let into the landscape.

Lookout Mountain presents an abrupt preeipice to the plain it overlooks. Its cliffs are, for half-way down the mountain, splendid palisades, or esearpments, the eharaeter of whieh can be altogether better eoneived by the study of Mr. Fenn's drawings than by the most skilful deserption. The mountain-top is almost a plateau, and one may wander at his ease for hours along the rugged, broken, seamed, tree-erowned eliffs, surveying the superb panorama stretehed out before him in all its different aspects. The favorite post of view is ealled the "Point," a plateau on a projecting angle of the cliff, being almost directly above the Tennessee, and commanding to the right and left a breadth of view whieh no other situation enjoys. Beneath the cliff, the roek-strewed slope that stretehes to the valley was once heavily wooded, but during the war the Confederates denuded it of its trees, in order that the approaehes to their encampment might be watched. It was

under cover of a dense mist that Hooker's men on the day of the famous battle skirted this open space and reached the cover of the rocks beyond, up which they were to climb. The "battle above the clouds" is picturesque and poetical in the vivid descriptions of our historians, but the survey of the ground from the grand escarpments of the mountain thrills one with admiration. It is not surprising that Bragg believed himself secure in his rocky eyrie, and the wonder must always remain that these towering palisades did not prove an impregnable barrier to the approach of his enemy.

On the summit of Lookout Mountain the northwest corner of Georgia and the northeast extremity of Alabama meet on the southern boundary of Tennessee. The mountain lifts abruptly from the valley to a height of fifteen hundred feet. It is the summit overhanging the plain of Chattanooga that is usually connected in the popular imagination with the title of Lookout, but the mountain really extends for fifty miles in a southwesterly direction into Alabama. The surface of the mountain is well wooded, it has numerous springs, and is susceptible of cultivation. In time, no doubt, extensive farms will occupy the space now filled by the wilderness. There is a small settlement on the crest of the mountain, consisting of two summer hotels, several cottages and cabins, and a college. It is a grand place for study, and the young people of this sky-aspiring academy have certainly superb stimulants in the exhilarating air and glorious scenes of their mountain *alma mater*.

Only one of the public-houses was open at the time of our early visit to the mountain, but already the daily throng of visitors was large. People only came, however, for an hour or two; the regular summer crowds, who during the hot season sojourn among these lofty rocks, had given as yet no signs of their coming, and the principal hotel was closed and silent. The Summit House, however, proved a pleasant little box. We were the only guests, and hence had choice of rooms, and first place in our landlord's affections. The sunshine that seduced us from Chattanooga only kept our company until we reached the mountain-top, when clouds began to obscure the scene, and winds to chill the air. Although nearly three days on the mountain, Mr. Fenn got his sketches with difficulty. There were glimpses of sunshine, and the clouds would lift and give us superb vanishing pictures of the valley and distant hills, touched in spots with sunlight; but the cold winds and the ever-recurring showers made sketching out-of-doors cold and dismal work. At the hotel we kept warm by means of blazing piles of logs, which a little negro lass of about twelve years kept continually piling upon the waiting andirons. To this diminutive daughter of Ethiopia we owe a world of thanks. The little creature was full of work, zeal, and affection; her big eyes had a melancholy contemplation, and her manner exhibited a motherly solicitude that was exceedingly amusing. We christened her after the immortal Marchioness of Dickens. She seemed maid and master of all work. She waited on table, polished the boots, made the fires, helped cook the meals, as her regular duties, and then seemed never tired of watching over our comforts. At



CHATTANOOGA AND THE TENNESSEE FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

the first show of the sun in the morning, she entered our rooms and built up fires for us, and the last thing at night was to heap the andirons with wood. The wind pierced through the thin timber frame of the house as if it had been pasteboard, and rendered fires at all hours necessary. The black Marchioness's especial ambition was to polish our boots. She promised each day they should be more brilliantly executed the next. "Won't have no more boots to black," was her mournful comment when we came to depart. "Why not?" was our reply; "there will be plenty of boots to black—in fact, too many, we should say." "No," was the inconsolable rejoinder, "people only come here to dinner. Nobody stays here all night. There will be no more boots to black," and with this lament upon her lips we left her. The spirits of Day & Martin will doubtless discover this polishing zeal, and shower benedictions upon her.

The majority of visitors go to Lookout only for an hour or two, and hence miss some very striking characteristics of the mountain. There are a lake and a cascade of uncommon beauty about six miles distant from the "Point," and a singular grouping of rocks, known by the name of "Rock City." The City of Rocks would be a somewhat more correct appellation. This is a very odd phenomenon. Vast rocks of the most varied and fantastic shape are arranged into avenues almost as regular as the streets of a city. Names, indeed, have been given to some of the main thoroughfares, through which one may travel between great masses of the oddest architecture conceivable. Sometimes these structures are nearly square, and front the avenue with all the imposing dignity of a Fifth-Avenue mansion. But others exhibit a perfect license in capricious variety of form. Some are scooped out at the lower portion, and overhang their base in ponderous balconies of rock. Others stand balanced on small pivots of rock, and apparently defy the law of gravitation. I know of nothing more quaint and strange than the aspects of this mock city—silent, shadowy, deserted, and suggestive, some way, of a strange life once within its borders. One expects to hear a foot-fall, to see the ponderous rocks open and give forth life, and awaken the sleep that hushes the dumb city in a repose so profound.

Lookout Mountain is remarkable generally for its quaint and fantastic rocks. Near the "Point" are two eccentric specimens that are pointed out to every visitor. The "Devil's Pulpit"—did one ever visit a mountain that had not borrowed Satanic phraseology for characterizing some of its features?—the "Devil's Pulpit," almost at the extreme end of the "Point," consists of a number of large slabs of rocks, piled in strange form one upon the other, and apparently in immediate danger of toppling over. The reader will readily discover this queer pile if he consults Mr. Fenn's drawing showing the view from the "Point." Another odd mass is called "Saddle Rock," from a fancied resemblance to a saddle. It consists of a great pile of limestone, that has crumbled and broken away in small particles, like scales, until in texture one may discover a likeness to an oyster-shell, and in form something of the contour of a saddle-tree. With queer rock-

forms, Lookout Mountain is certainly abundantly supplied. It is supposed that these rocks, jutting so far above the level of the Palisades, are remains of a higher escarpment, which, during uncounted centuries, has gradually worn away.

The lake and cascade to which I have referred are known as "Lulu Lake" and "Lulu Falls," *Lulu* being a corruption of the Indian name of Tullulah. The cascade is

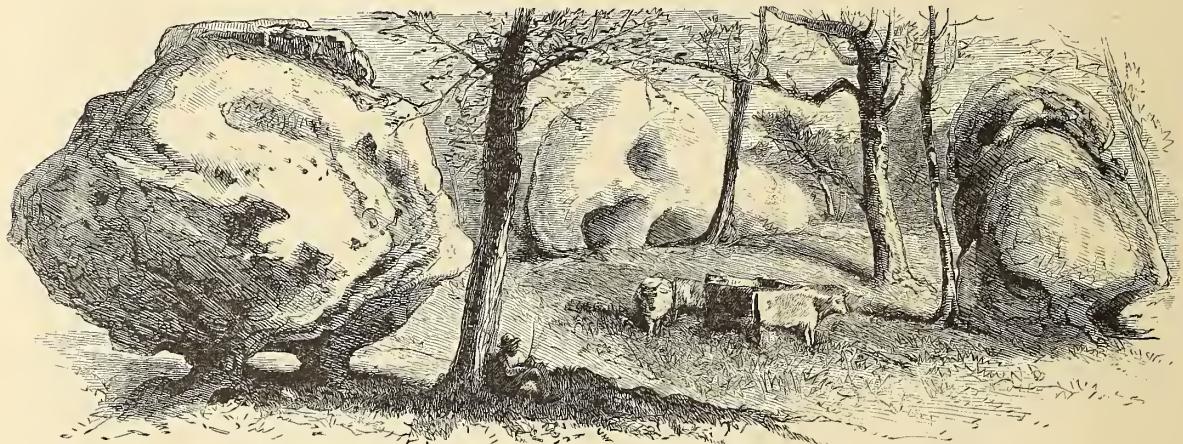


Rock City, Lookout Mountain.

one of uncommon beauty. It is nearly as high as Niagara, and far more picturesque in its setting. This lake and cascade can only be reached on foot or horseback; no vehicle can traverse the very rough road which leads to them. But their singular beauty, and the strange, quaint features of the City of Rocks, would reward unusual exertions on the part of the visitor. Lookout Mountain, indeed, is very imperfectly seen by those who

make a hurried jaunt to its Palisades, glance at the prospect so superbly spread out before them, and then hurry back again. There is no mountain and no landscape that does not require its acquaintance to be cultivated somewhat, just as we must meet our friends in many intercourses before we can come to fully understand them. A mountain no more carries its beauty within the ready ken of everybody than a wise man "wears his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at." The supreme beauty, the varied features, the changing aspects, the subtle sentiments of the "rock-ribbed hills," enter the soul by many doors, and only after a complete surrender on our part to their influences. One can comfortably house himself on the great plateau of Lookout, and there give many days to wandering along its Palisades, or in search of the thousand picturesque charms that pertain to its wooded and rocky retreats.

Our views on the Tennessee are only for a dozen miles of its eight hundred, but



Rock-Forms on Lookout Mountain.

at a point where it outdoes the Hudson in the loftiness of its banks, and gives us its best picturesque features.

The Tennessee comes sweeping down upon Lookout Mountain as if it confidently expected to break through this rocky barrier and reach the Gulf by an easy course through the pleasant lowlands of Alabama. The flood reaches the base of Lookout's tall abutments, and, finding them impenetrable, sweeps abruptly to the right, breaking through the barrier of hills that lie in its course, and, as if with a new purpose at heart, abandons its hope of the Gulf, to eventually reach it, however, after a double marriage with the Ohio and the Mississippi.

The Tennessee is formed by the union of the Clinch and the Holston Rivers, at Kingston, and, together with its principal affluent, attains a length of eleven hundred miles. Steamers navigate different portions, but a succession of shallows and rapids in Alabama, known as "Muscle Shoals," bar vessels from its lower waters to the upper; and

below Chattanooga exist serious obstacles to navigation, known as the "Suck" and the "Pot."

The "Pot" lies some twenty miles below Chattanooga; it is a maelstrom which, at certain depths of water, is wild and beautiful. The swift current is impinged sharply upon a high bluff, and turns to escape, at an angle so acute, that a perfect whirl of wa-



Rocks, Rock City.

ters ensues. Vast trees have been seen caught in its fierce turmoil and swept out of sight; and, in the time of freshets, houses, carried off by the flood, have plunged into the gulf, to reappear none knew where or how. The "Suck" is thirteen miles from Chattanooga. This phenomenon is caused by a fierce little mountain-current, called "Suck Creek," which, in times of high water, brings from its rocky fastnesses such masses of *débris* that the river-bed is strewed with boulders, and a bar formed, which com-

presses the channel into a narrow, swift, and dangerous current. Thirty years ago the Government erected a wall some forty feet distant from the left bank, and, through the narrow passage thus formed, boats ascending the river are warped up by means of a windlass on the shore. Under the intelligent direction of Lieutenant Adams, of the United States Army, Government is now endeavoring to remove the obstructions and widen the channel, which at this point is narrowed from the average of six hundred feet to two hundred and fifty; and hence the novel and picturesque sight of a steamer struggling up against an adverse current by means of a windlass on the bank, with the songs and shouts of the laboring deck-hands, will soon be, even if it is not now, a thing of the past.

To visit this famous "Suck," and get a sketch or two of the shore, was the purpose of our journey along the Tennessee. The three days of wintry airs on Look-out Mountain had made out-of-door sketching chilling work, but now a soft and balmy April day invited us upon the jaunt; so Mr. Fenn packed his sketching-traps; a vehicle stout in spring, and equal to the vicissitudes of a rough and rocky road, was procured, and we sallied forth.

There was once a fine bridge across the Tennessee, at Chattanooga, but it fell a victim to a great flood a few years ago. The Chattanoogians have been so busy since erecting new warehouses, new railroad-depots, and new hotels, that they have forgotten the piers of masonry in the river-bed, which in grim solitude seem to utter a protest against their neglect. Not that we, searchers for the picturesque, would have had it otherwise—for a bridge would have deprived Mr. Fenn's sketch-book of one of the quaintest ferries in the country. The illustration, which the reader will readily find, probably needs a little explanation, which let me endeavor to give. It is a rope-ferry, having for motive-power the river-current, which it masters for its purpose by a very simple application of a law in physics. A long rope from the ferry-boat, supported at regular intervals on poles resting on small flat-boats, is attached, several hundred feet up-stream, to an island in mid-water. The boat thus secured is pushed from the shore, when it begins to catch the force of the current, a greater surface of pressure being secured by a board, like the centre-board of a sail-boat, which is dropped down deep into the water on the upper side. The current sweeping against the boat would carry it downstream, but the attached rope retains the vessel in place, and we have, as a result of the sum of the forces, the boat swiftly propelled on the arc of a circle across the stream. Thus, by a very simple contrivance, a motor is secured which requires neither fuel nor canvas, which is uniformly available, and which is obtained entirely without cost. A very odd effect in the scene is the fleet of small flat-boats, upholding the long and heavy rope, which start in company with the large vessel in the order and with the precision of a column of cavalry. Moving in obedience to no visible sign or force, they impress one as being the intelligent directors of the movement, and are watched, when first seen, with lively interest.

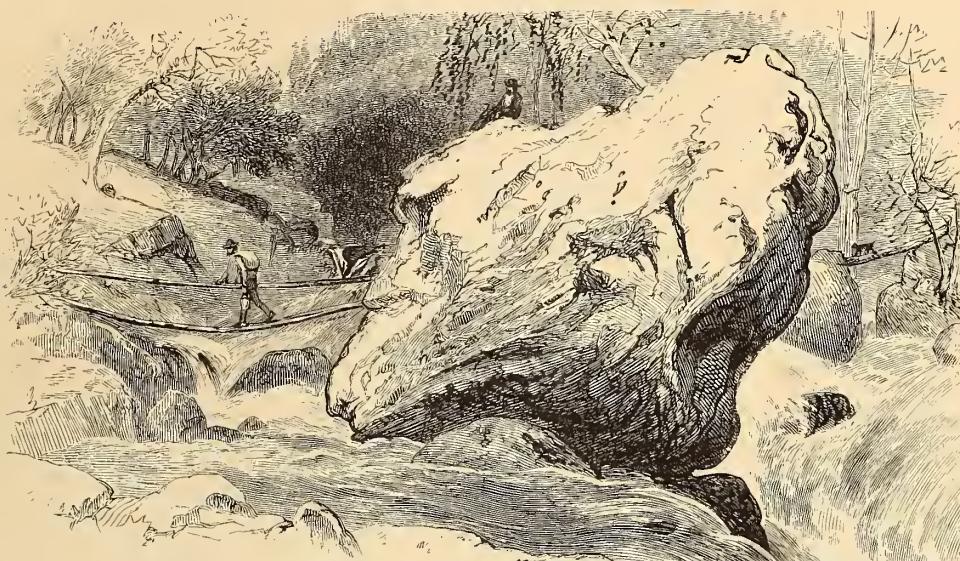
The method adopted at this ferry is occasionally found in the South, but, ordinarily, ferry-boats are carried from one side of the stream to the other by means of a suspended rope from shore to shore. The Chattanooga ferry is very picturesque, apart from the method of progression. In busy times a sort of tender accompanies the larger boat, and upon this our carriage, with some difficulty, was driven. Boat and tender were rude in construction, old, and dilapidated. The main vessel had a small enclosure, of a hen-coop suggestiveness, which was called a cabin, and which, at a pinch, might give shelter to three or four people. The groups upon its decks were striking. There were sportsmen with a great following of dogs, horsemen with their Texan saddles and wide *sombreros*, vehicles, and groups of cattle, all mingled with the most happy contrast of color and form. On the opposite shore, as we drew near, were visible great numbers of waiting horsemen and cattle, giving evidence of the active business of the ferry, and emphasizing the wonder that the bridge has not been restored.

If any mortal hereafter essays a visit to the "Suck," let him go by saddle. If he ventures by vehicle, sore, very sore indeed, will be his trials. Our road, one of the most picturesque and charming we had ever travelled, certainly outdid in roughness of surface any previous experience. It led through superb woods; under high banks; over rocks and bowlders; into swift-running streams; up steep hills, and down declivities. We were pitched into the bottom of the wagon one moment, tossed against the top at another, now precipitated affectionately into each other's arms, now hurled discordantly apart against the wagon-sides—all of which, however, while trying to one's bones, added to the relish of the journey, or rather, it may be safer to say, to the relish of our recollections of it.

The Tennessee, as already said, runs between high hills, mountains even, being the continuation of the Cumberland range. Spreads of table-land, with intervening dips of the forest, mark one side of the river, while on the other the rocky hills rise abruptly from the water's edge. The river is very winding, and the road sometimes runs along its course, sometimes loses sight of its silvery waters altogether; but the appearing and reappearing surface of the stream affords continual changes to the picture. Between the bluff and the river are narrow strips of arable bottom-land; and these, which sometimes are only narrow ribbons bordering the stream, and at others wide fields, are very rich in soil and carefully cultivated. But the owners, almost without exception, live in rude log-cabins. We saw but two or three houses above this condition. The occupants are sometimes negroes, but the majority are whites, who, however, as a rule, are not of the class known as "poor whites." The cabins are rude, the grounds limited, the means scanty, but the residents are a proud, intelligent set, who should be classed as hunters and woodsmen rather than as husbandmen. Their delight is the woods and the mountains, and they almost live on horseback. Their needs are a gun, a dog, a horse, a cottage, a wife, and a cow—and pretty much in the order enumerated. They are semi-



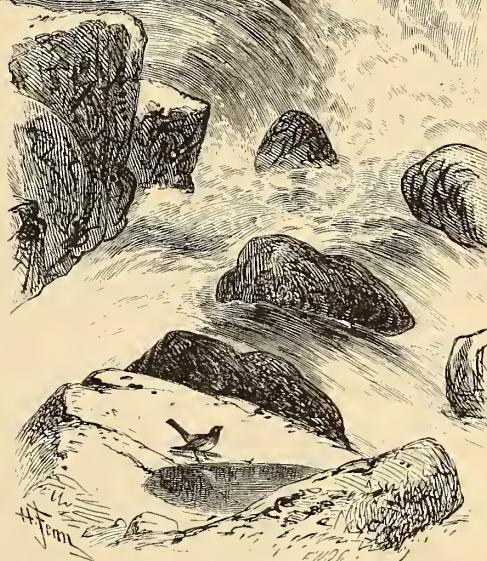
FERRY AT CHATTANOOGA.



Suck Creek.

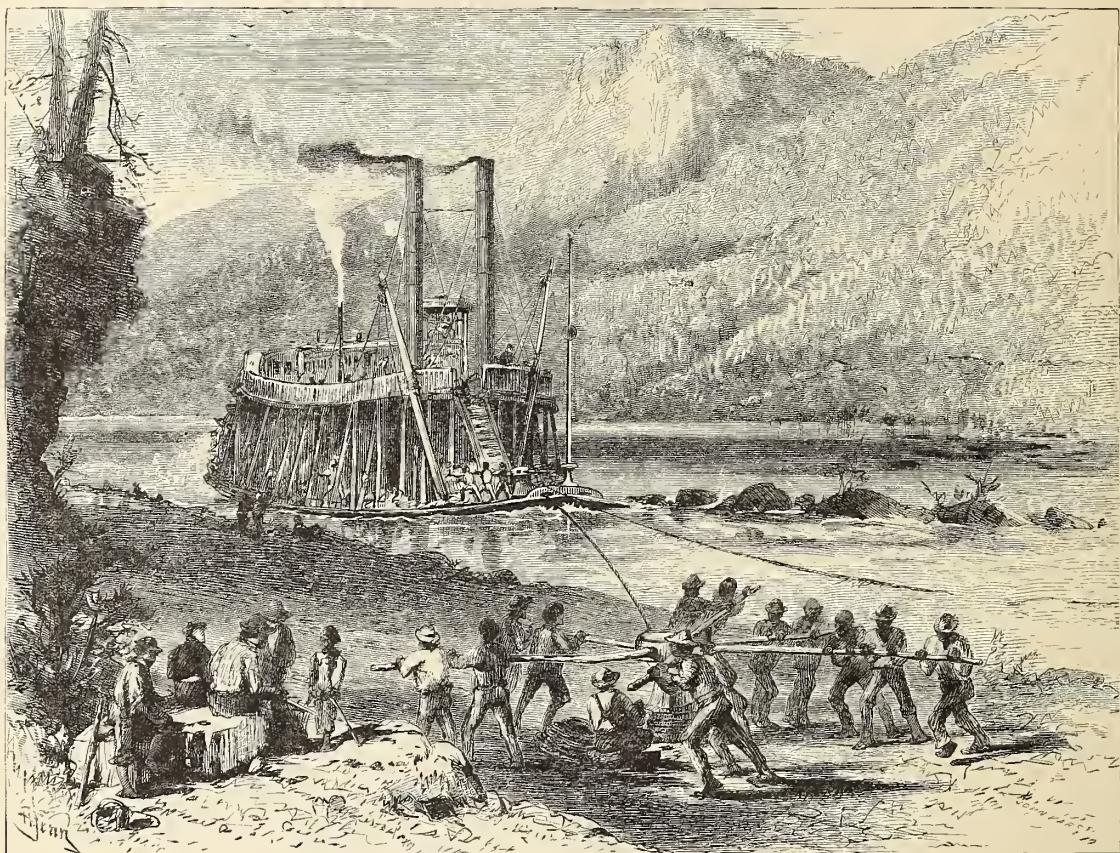
sportsmen, accomplished in woodcraft, who delight in all kinds of hunting, but exhibit very little energy in developing the resources of the country. It would be a mistake to accuse them of a lack of intelligence. We met many people on the road that day whose faces were refined and handsome. With their sloping *sombreros*, their gray shawls or army coats, their picturesque saddles, and their general air of graceful dilapidation, they looked like so many brigands. We noted specially two or three; and one who drove a herd of cattle along the road possessed a face that for intellectual refinement would be difficult to match.

At noon we reached our destination, and were shown a somewhat picturesquely-situated log-cabin, where we were assured dinner could be obtained. Our apprehensions may be imagined. But as soon as we drove up to it, and noticed the long array of polished tins and glistening buckets, we felt assured that at least cleanliness would characterize our repast. A very neat, pleasant-faced woman came forward at our appearance, and with quiet self-possession promised us a rural meal of ham, eggs, and hot rolls. The house was neat as a pin, and the woman refined and intelligent. But it contained one room only, and this without a window. Air and light penetrated the apertures between every layer of logs; and in winter, when through the mountain-gully fierce winds must sometimes sweep, the comfort of this cottage by the river may be estimated. Rude



as it was, the situation in summer-time was charming, which the reader may discover by consulting the initial drawing by Mr. Fenn.

At this place we desired to cross the river, but no means could be obtained to do so. No boats were to be found along the shore excepting the primitive "dug-out," which every one said would not be safe on account of the swiftness and turbulence of the current. This was a little exasperating. The rudest savage tribes of the Pacific build canoes that can sail far out at sea in high winds and rough water, but the boats of the Tennessee can only be employed in the smoothest of water. They cannot be trusted in



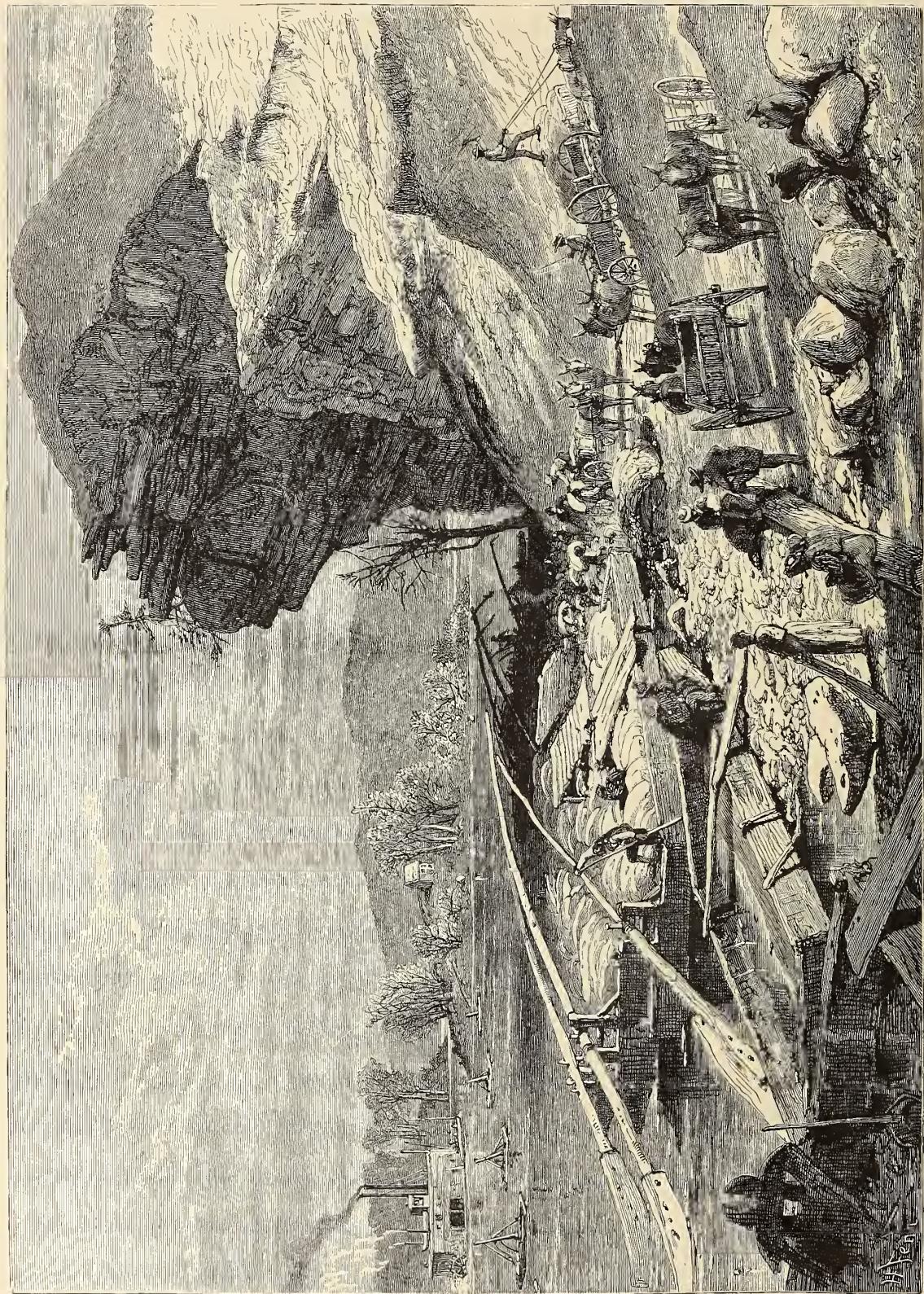
Steamer on the Tennessee warped through the "Suck."

a ripple; and yet the very simple contrivance of an outrigger, such as used by the Pacific natives, would render them safe even in a high sea. The skill of our Tennessee men is equal, no doubt, to many emergencies of the mountains, but their resources for the water are certainly very limited. As we could not get on the other side of the river, we started in search of the most eligible points on this side. In order to reach the shore, we had a wild and picturesque walk, reaching in due time the romantic stream which ignobly rests under the title of "Suck Creek." This stream is a mountain-torrent; it comes tumbling through rocky crevices above with all the flash and splendor of the "waters of Lodore," and pours with turbulent energy into the Tennessee. In

freshets it comes from its mountain-home with tremendous volume and force, burying far under water even the high rocks delineated in the illustration, and sweeping into the river a score or so of smaller impediments. We crossed this torrent on a round and very small tree-trunk, and, not having the skill of the natives, ignominiously crept along it on our hands and knees. But, shortly after, seeing one to the manner born, with a pack on his back, and a load in each hand, quietly and confidently walk the shaking and unsteady bridge, we on our return plucked up courage and performed the feat in an upright position. The picture here was very charming—mountains closing us in all around, a canopy of noble forest-trees, and the music of the mountain-stream as it plunged over its bed of rocks.

Securing the sketches necessary, we wended our way back. Under easier travelling, the drive would be one of great enjoyment. It was interesting to note the pains that are taken along the shore to cultivate every portion of the alluvial bottom-land, and in some instances we saw desperate endeavors to plough steep acclivities on which foothold could be obtained only with difficulty. The river annually overflows these bits of bottom-land, and leaves its valuable deposits. But, while these freshets thus enrich the land, they exact their compensation in fevers; and occasionally the river disregards all limitations, and seems to aim at the very submerging of the mountains. All along the road signs were evident of the great freshet a few years before; the high-water marks indicating a rise of at least twenty feet above the line of the road, while the road itself was twenty or thirty above the river-bed. Far up, in crotches of trees, could be seen heaps of brushwood and *débris* left by the flood as it withdrew. The people were compelled, on that occasion, to rapidly withdraw to the mountains, many of them returning to find their rude but valued homesteads swept away by the stream.

If the morning drive was charming, the return was enhanced by the beauty of the setting sun. The river, the trees, the hills, gained new beauties from the rays of the level light; and Lookout Mountain, whose high top would occasionally reveal itself, towered superbly, purpling in the evening air. Arriving at the ferry near sunset, we experienced some amusing incidents in getting across the stream. It is one feature of this method of crossing a river that the exact place of landing cannot be controlled, the rise or fall of the stream varying it considerably. On our return we found the nose of the boat thrust into a bank, and some apprehensions prevailing as to how the waiting cargo was to be got on board. Our horses were unharnessed, and the vehicle, by the strenuous effort of half a dozen negroes, lifted on board. Then the horses, our own and several others, without much difficulty, jumped the space; but the cattle struggled, and backed, and plunged, with the most incorrigible perversity. Some charged back, and tried to escape up the hill; others plunged into the water; and one fine heifer was with difficulty saved from drowning. At last, after a great effort, much shouting, and woful confusion, cattle, horses, carriage, and pedestrians, were successfully shipped, but crowded to-



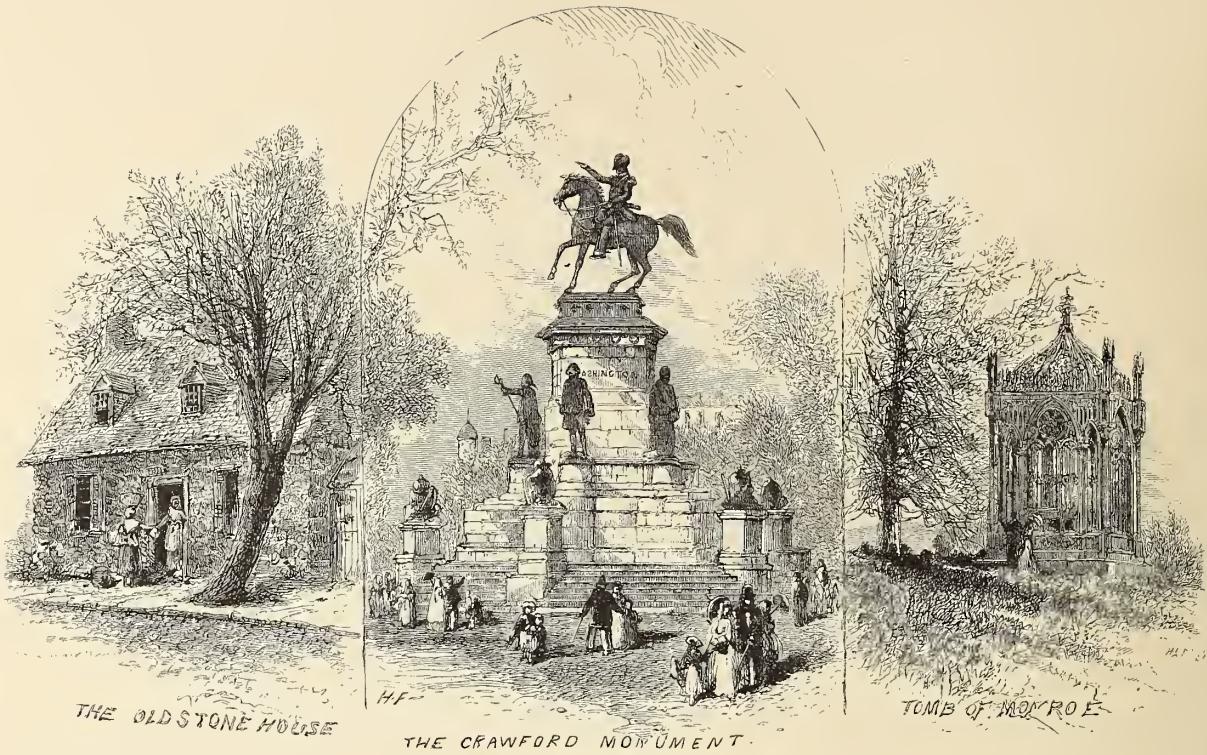
THE TENNESSEE AT CHATTANOOGA.

gether on the narrow flat with promiscuous disregard of class or species. Immense numbers of live-stock constantly traverse the road along the Tennessee, and cross by the ferry described into Chattanooga. All day long the cry is, "Still they come!" Chattanooga is an extensive cattle-market, being the source of supply for a large portion of the cotton States.

The Tennessee road is of historic interest, as being the principal avenue during the recent war by which supplies were sent for the army in East Tennessee. Ceaseless trains of army-wagons wound over the rough, devious, and picturesque road. The Confederate sharp-shooters hung along the southern bank, and it was not uncommon for a sudden fusillade from the opposite hills to send death and consternation among the draught-animals and their drivers.

There is one feature of the Tennessee at Chattanooga that remains to be described. Under a high cliff near the ferry-landing may, at suitable season, be seen a number of flat-boats unloading their cargoes of grain or other produce from the upper waters of the Tennessee. Here is often a very stirring picture. Crowds of vehicles are receiving grain; there is the bustle of loading and unloading, the clamor of many voices, the noisy vociferation of the negro drivers, altogether making up a scene of great animation. These flat-boats come mainly far up through the Clinch or the Powell River, from the northern border of Tennessee, and the southern counties of Virginia, bringing corn, wheat, and bacon. A striking characteristic of their construction is their ponderous stern-oars, which often reach a hundred feet in length. Floating with the current, these oars are only needed as rudders, and the necessity of their great length is not obvious. The flat-boatmen of the Tennessee are not, like those of the Mississippi, notorious as "hard characters." They do not pursue the vocation as a business, but are mostly farmers, who, once a year possibly, bring down their harvests, and perhaps those of their neighbors, to market. We found them, while rustic in manner, polite, affable, and intelligent. One notable feature of this busy scene was the apparently friendly manner in which whites and blacks labored together. There was some little merry chaffing of each other, and that was all. As each boat included both colors in the composition of its crew, and among the teamsters was every shade of hue, there was abundant opportunity for the display of class hatreds if they had existed.

There would seem to be favorable occasion for the employment of capital and labor in this section of country. Chattanooga is a great railroad centre; it is on the main line of travel between the North and the South; and it must, in the nature of things, develop into an important place. Capital is needed, which, with fresh energy and a more varied industry, would soon give a marked impulse in the development of a section rich in natural resources.



RICHMOND, SCENIC AND HISTORIC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

IN one of the drawing-rooms of the Century Club, New York, there may be seen a painting of a quaint old mansion of red brick, architecturally of the reign of Queen Anne, one wing of which stands only in its charred timbers and blackened walls. This mansion is situated on the left bank of the James River, and, a century and a half ago, was the stately dwelling of the "Hon. William Byrd, of Westover, Esquire." It was occupied for some time during the late civil war by the Federal troops (when the painting in possession of the Century Club was executed), and the name, Westover, will be freshly recalled in connection with the operations in Virginia during that struggle.

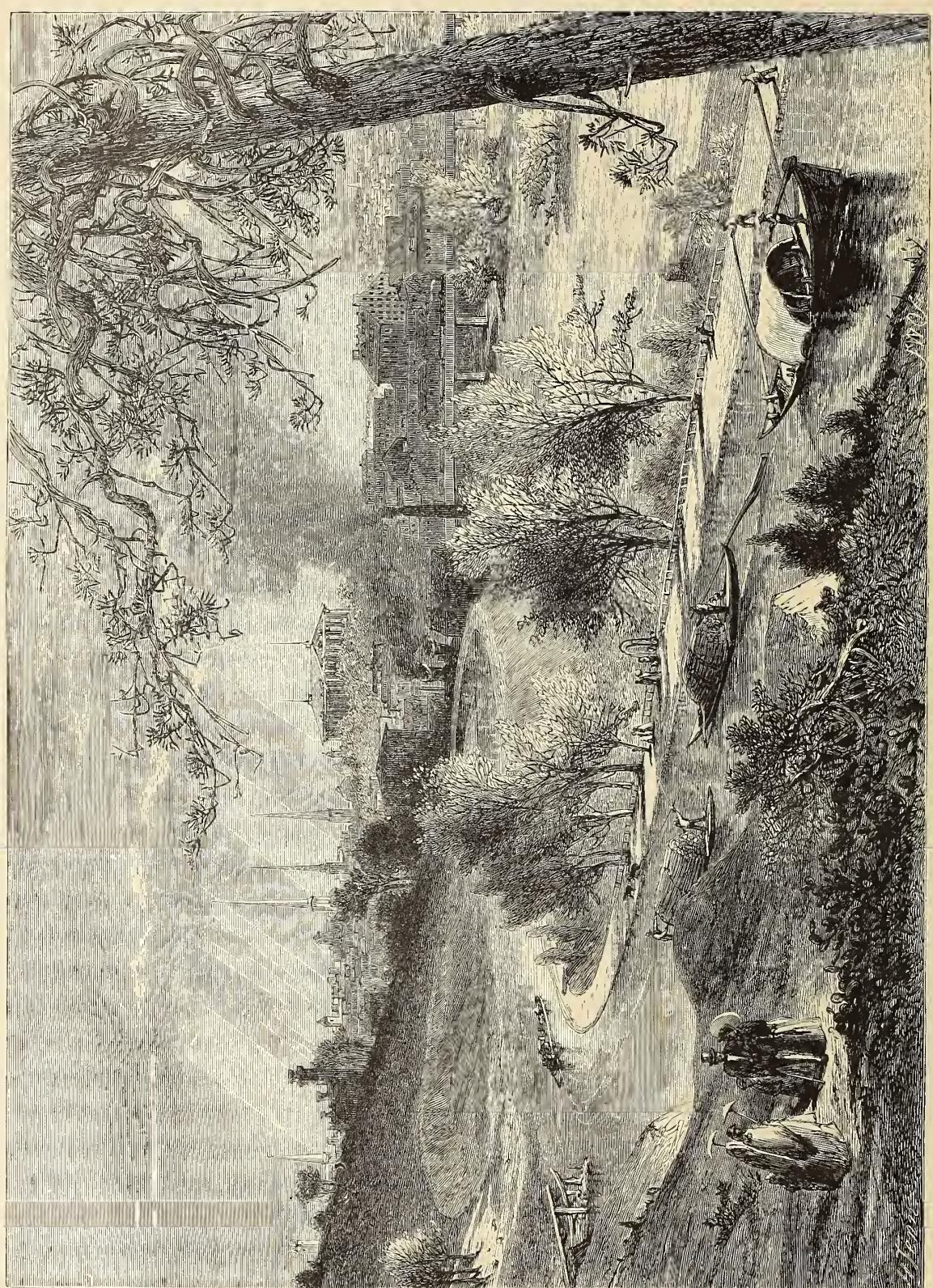
There were three William Byrds, of Westover, grandfather, father, and son, each one of whom makes a figure in the colonial history of Virginia, but it was the second of the name and title to whom reference is made above—a man of many shining traits of character and of imposing personal appearance, as we know from contemporary records and from the full-length portrait of him, in flowing periwig and lace ruffles, after the manner of Vandyck, which is still preserved at Lower Brandon. He had an immense

estate, and lived profusely on its revenue for many years in England ; he was the friend, as the inscription on his tomb at Westover tells us, of the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society ; he contributed a paper to the Philosophical Transactions, and he left behind him a considerable mass of papers, known as the Westover Manuscripts, one of which is a delightful history of the dividing-line between Virginia and North Carolina. From this narrative we learn—a fact not mentioned in his epitaph—that he was the founder of Richmond.

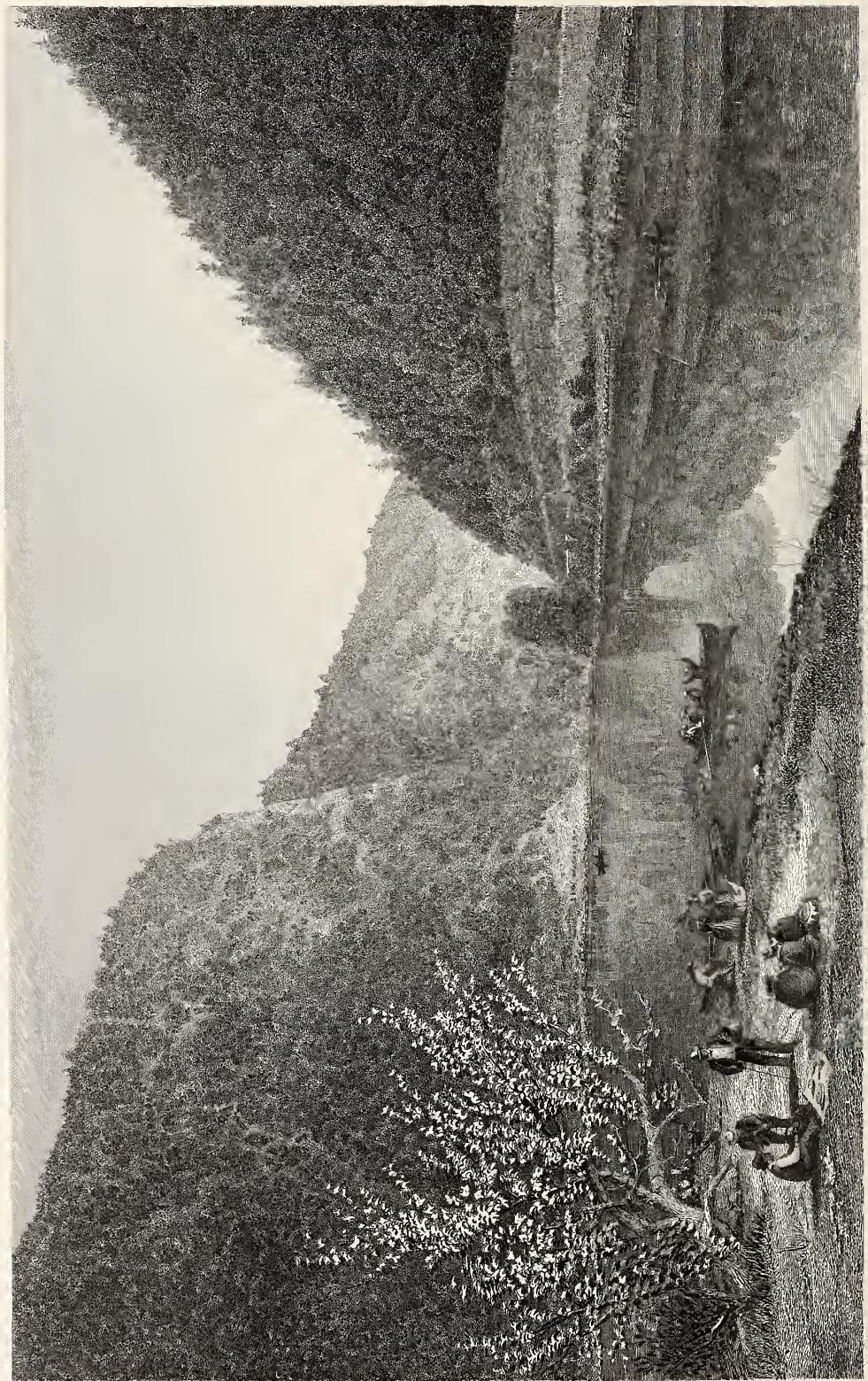
On the 19th day of September, in the year 1733, he says, on their return from the boundary expedition, one Peter Jones and himself laid out two towns or cities, one on the Appomattox and the other on the James River, twenty-two miles apart. The one they called Petersburg, from the baptismal name of the Jones of the period, and not in compliment to Peter the Great ; and the other they called Richmond, from a resemblance, real or fancied, in its site with soft hills, and far-stretching meadows, and curving sweep of river, lost to view at last behind glimmering woods, to the beautiful English town in Surrey. Whatever hopes they may have indulged of the future greatness of these Virginian towns, hopes as yet unfulfilled, it probably did not occur to Colonel the Hon. William Byrd or to Peter Jones, his companion, that around these sites military engagements were to be fought as memorable as Pultowa or Malplaquet, and that Petersburg and Richmond would become as famous in the history of sieges as Saragossa or Belgrade.

Colonel Byrd did not live to see Richmond attain unto any considerable size, for the town was not established by law until 1742, and he died only two years later. A few warehouses for the storage and shipment of tobacco were built first of all ; then an irregular and scattering collection of houses for trade grew up around them ; and on the hills overlooking the settlement arose the dwellings of a few rich planters and the thriving Scotch and English merchants who had established themselves at the place. But the fine town-house of Madame Rachel Esmond Warrington was fixed there by Mr. Thackeray several decades too soon. Richmond, indeed, had no importance until it supplanted Williamsburg as the seat of the State government in 1779, and so little prepared was it for defence in war that it was given up to the British troops, in Arnold's descent upon Virginia, without the firing of a gun, and Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, of the Queen's Rangers, rode into it with barely a show of opposition.

Immediately after the War of the Revolution, sanguine expectations were entertained that Richmond would soon become, not only the seat of a large trade, but a centre of learning and science. Commercial relations were established with London, and vessels of small tonnage made passages of sixty days from the wharves of Richmond to the pool of the Thames. Before many years an India-house was built, with the vague idea that the fabrics and spices of the East would be brought from Bombay and Calcutta direct to the capital of Virginia. But polite learning was to keep pace with material



RICHMOND, FROM HOLLYWOOD.



Delaware Water Gap

New York: F. H. Dallin & Co.

growth, and accordingly we read in the annals of the town that the Chevalier Alexandre Marie Quesnay de Beaurepaire did, "in the year of our Lord 1786, the 10th of the Republic, viii calends of July, Patrick Henry being Governor of Virginia," lay the cornerstone of an Academy of Arts and Sciences, which was designed to be the American sister of the famous Royal (National, Imperial, and Republican) Academy of Sciences of Paris, an enterprise which failed, however, long before the dreams of commercial greatness had been relinquished.

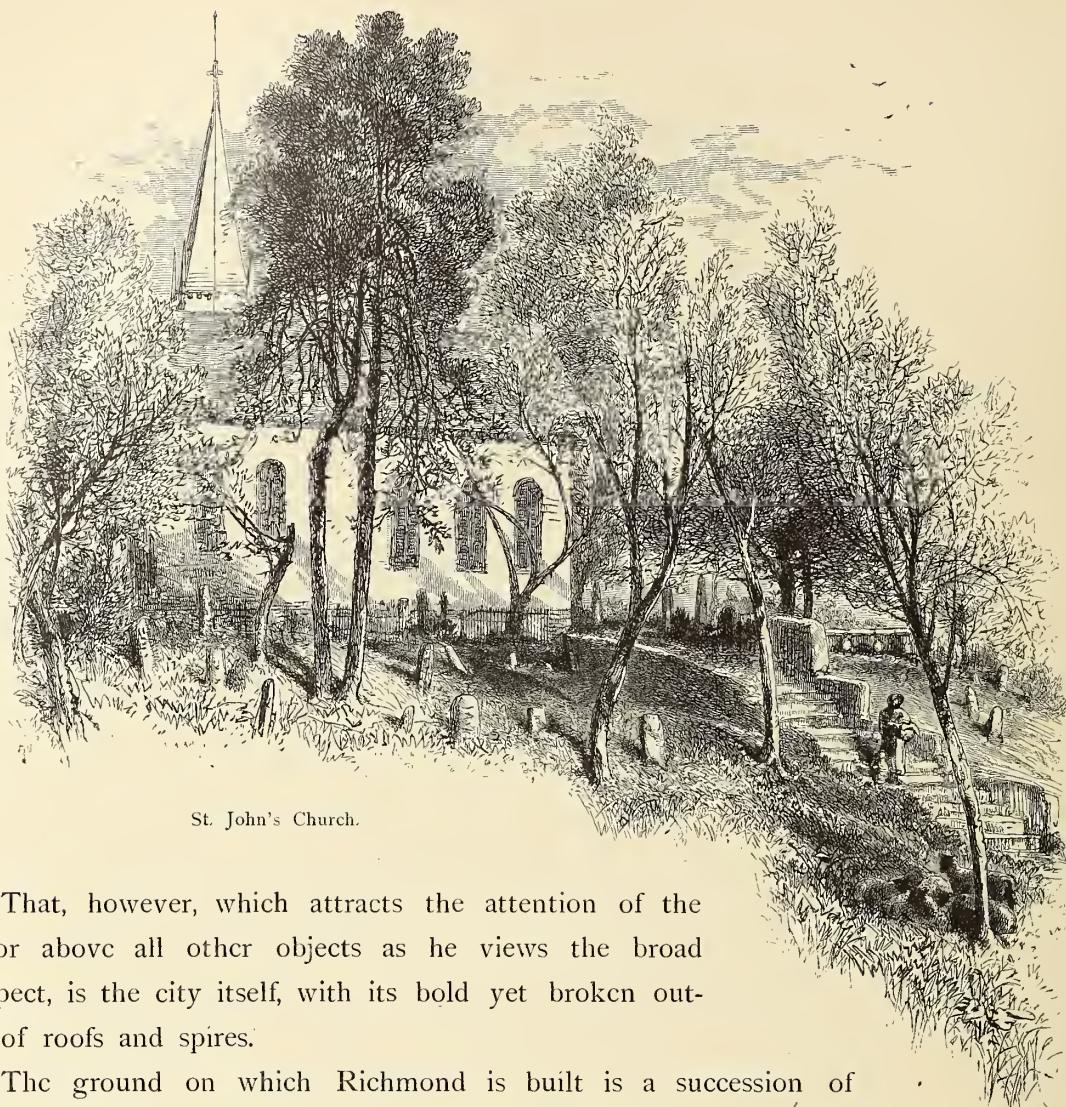
The point from which the most commanding and comprehensive view of Richmond is visible, bears the name of Hollywood Cemetery, a picturesque elevation in the north-western suburbs, where rest the remains of many illustrious men, and of thousands who in the recent struggle

"Went down to their graves in bloody shrouds."

Far away from the noises of city-life, curtained by Nature with the luxuriant foliage of tree and flower, and presenting at every turn of hill and dell patches of beauty which art cannot improve, there is perhaps no spot in America more suggestive of the solemn associations that attach to the sacred circle of the dead. At the southern extremity may be seen the monument erected to the memory of President Monroe, whose remains were removed hither from New York under the escort of the Seventh Regiment of that city several years before the war; and all around the spacious grounds shafts and cenotaphs are reared to pay the tribute of the living to those who have "gone before."

The scene from President's Hill, in Hollywood, is one that never tires the eye, because it embraces a picture which somewhere among its lights and shadows presents features that constantly appeal to imagination and refined taste. In the great perspective which bounds the horizon the distant hills and forests take new color from the changing clouds; while nearer—almost at your feet—the James River, brawling over the rocks, and chanting its perpetual requiem to the dead who lie around, catches from the sunshine playing on its ruffled breast kaleidoscopic hues. Hundreds of willowy islets impede its flow, diversifying the picture with patches of green, and the brown-backed rocks and ledges peeping out are marked by silvery trains of foam.

Intermediate in elevation between the river and the summit of President's Hill winds, in a graceful curve, the canal, seeking its basin at the town; and not far away are the forges of the Tredegar Iron-works, the fiery chimneys of which at night belch forth flames that send their sparkle into a thousand windows, and make pictures in the rippling waters. Still beyond these, in the sketch, are visible the gigantic flour-mills for which Richmond is justly famous, it being claimed that these buildings are the largest of the kind in the world. The curious fact may be stated in this connection that the flour manufactured here is said to be the only brand which is capable of resisting the heat of the tropics.



St. John's Church.

That, however, which attracts the attention of the visitor above all other objects as he views the broad prospect, is the city itself, with its bold yet broken outline of roofs and spires.

The ground on which Richmond is built is a succession of hills and valleys. Indeed, it is sometimes called, like Rome, "the seven-hilled city," and, in approaching from almost any direction, it produces upon the stranger the imposing effect of a large and populous capital. Nor will he be disappointed by his subsequent experience, for he will still find the city a place of interest as the social and political centre of Virginia.

From the period of the Revolution down to the present time the flower of the country-people have been in the habit of spending here a considerable portion of the year, while the sessions of the Legislature and the courts drew together many of the most brilliant intellects of the land. In 1861 still greater prominence was given to Richmond by its selection as the capital of the Southern Confederacy. It became the home of the Southern leaders and the resort of the officers of its armies, while the net-work of intrenchments that almost encircled the city and the battles fought in the neighborhood tell of the obstinacy with which it was defended as the key-stone of the cause. In April, 1865, when the Confederate forces evacuated their positions, nearly one thou-

sand houses, including property to the value of eight million dollars, were destroyed by fire. Since then, however, Richmond has nearly recovered from her misfortune, and there are now visible but few traces of the great conflagration.

Chief among the public buildings, and one that may be said to belong to the post-Revolutionary period, is the Capitol, a structure which lifts itself above all other buildings as from an Acropolis, and has, indeed, an imposing effect, which is not wholly lost when one gets near enough to see the meanness of its architectural details and the poverty of its materials. The Maison Carrée at Nismes, in France, was selected by Mr. Jefferson as the model for the structure, but so many alterations were made in this model that the Capitol resembles the Maison Carrée about as much as the Hall of Records in New-York City resembles the Temple of Wingless Victory. For all the purposes of the picturesque, however, the Capitol serves as well in the prospect from Hollywood as if it were the Parthenon restored. At the distance of two miles the stucco of its exterior glitters in the sunlight, like marble, and there is a symmetry in its proportions which Mr. Ruskin himself would acknowledge, harrowing as the building might be to his aesthetic soul when he came to examine it.

It stands on the brow of what is known as Shockoe Hill, in the centre of a public square of about eight acres, which, being beautifully laid out, is a favorite place of resort for both citizens and strangers, who find in its shady recesses and the music of its fountains a grateful contrast to the dust and bustle of the streets. The building is of the Graeco-composite order, adorned with a portico of Ionic columns, and the view from it is extensive, varied, and beautiful. The entrances are on the two longer sides, and lead to a square hall in the centre of the building, surmounted by a dome. In the centre of this hall is the famous marble statue of Washington, bearing this inscription :

"Fait par Houdon, Citoyen Français, 1788."

On the pedestal is the honest and affectionate inscription which follows :

"The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to

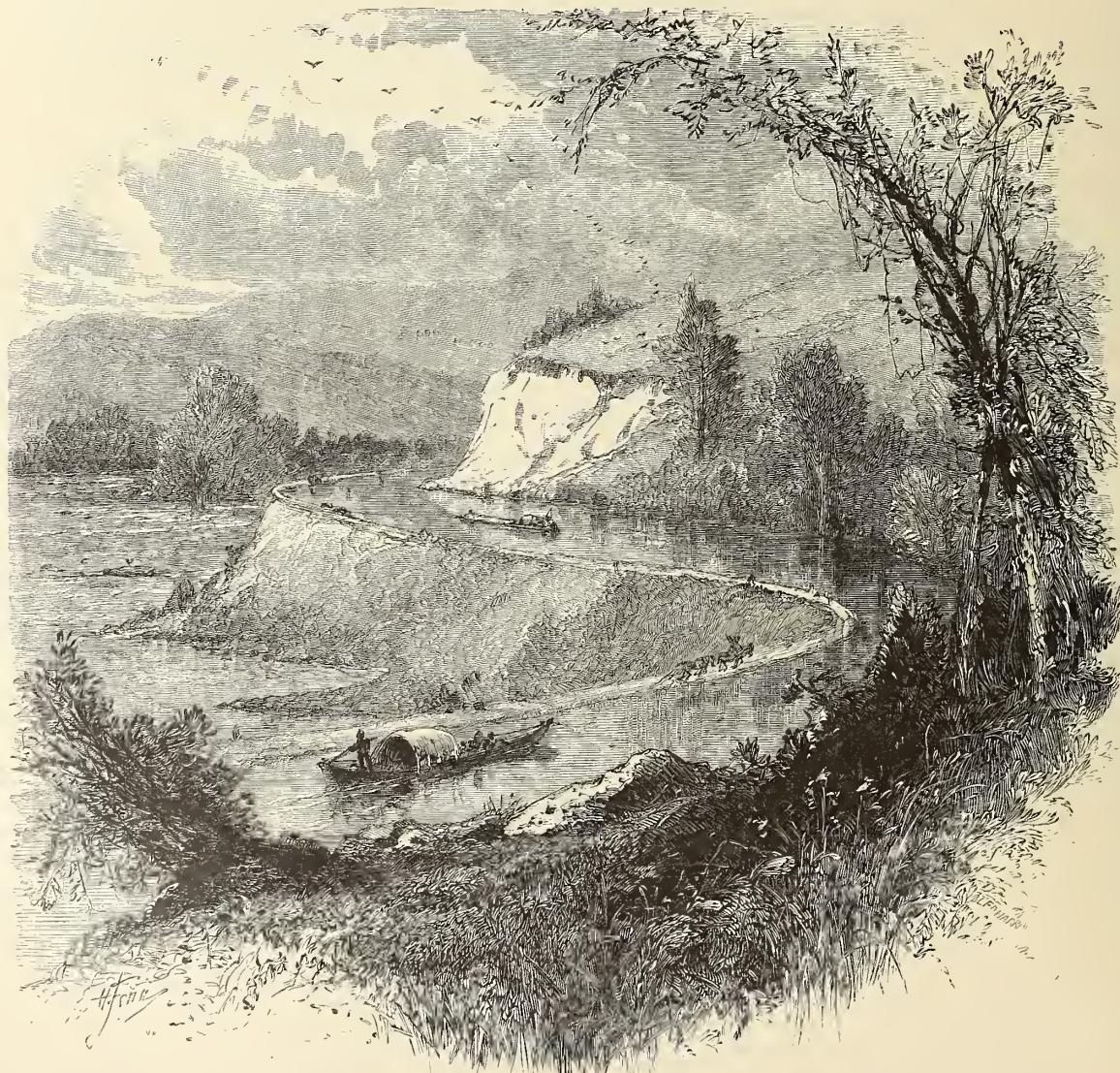
GEORGE WASHINGTON,

who, uniting to the endowments of the Hero the virtues of the Patriot, and exerting both in Establishing the Liberties of his Country, has rendered his name dear to his Fellow Citizens, and given the World an immortal example of true Glory. Done in the year of

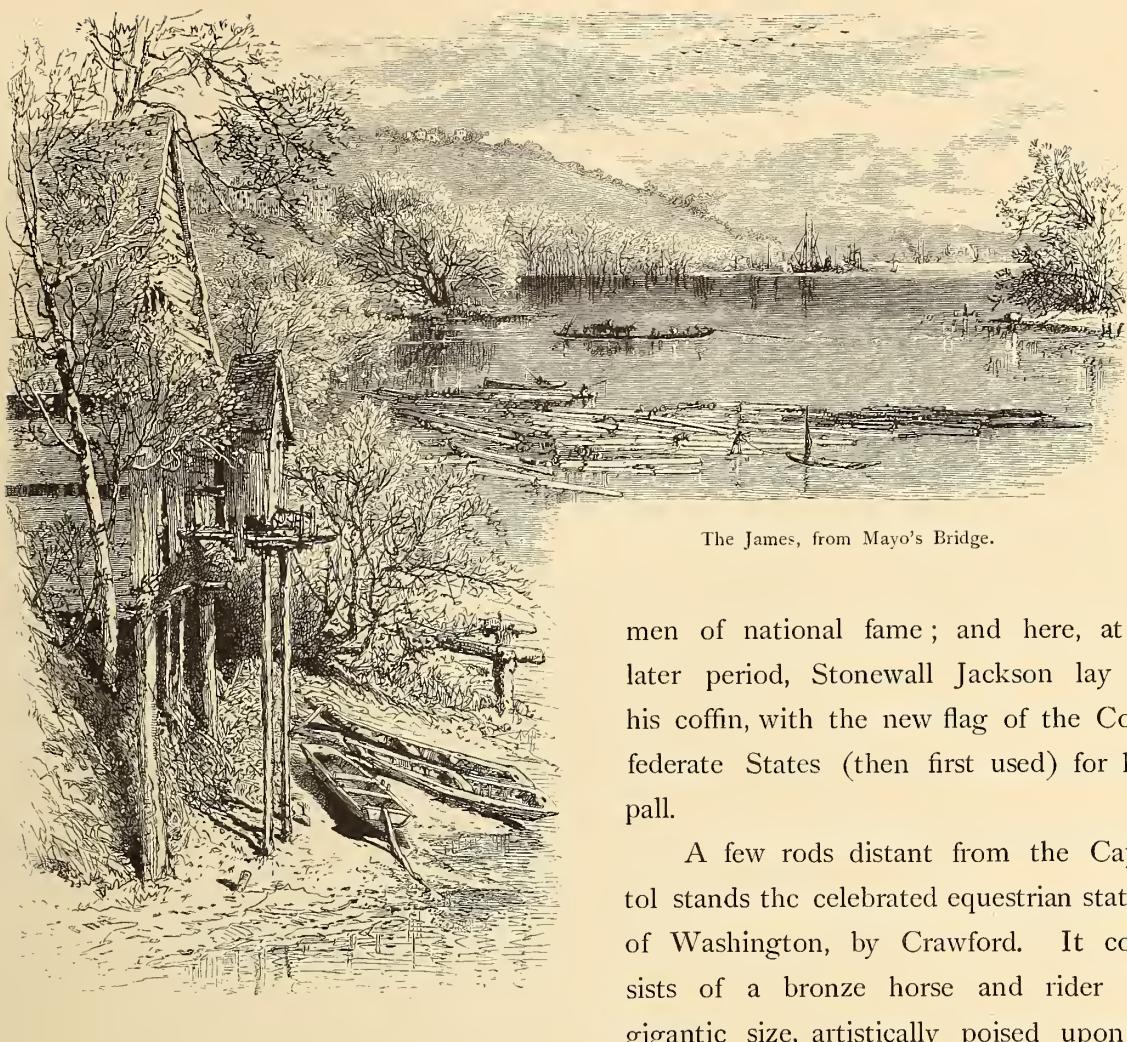
CHRIST

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty Eight and in the year of the Commonwealth the Twelfth."

The statue is clothed in the uniform of an American general during the Revolution, and is of the size of life. In one of the niches of the wall is a marble bust of Lafayette. Among other objects of interest here, is an antique English stove covered with ornamental castings and inscriptions, and dating far back beyond the Revolution. It was used to warm the old Virginia House of Burgesses at Williamsburg, in colonial times, and still holds its place in the present hall as the centre of legislative discussion and gossip, as it no doubt was more than a hundred years ago. The library contains many historic relics and valuable old pictures, and indeed the entire building is rich in associations which make the place seem almost sacred. Here Aaron Burr was tried for treason before John Marshall; here Lafayette was received by his old companions in the cabinet and the field; here the memorable Convention of 1829-'30 held its sessions, among whose members were Madison, Monroe, Marshall, John Randolph, Leigh, and many other



The James, above Richmond.



The James, from Mayo's Bridge.

men of national fame; and here, at a later period, Stonewall Jackson lay in his coffin, with the new flag of the Confederate States (then first used) for his pall.

A few rods distant from the Capitol stands the celebrated equestrian statue of Washington, by Crawford. It consists of a bronze horse and rider of gigantic size, artistically poised upon a

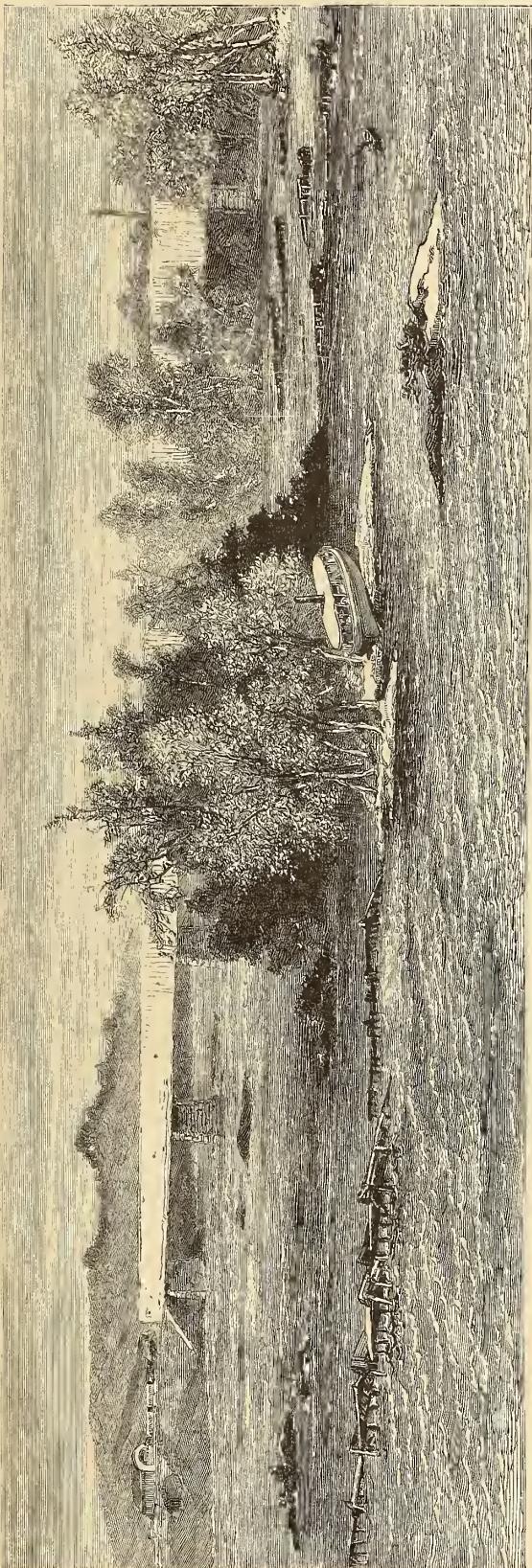
pedestal of granite, and surrounded by immense bronze figures of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, George Mason, Thomas Nelson, and Andrew Lewis. Each of these statues is a study in itself, as a specimen of the sculptor's genius, and as an almost "speaking likeness" of the original. Henry is represented in the act of delivering an impassioned address; Jefferson, with pen in hand, and thoughtful brow, appears the statesman; Marshall wears the dignity and firmness of the great judge; while the noble form of General Andrew Lewis, arrayed in the hunting-costume of the pioneer, recalls the romance and daring of early days. On smaller pedestals are civic and military allegorical illustrations, also in bronze; and, altogether, the monument is perhaps the most imposing in America.

In another portion of the Capitol grounds is a marble statue of Henry Clay, of life-size, which well deserves the attention of the tourist as a faithful work of art.

The prominent public buildings of Richmond are substantial, and in most instances handsome specimens of architecture. The City Hall, Custom-House, Governor's Mansion, Penitentiary, Medical College, and State Armory, are severally worthy of a visit; while,

among the many churches, that which occupies the site of the ill-fated theatre destroyed by fire in 1811, when the Governor of the State and sixty others perished in the flames, is the most notable. The "Old Stone House" is cherished in the affections of the citizens of Richmond as the first dwelling erected within the city limits. "It was occupied, when I visited it," says Lossing, in his "Field-Book of the Revolution," "by Mrs. Elizabeth Welsh, whose great-grandfather, Jacob Ege, from Germany, built it before Byrd's warehouse was erected. It was owned by Mrs. Welsh's father, Samuel Ege, who was a commissary in the American army during the War of the Revolution. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, have all been beneath its roof. Mrs. Welsh informed me that she well remembers the fact that Monroe boarded with her mother while attending the Virginia Convention in 1788."

At the remotest point of the landscape in the drawing of "Richmond from Hollywood" may be seen a white spire on the summit of a hill. This is the old parish-church of St. John's, Henrico, probably the first building of note that was erected within what are now the limits of the city, then standing solitary in the midst of the native forest which overlooked the small warehouses and tobacco-sheds at the head of navigation. At what exact period St. John's Church was built, the local historians do not inform us; but there are tombs in the burial-ground bearing date 1751, and probably no interment was made there until after parish services were regularly performed in the building itself. Mr. Fenn's beautiful sketch presents it exactly as it now appears, and gives that side which is oldest in construction. Originally, it was without architectural pretensions of any kind; but, thirty years or more ago, it was modernized by the erection of a tower, and enlarged by an addition joining the ancient part at right angles. During the late civil war the tower fell in a high wind, and has been replaced by the spire which is seen in the drawing. The old church was far less imposing, without and within, than Trinity at Newport, which it resembled in the general arrangement of its pews, and in an old sounding-board that once stood above the pulpit, but yielded at last to the progress of decay. The associations of the building are of the most stirring and interesting character. Here assembled, on the 20th of March, 1775, the Second Convention of Virginia, which was called to determine the question of peace or war between the colony and the crown, and which gave to the Old Dominion the honor of organizing the first plan of resistance to British tyranny. The deliberations of this convention form a striking chapter in the history of the American Revolution, and are familiar to all educated persons in the United States. The body contained a large number of men who were destined to become illustrious in the annals of the Commonwealth and the country. Among them were Peyton Randolph and Richard Bland, George Wythe and Richard Henry Lee. The delegate from Albemarle was Thomas Jefferson, and the delegate from Fairfax was George Washington. But the leading spirit of the convention was Patrick Henry, and the walls of this old church gave back the animating strains of his eloquence,



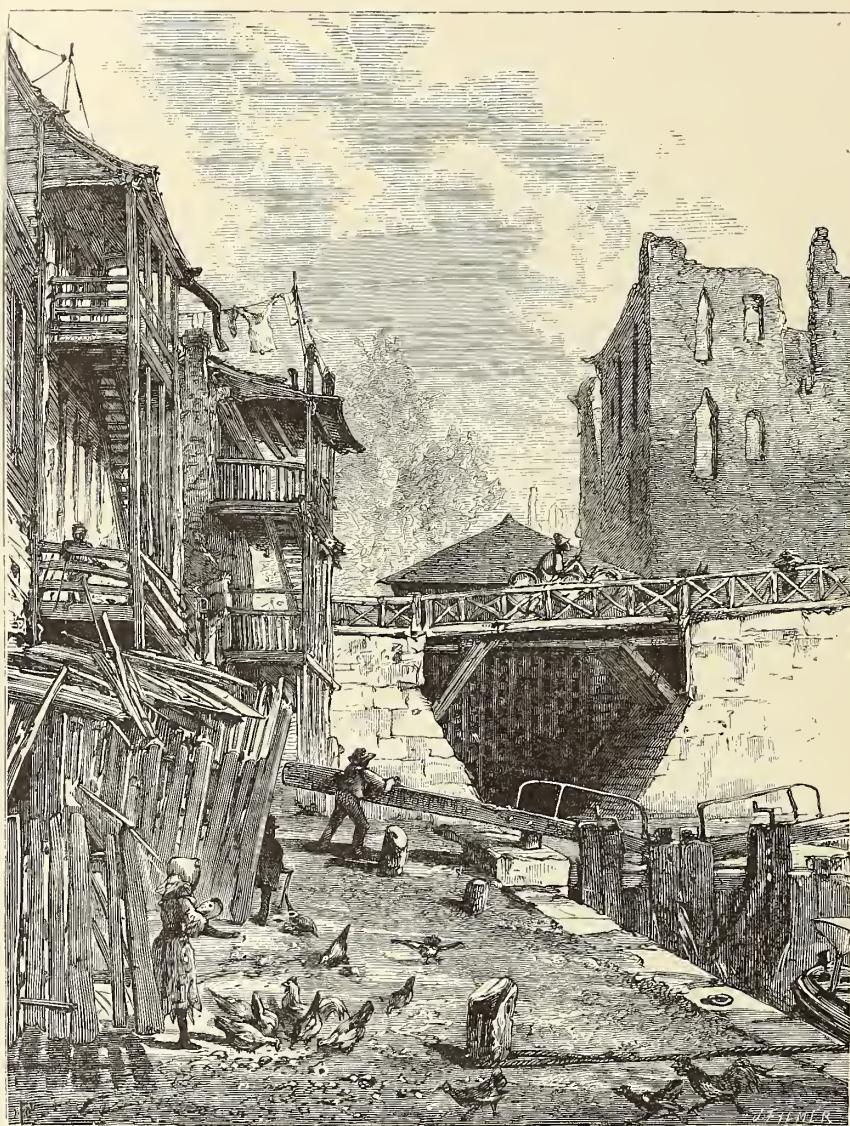
Rapids in the James.

as, rising to the full height of his argument, he uttered the war-cry of the Revolution: "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

The populous graveyard around the church has long since been disused for interments, and the tombs themselves are crumbling into ruin, which the deep grasses and running ivy of the spot half conceal. On some the inscriptions are almost illegible, and it is plain, from the neglect of all, that few descendants of the dead that repose beneath them now remain among the inhabitants of Richmond. None of the great historic names of the Commonwealth are to be found among these tombs, and the thoughts they suggest are such as were excited in the mind of Gray at Stoke Pogis, which the "Elegy" so beautifully and effectively embodies in verse. The sleepers were the undistinguished forefathers of the hamlet mostly, of various races and nationalities, and, though three generations are represented in this city of silence and forgetfulness, quite as many lie here who prayed for King George in the church near by as for the President of the United States in later times.

From the hill on which the church stands, and indeed from most of the

hills about Richmond, the James River is in view for several miles of its course, and lends much to the attractiveness of the prospect. Above the city, in the rapids which for six miles tumble over a rocky bed, we see whence is derived the water-power that animates the mills, and how art has overcome the obstructions of Nature by means of a canal which opens the navigation of the river above the falls. Below the bridge, the scene is more



Scene on the Canal.

peaceful, and the tranquil surface of the water reflects the steadily-increasing commerce of the capital. Barks and steamers ply regularly between its sister-ports, and the white gleam of their sails and the dark smoke of their furnaces, though far from fulfilling the visions of the builders of the India-house of which we have spoken, give a charm to picturesque surroundings that will always be worthy of the pencil of the artist. The

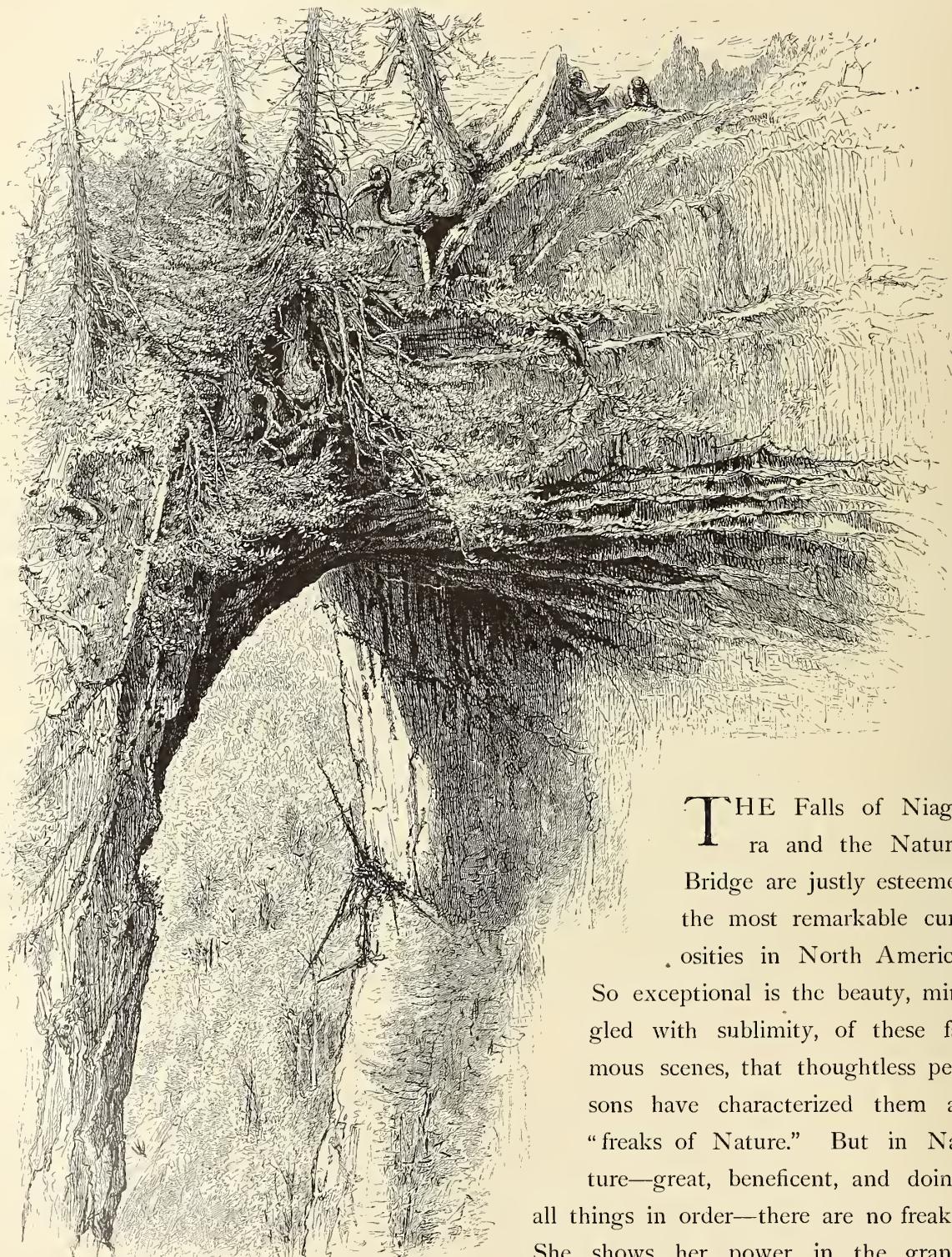
accompanying illustrations correctly present various aspects of the river; but it is among the rapids, or just below them, that Mr. Fenn has happily embraced the upward and the downward view. The covered bridge, which a train of cars is about entering, seen in the drawing of the rapids, is that of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and the frames which appear above the water are the fish-traps which are rebuilt every spring to catch the shad as they come over the falls. The unwary fish swims with the swift current right into the trap, and is carried by its force out of his native element, high and dry upon the strips of planking, there to remain until the owner of the trap removes it, unless stolen at night by the prowling human shad-thief, or the predatory raccoon which inhabits the islands in the stream. Once in the trap, the shad cannot possibly go back, and, in seasons when a good run of this fish ascends the river, large numbers are thus caught for the Richmond market. It may be supposed that the navigation of a river so rapid and so rocky as the James at this point, is difficult, but the negro boatmen have great dexterity in poling and paddling their little skiffs across from island to island; and the small steam-yacht, which lies under the island's bank in the picture, does no more than shoot the torrent into the deeper and smoother water lower down.

The canal, which is seen in the last of Mr. Fenn's collection of drawings, is connected with tide-water by a series of locks, with an aggregate lift of ninety-six feet. Two of these locks on the highest level constitute the central part of a sketch which, at first glance, looks as if it were designed to set before us a quaint, old, tumble-down nook or corner of some European city. Upon examination, however, one sees the African element of the population in such force, tending the lock, feeding the poultry, and driving the team across the bridge, as to determine the locality in a Southern town of the United States. One cannot help recognizing in this sketch how much more effective in the hands of the artist is dilapidation than tidiness, and a ruin than a perfect structure. The ramshackle porches of the negro tenements here have a higher effect than would a neat row of white-painted houses with green blinds, in a well-kept New-England village, and the broken walls of the warehouse (destroyed by the fire of April, 1865, and never rebuilt) are more picturesque than would be the smooth front of a factory that might give occupation to five hundred operatives.

Richmond retains yet, in the marks of her great conflagration, much of that undesirable picturesqueness that belongs to ruins. But such is the beauty of its site, and the charm of its landscape, that, when not one ragged wall or cruel chasm shall be left to suggest the ravage it has undergone—when the whole river-margin along the rapids shall have been made vulgar and noisy (and profitable) by lines of factories, and Richmond shall become the great manufacturing city of the South—even then it will tempt the wandering artist to take out his portfolio and sketch the outlines of its hills, and the tumult of its leaping waters.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



THE Falls of Niagara and the Natural Bridge are justly esteemed the most remarkable curiosities in North America. So exceptional is the beauty, mingled with sublimity, of these famous scenes, that thoughtless persons have characterized them as "freaks of Nature." But in Nature—great, beneficent, and doing all things in order—there are no freaks. She shows her power in the grand

cataract, spanned with its rainbow, and in the dizzy arch of the Natural Bridge, as in the daisy and the violet she shows her grace and beauty.

The Natural Bridge, the character and formation of whose upper portion are displayed in the first of the accompanying sketches, has been, from about the middle of the eighteenth century, an object of curiosity and admiration in Europe as well as in America. Whatever traveller came to the Western World, to compare its natural grandeur with the grandeur of art and architecture in the countries he had left, went first, in the North, to the Falls of Niagara, and, in the South, to the world-famous bridge. Among these may be mentioned the courtly and distinguished Marquis de Chastellux, major-general in the French Army and member of the Institute, who in 1781 visited the place, and from whose rare volumes we present a few paragraphs which may interest the reader.

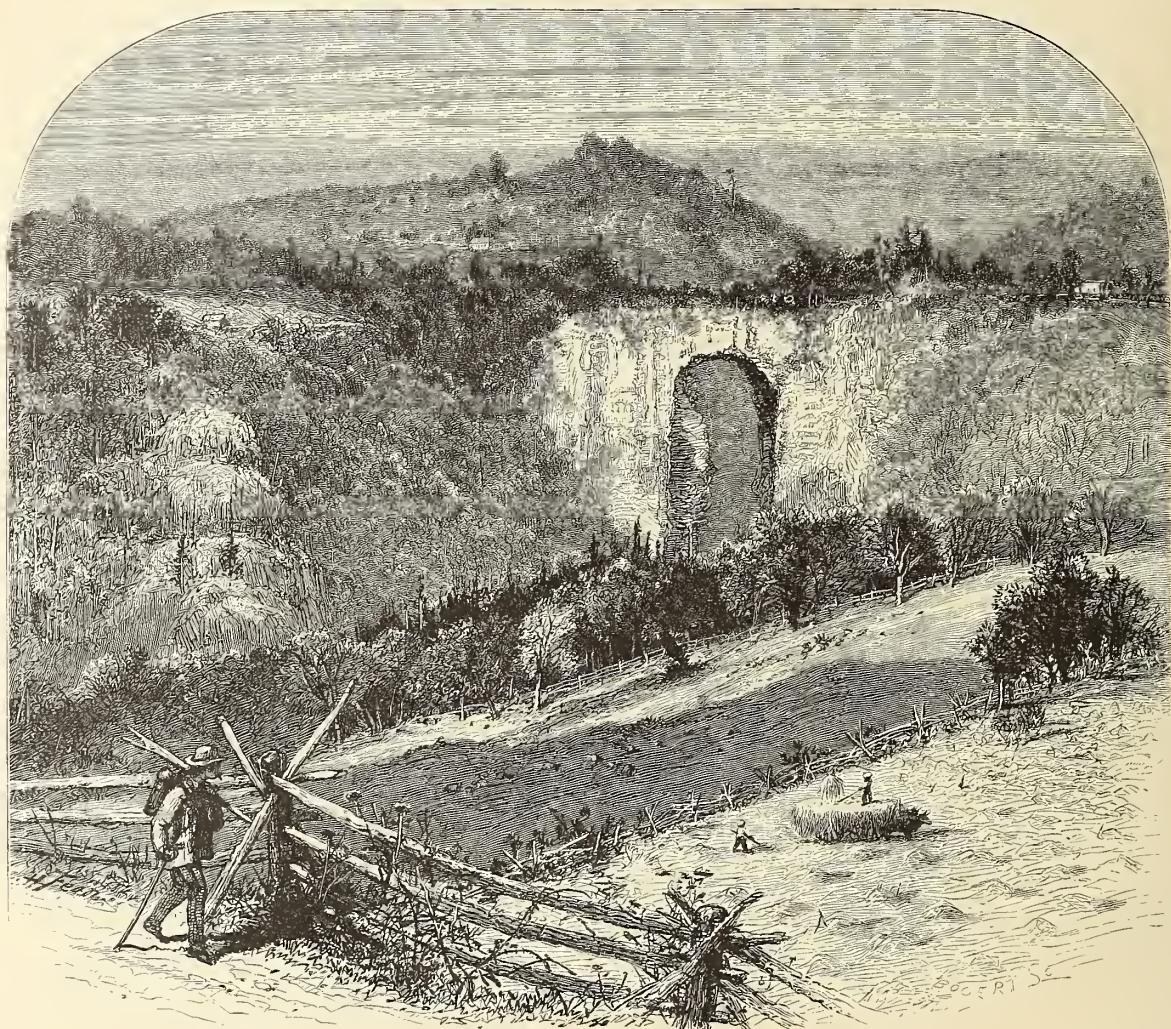
"Having thus travelled for two hours," writes the marquis, "we at last descended a steep declivity, and then mounted another. . . . At last my guide said to me: 'You desire to see the Natural Bridge—don't you, sir? You are now upon it; alight and go twenty steps either to the right or left, and you will see this prodigy.' I had perceived that there was on each side a considerable deep hollow, but the trees had prevented me from forming any judgment or paying much attention to it. Approaching the precipice, I saw, at first, two great masses or chains of rocks, which formed the bottom of a ravine, or, rather, of an immense abyss. But, placing myself, not without precaution, upon the brink of the precipice, I saw that these two buttresses were joined under my feet, forming a vault of which I could yet form no idea but of its height. After enjoying this magnificently-tremendous spectacle, which many persons could not bear to look at, I went to the western side, the aspect of which was not less imposing, but more picturesque. This Thebais, these ancient pines, these enormous masses of rocks, so much the more astonishing as they appear to possess a wild symmetry, and rudely to concur, as it were, in forming a certain design—all this apparatus of rude and shapeless Nature, which art attempts in vain, attacks at once the senses and the thoughts, and excites a gloomy and melancholy admiration."

Such are the terms in which the gallant marquis describes his first sensations, when, as yet, the view from the summit was all he had seen. He goes on to say:

"But it is at the foot of these rocks, on the edge of a little stream which flows under this immense arch, that we must judge of its astonishing structure. There we discover its immense spurs, its back-bendings, and those profiles which architecture might have given it. The arch is not complete; the eastern part of it not being so large as the western, because the mountain is more elevated on this than on the opposite side. It is very extraordinary that at the bottom of the stream there appear no considerable ruins, no trace of any violent laceration which could have destroyed the kernel of the rock and have left the upper part alone subsisting; for that is the only hypothesis that

can account for such a prodigy. We can have no possible recourse either to a volcano or a deluge, no trace of a sudden conflagration or of a slow and tedious undermining by the water."

The point here touched upon is one of the most interesting, in a scientific view, connected with this famous curiosity. The marquis, it will be seen, declares his conviction that the "prodigy" was neither caused by a volcanic upheaval, a conflagration burn-



The Natural Bridge and its Surroundings.

ing in the heart of the rock-ribbed mountain, nor by the attrition of water slowly wearing away the stubborn limestone. These views are supported by men of science, as the following paragraphs will show. They are taken from the memoir of the Baron de Turpin, an engineer of ability, sent by the Comte de Rochambeau to measure the great structure :

"The mass of rock and stone which loads this arch," says the baron, "is forty-nine feet solid on the key of the great centre, and thirty-seven on that of the small

one; and, as we find about the same difference in taking the level of the hill, it may be supposed that the roof is on a level the whole length of the key. It is proper to observe that the live rock continues also the whole thickness of the arch, and that on the opposite side it is only twenty-five feet wide in its greatest breadth, and becomes gradually narrower. The whole arch seems to be formed of one and the same stone; for the joints which one remarks are the effect of lightning, which struck this part in 1779. The other head has not the smallest vein, and the intrados is so smooth that the Martins, which fly around it in great numbers, cannot fasten on it. The abutments, which have a gentle slope, are entire, and, without being absolute planes, have all the polish which a current of water would give to unhewn stone in a certain time. The four rocks adjacent to the abutments seem to be perfectly homogeneous, and to have a very trifling slope. The two rocks on the right bank of the rivulet are two hundred feet high above the surface of the water, the intrados of the arch a hundred and fifty, and the two rocks on the left bank a hundred and eighty."

The baron then proceeds, as though weary of his "great centres," "intrados," and other technicalities, to burst forth with :

"If we consider this bridge simply as a picturesque object, we are struck with the majesty with which it towers in the valley. The white-oaks which grow upon it seem to rear their lofty summits to the clouds, while the same trees which border on the rivulet appear like shrubs."

This exhibition of sentiment, however, appears to exhaust the baron's stock, and he returns to his better-loved science, adding :

"We see that these rocks, being of a calcareous nature, exclude every idea of a volcano, which, besides, cannot be reconciled with the form of the bridge and its adjacent parts. If it be supposed that this astonishing arch is the effect of a current of water, we must suppose, likewise, that this current has had the force to break down and carry to a great distance a mass of five thousand cubic fathoms, for there remains not the slightest trace of such an operation."

What, then, was the mystery of the origin of this celebrated structure? Science is powerless in face of the wonder, and perhaps, after all, the conclusion of De Chastellux is the only one attainable—that "it is to the labor only of the Creator that we owe the magnificent construction of the Natural Bridge"—to which he adds: "The opinion of the Comte de Buffon, whom I have since consulted, has left me no doubt upon the subject."

From this strictly scientific, but, we think, suggestive and interesting, view of the great curiosity, we pass to details and circumstances connected with it, calculated, perhaps, to interest in a larger degree the general reader.

Mr. Fenn's second drawing furnishes a distant view of the bridge, the surrounding country, and objects in its vicinity. It will recall, doubtless, to many persons, agreeable recollections of the landscape which saluted their eyes as they first drew near the place

—and the names of such are legion, for the spot has been, for more than half a century, the resort of parties led by a desire to explore the beauties of the romantic scene. Of the daring of some of these visitors, in climbing, or venturing to the brink of the precipice, we shall give one or two instances, kept alive by tradition. Among these traditions, the most thrilling is that of the unshrinking nerve displayed by Miss Randolph, a young *Virginienne*, a great belle of her time, which was the early portion of the present century. The young lady had ridden, with a gay party of youthful maidens and gallant cavaliers, to the bridge, and reached it on a beautiful evening of summer. Miss Randolph is said, by those who knew and remember her, to have been a young lady of surpassing loveliness—tall, slender, with sparkling eyes, cheeks all roses, and noted for her gayety and mirthful *abandon*. Reaching the summit of the bridge, the party dismounted, cautiously approached the brink, fringed with trees growing among the rocks, and gazed into the gulf beneath. Of the terrifying character of the spectacle, President Jefferson's words will give some idea :

"Though the sides of the bridge are provided, in some parts, with a parapet of rocks," he says, "yet few men have resolution to walk to them and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet, and look over it. Looking down from this height about a minute gave me a violent headache; the view is painful and intolerable."

Reaching this dizzy brink, the party of young ladies and gentlemen gazed below, when one of the gallants, pointing to the broken stump of a huge cedar which had once towered aloft upon a jagged abutment, separated by an intervening cleft from the main structure, expressed his conviction that no human being lived sufficiently daring to stand erect upon it. A gay laugh echoed the words, a silken scarf brushed by him, and the whole party uttered a cry of terror—Miss Randolph, at one bound, had reached and now stood erect upon the dizzy pinnacle. Tradition relates that her companions looked at her, white and speechless, as so many corpses. Her death seemed certain. A wild spirit of bravado had given her courage for this terrible proceeding; but, perched thus on her slight footing above the frightful abyss, she must lose her nerve, grow dizzy, and be hurled upon the rocks beneath—the beautiful being of a moment since—a mass of mangled and unrecognizable flesh and bones. For an instant, the daring young lady stood erect, riding-whip in hand, her scarf floating, her eyes sparkling with triumph; then, at a single bound, she regained her former position, and, with a gay laugh, asked if any gentleman could do as much. Tradition declares that, despite their gallantry, the youthful cavaliers exhibited their good judgment by declining.

The most striking view of the Natural Bridge is that from below, and no better hour could be selected than that fixed upon by Mr. Fenn. As the sun rises and flashes its splendors through the gigantic arch, the scene becomes one of extraordinary beauty and sublimity—beauty from the exquisite flush which spreads itself over rocky mass and

stately fir, over pendent shrub, and the fringe of evergreen; and sublimity from the well-nigh overpowering sentiment which impresses the mind in presence of the mighty arch of rock, towering far above, and thrown as by the hand of some Titan of old days across the blue sky, appearing both above and beneath. It has been well said that no one who has witnessed this extraordinary spectacle has ever forgotten it.

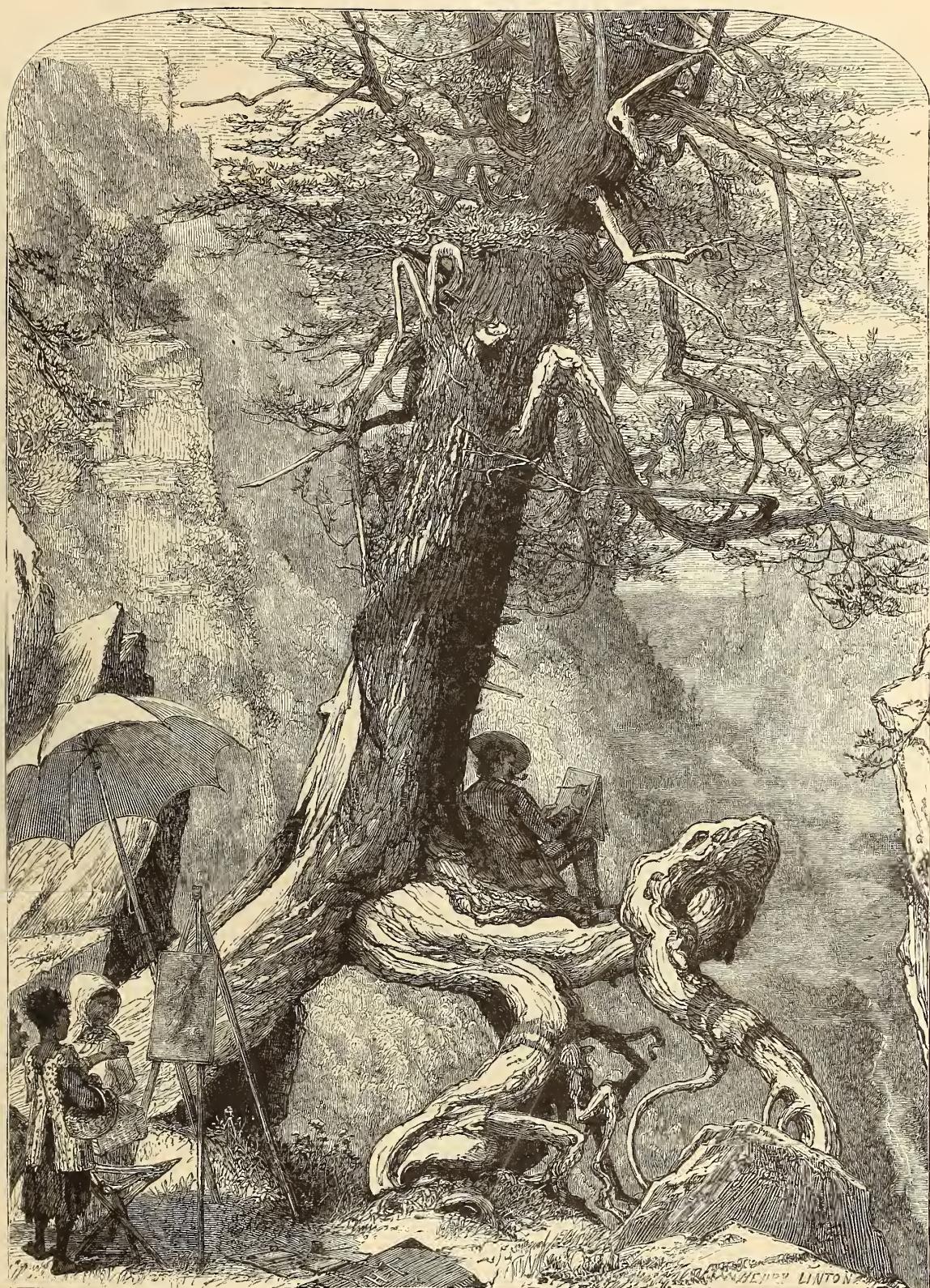
With the brilliant drawing of Mr. Fenn before his eyes, the reader would only be wearied by any description of the exquisite scene which it represents. The grandeur and serene loveliness of the spectacle are sufficiently indicated—the gentle stream which passes with a murmur from its hiding-place in the bosom of the hills—the lengthening vistas, cool and soft, and bathed in dawn—the silent mountains—and, in the midst of all this exquisite beauty, the great soaring arch, with its jutting buttresses and fringes of the evergreen pine, the shaggy eyebrows of the giant. They dwindle these heavy-headed evergreens into little fringes only—even that picturesque monarch, represented in the second drawing of Mr. Fenn, on the summit of the bridge, shows scarce so large as the spray of ferns and cedar held in the hand of a girl! There is excellent reason, indeed, why the loftiest forest-trees, proudly raising their heads to heaven, and affording a resting-place for the eagle, should thus shrink in dimensions. From the summit to the surface of the stream below is two hundred and fifteen feet; and thus the Natural Bridge is fifty-five feet higher than Niagara.

It remains only, before terminating our brief sketch of this celebrated curiosity, to speak of the hazardous attempts, made by more than one person, to climb the rocky sides of the great arch and reach the summit. This has never yet been done, but a considerable distance has been attained by venturesome climbers, who have recorded their prowess by cutting their names on the surface, at the highest point reached by them. High up among these, it is commonly reported, may be found the name of no less a personage than George Washington, who, strong, adventurous, and fond of manly sports, was seized, like many others before and after him, with the ambition to ascend the precipice and inscribe his name upon the face of the rock.

The highest point ever reached by any one of these adventurous explorers is said to have been attained by Mr. James Piper, at the time a student of Washington College, and subsequently a State senator. It was about the year 1818, when, with some of his fellow-students, Mr. Piper visited the bridge, descended to the foot of the precipice, and determined to ascertain to what height it was possible for a human being to ascend by means of inequalities on the surface, the assistance of shrubs, or otherwise. He accordingly commenced climbing the precipice, and, taking advantage of every ledge, cleft, and protuberance, finally reached a point which, to his companions far beneath, seemed directly under the great arch. He was far above the names cut on the stone—fully fifty feet above that of Washington—and, standing upon a ledge, which appeared to his terrified fellow-students but a few inches in width, shouted aloud, waving one hand in triumph,



UNDER THE NATURAL BRIDGE.



ABOVE THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

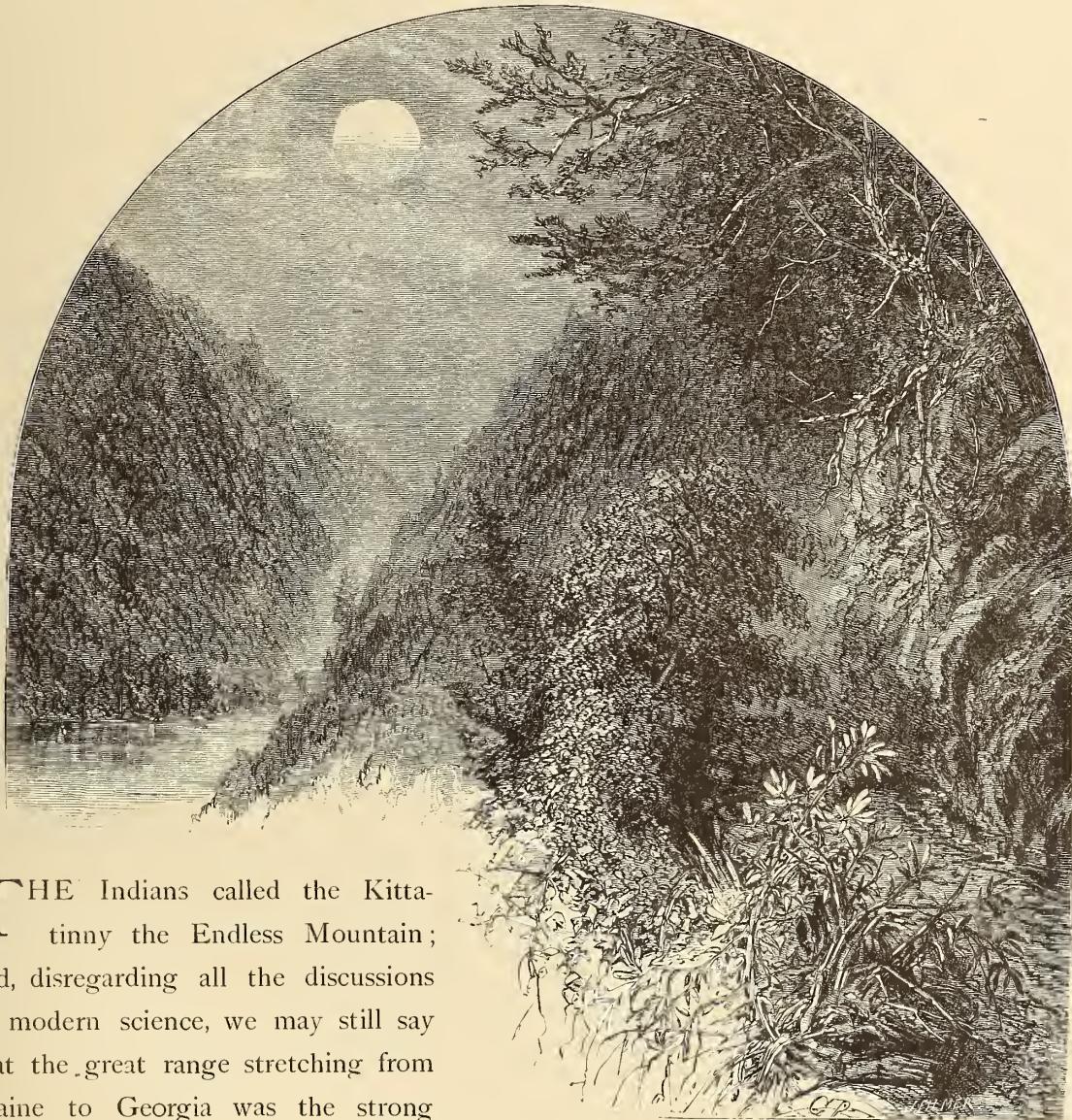
while with the other he clung to the face of the precipice. They shouted back to him, begging him for God's sake to descend, but he only replied by laughter. They then saw him continue the ascent, clinging to every object at hand, until he reached a cleft almost directly beneath the cedar-stump which we have mentioned as the scene of Miss Randolph's perilous adventure. His ambition was not yet satisfied, however. He had not ascended the rock to inscribe his name upon it, but with the daring design of immortalizing himself by mounting from the bottom to the top of the Natural Bridge. He accordingly continued his way, working his toilsome and dangerous passage through clefts in the huge mass of rock. These were just sufficient, in many places, to permit his body to pass; and huge roots from the trees above, protruding through splits in the mass, curled to and fro, and half obstructed the openings. With unfaltering resolution, and not daring to look into the hideous gulf beneath him, the young man fought his way on, piercing by main force the dark clefts, crawling along narrow ledges, springing from abutment to abutment, until finally he stopped at an elevation of *one hundred and seventy feet* from the earth below. Here he was seen to look upward, but he did not move. His heart had failed him. Instead of designing any further ascent, his only ambition now was plainly to descend in safety, if possible, from his frightful perch. To look beneath would have been certain death. His head would have turned at the first glance, and, losing his footing on the narrow ledge, which he just clung to, his body would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Under these circumstances the young gentleman acted with a nerve and presence of mind highly honorable to the force of his character. He slowly and cautiously divested himself first of one of his shoes, and then the other, next drew off his coat, and these articles he threw from him into the gulf beneath, without daring to look in the direction in which they fell. Then, clinging close to the face of the precipice, and balancing his body carefully as he placed each foot down, and raised each one up, he tottered along inch by inch, hanging between life and death until he reached a friendly cleft. Here pausing for a moment to brace his nerves, he continued his way in the same cautious manner, followed by the eyes of his pale and terrified friends; when, disappearing in a cleft, he reappeared no more. A cry rose from beneath; he was lost, it seemed—must have fallen into one of the huge fissures and been dashed to pieces. His friends had given him up, and agony had succeeded the long suspense, when suddenly, from behind a clump of evergreens, extending like a screen across the narrow opening between two towering rocks, appeared the young student—safe, sound, and smiling, after his perilousfeat, during which he had stood face to face with the most terrible of deaths.

The Natural Bridge is in the southeastern corner of Rockbridge County, in the midst of the wild scenery of the Blue-Ridge region, and almost under its shadow upon its western side. It is reached from Lexington, fourteen miles distant, by stage, and from Lynchburg, by canal-boat, thirty-six miles.

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.



THE Indians called the Kittatinny the Endless Mountain; and, disregarding all the discussions of modern science, we may still say that the great range stretching from Maine to Georgia was the strong backbone of the thirteen colonies, that made them stand erect among the nations. In such union, indeed, there is strength; and grandeur and beauty invest the whole—whether, as the Green Mountains, giving its euphonic name to Vermont, or when the snow-capped peaks become the White Mountains of New Hampshire; whether Dutched into Kaatskill, or when, in Pennsylvania and the more Southern States, the even tinting of the forest-clad sides renames them, as, melting softly into the atmosphere, they are as blue as the circumambient air.

In Pennsylvania the range is peculiarly symmetrical, and the richly-wooded sides and regular outline well entitle it to the name of Blue Ridge, given to it, in popular parlance, by the early settlers. The uniformity of character is still further illustrated in this State by the almost equal intervals at which the barrier is broken by the waters of the Delaware, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Swatara, and Susquehanna.

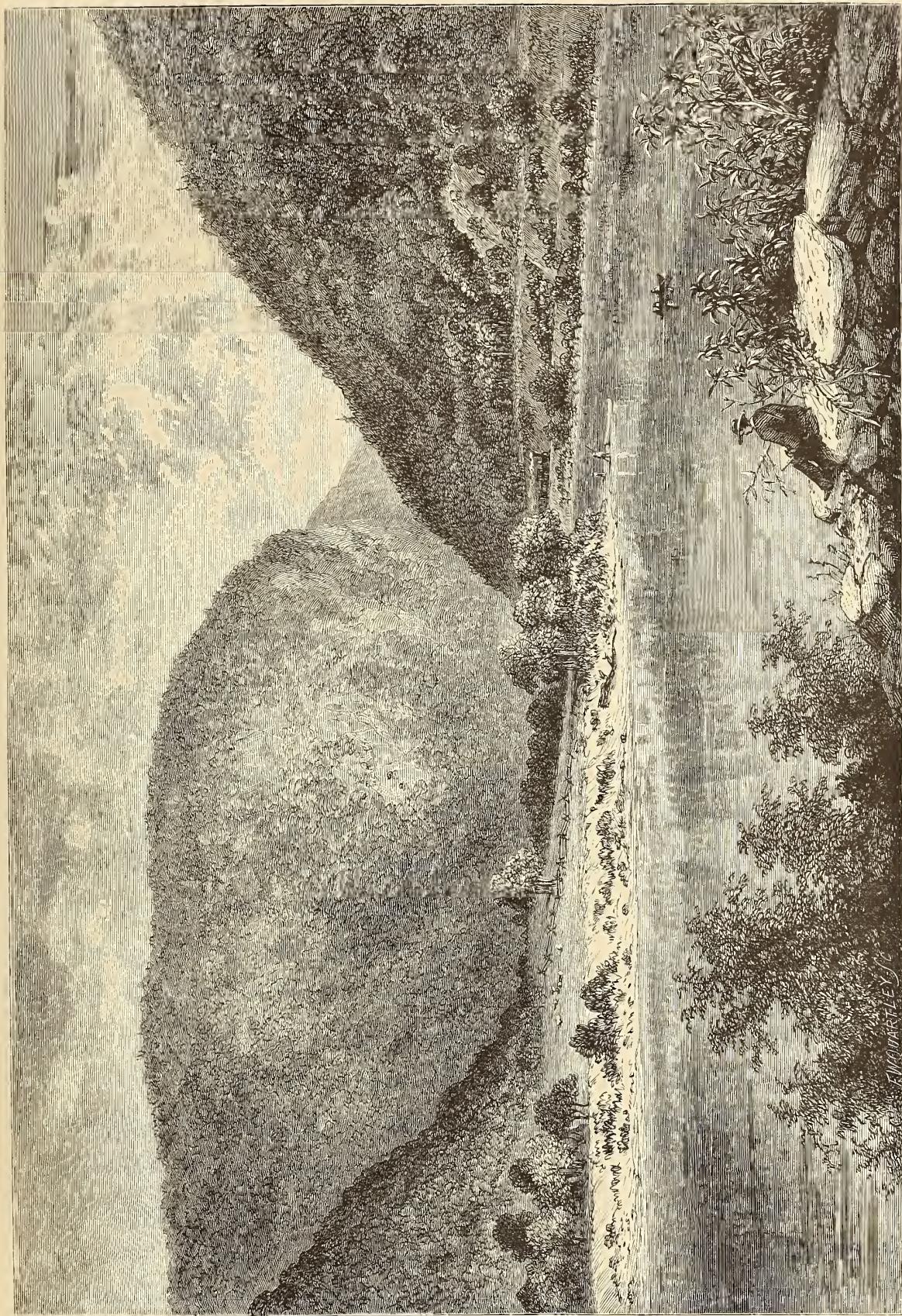
Pretty streams rise on the western declivity of the Catskills, and, quitting their mountain birthplace, wander toward the southwest until near the line of Pennsylvania they unite, and thence, as the mighty Delaware, move on in constantly-increasing volume, the fitting boundary of majestic commonwealths.

Near the junction of the three States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, the river again approaches the mountains, and follows their western side through a succession of magnificent scenes, which, gradually increasing in grandeur, find a sublime culmination where the river turns abruptly into the mountain, which opens to give it passage into a defile, or cañon, called, in our prosaic vernacular, the Delaware Water-Gap. Thence forward the forms gradually soften from grandeur into grace, and the river, escaping from bluff, precipice, and rock, pursues its way through picturesque rolling lands toward the level of the seaboard.

The country north of the Blue Ridge and above the Gap bore the Indian name of Minisink, or "Whence the Waters are gone." Here a vast lake once probably extended; and, whether the great body of water wore its way through the mountain by a fall like Niagara, or burst through a gorge, or whether the mountains uprose in convulsion upon its margin, it is certain that the Minisink country bears the mark of aqueous action in its diluvial soil, and in its rounded hills, built of pebbles and bowlders.

Whether by upthrust or down-dropping, by slow friction or sudden disruption, the wound was made, rarely is seventeen hundred feet of Mother Earth's anatomy so laid bare to the eye, and the Gap furnishes especial temptations for geological speculation.

To the first settlers the mountains proved a troublesome barrier, and all intercourse to the southward necessarily passed through the natural gate-ways of the gaps; but the Delaware writhed its way through its cavernous passage with contortions too like those of the rattlesnakes that thronged upon the banks, and the dangerous pass was long avoided for the easier road through the Lehigh Gap, where the water-course of a pretty stream led to the head-waters of Cherry Creek, and a pleasant road followed its bank through the beautiful Cherry Valley, full of dimpling hills and fine orchards, among which stalwart men lived to a ripe old age upon the purest apple-whiskey. This Cherry Creek, running toward the north along the western side of the mountain, to join the Delaware just above the Gap, formed a natural road to Philadelphia, which by reason of its pleasantness long maintained its popularity. Nearly midway between the two rivers, Nature had also provided another gate-way in the Wind Gap, called, by the early Dutch settlers, "Die Wind Kaft," a sharp notch, which, descending almost to the base of the



DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

mountain, but not low enough for a water-passage, was only a pass for the winds. This route, early used, was the well-known road cut by General Sullivan and his army in 1779. These better routes caused the Gap of the Delaware to be left to the rattlesnakes for a long period, and it was not until the year 1800 that a serviceable road was made through it, by the exertions of the people of the neighboring country, for their own convenience.

The earliest history of the region is involved in obscurity; but, shortly after Hendrick Hudson, in his little Half-Moon, passed up the river that was thenceforth to bear his name, his enterprising countrymen founded settlements at Orange, afterward to be known as Albany, and at Esopus, since the historic city of Kingston. The pretty valleys leading to the southwest wooed these colonists to travel, and the Dutch, certainly at an early day, traversed the valleys of the Mamakating and Neversink to the land of the Minisink. Near the Gap were found mines of copper and iron, and "the mine-road" was soon opened, proving so available that, even as late as the year 1800, it was chosen by John Adams as the best route from Boston to Philadelphia.

Of these earliest Dutch immigrants little is positively known, and it is believed that some of those farthest advanced into the wilderness returned to safer and more friendly regions when the country, in 1664, fell into the hands of the English.

The religious persecutions in France, which compelled the Protestants to escape into Holland, were the remote cause of the introduction of French settlers into these forest-wildernesses. Among them, Nicholas Depuy, coming with the Dutch to Esopus, finally established himself a few miles above the Delaware Water-Gap. Two fertile islands in the river furnished him farming-ground, and he soon built upon the main-land a stone edifice, which, well known as a frontier fort during the long period of the Indian wars, is now a charming residence. Seated in the broad, spacious hall, a forward view leads through a lovely lane of greenery to the base of a high mountain; and then, glancing backward, a flowery path carries the vision down to the gleaming waters of the river, thence over the fertile island to the towering mountains beyond, whose tops seem to touch the very clouds.

The pioneer Frenchman, vigorously and bravely erecting his home in the wilderness, had never heard of the peaceful settlement of Quakers away down the stream, and both parties seem to have been equally astonished when the envoys of the Penn government, after toilsomely leading their horses through the unknown terrors of the cavernous Gap, entered the fertile country beyond, and found a firmly-established settlement. The Huguenot told them of his crops, and how he carried his wheat along a good road to 'Sopus, and proudly showed his little fort and his cultivated islands, while the envoys especially marvelled at his fine apple-trees, and told him how a town was being planted down the river.

The love of adventure that marks the true frontiersman is well illustrated in the

story of the La Barres. Three brothers, who had also fled from France to find religious liberty in a new country, landed first at Philadelphia, and, anxious to find a home in the wilderness, pursued their course up the Delaware. Believing that the remotest frontier was at the Forks, where Easton now stands, they wandered on still farther, until, assured that they had safely passed the very utmost verge of civilization, they built themselves a cabin on a hill-side near the Delaware, a little below the Gap. Expert marksmen, they supplied themselves with game, while, with the adaptability of their nation, they were speedily in friendly relations with the Indians, who willingly supplied them with corn. Congratulating themselves on having reached the longed-for *ultima Thule* of savage solitude, they lived for some months in blissful ignorance of the fact that Depuy was already firmly established on the other side of the mountain; and there is something ludicrous in the description of their first annoyance and disgust at the discovery of a neighbor. They, however, submitted heroically to the misfortune, and allowed themselves white bread on Sundays, as a compensation for living so near Depuy's mill that it took only one entire day to toil with a bag of wheat over the mountain-road, wait till it was ground, and then return.

The stalwart brothers married Dutch wives, and founded families near the Gap, where they remained until the country, in 1808, became too crowded for one of the descendants, who in that year, at the age of eighty-five, emigrated to Ohio to find more room. On that new frontier, when he was ninety-eight, his first wife died, and the widower, at the ripe age of one hundred, was married again, and lived to reach one hundred and five. A son remained at the Gap, where he was living a couple of years ago, at the age of one hundred and seven, and was still frequently employed in the forests in cutting wood. His brother, aged ninety-eight, and two sisters, above eighty-six, were all strong and hearty; and, as an instance of a prosperous early marriage, it may be mentioned that his son, who at twenty-one had chosen a bride of thirteen, was still hale and hearty at seventy-nine, his wife being only seventy-one.

The curious conglomeration of American society is well exemplified by the history of the Gap; for another leading family was founded by Daniel Brodhead, a Yorkshireman, captain of grenadiers to Charles II., who assisted in the capture of the New Netherlands from the Dutch. His son Daniel, colloquially Dan, invited the Moravians to found a mission at his settlement, which he plainly called Dansbury, a name which it retained until it was rechristened into Stroudsburg, in honor of Colonel Stroud, another ancient resident.

The two grand mountains which form the mighty chasm of the Gap have been fittingly named. The one on the Pennsylvania side is Minsi, in memory of the Indians, who made the Minisink their hunting-ground. The opposing more rugged and rocky cliff in New Jersey bears the name of Tammany, the chief of chiefs, who clasped hands in solemn covenant with William Penn under the elm-tree of Shackamaxon.

The ruggedness of the narrow defile is seen in the sketch of the entrance. The bold face of Tammany exhibits vast, frowning masses of naked rock, while the densely-wooded Minsi displays a thicket of evergreen, with the railway-track skirting it down by the water's edge. Mount Tammany defies ascent except by a vigorous climber, but the bold and distinct stratification shown in the great rocky mass called the Indian Ladder adds to the grand abruptness of the outlines, and from the narrow mountain-top is best beheld the wide, extended view of the magnificent scenery above the Gap.

Mount Minsi owes its sweeter beauty to the lovely streams of water that descend



Distant View of the Gap.

its sides beneath a dense foliage, which veils the mossy pools and fern-draped cascades from the sunlight into the cool twilight that enraptures the summer tourist.

Successive ledges, or geological steps, mark the face of Minsi, and upon the lowest of these, at nearly two hundred feet above the river, stands the old and well-known hotel—

“Kittatinny House, that on a rock is founded,
So, when floods come, the folks won't be drownded.”

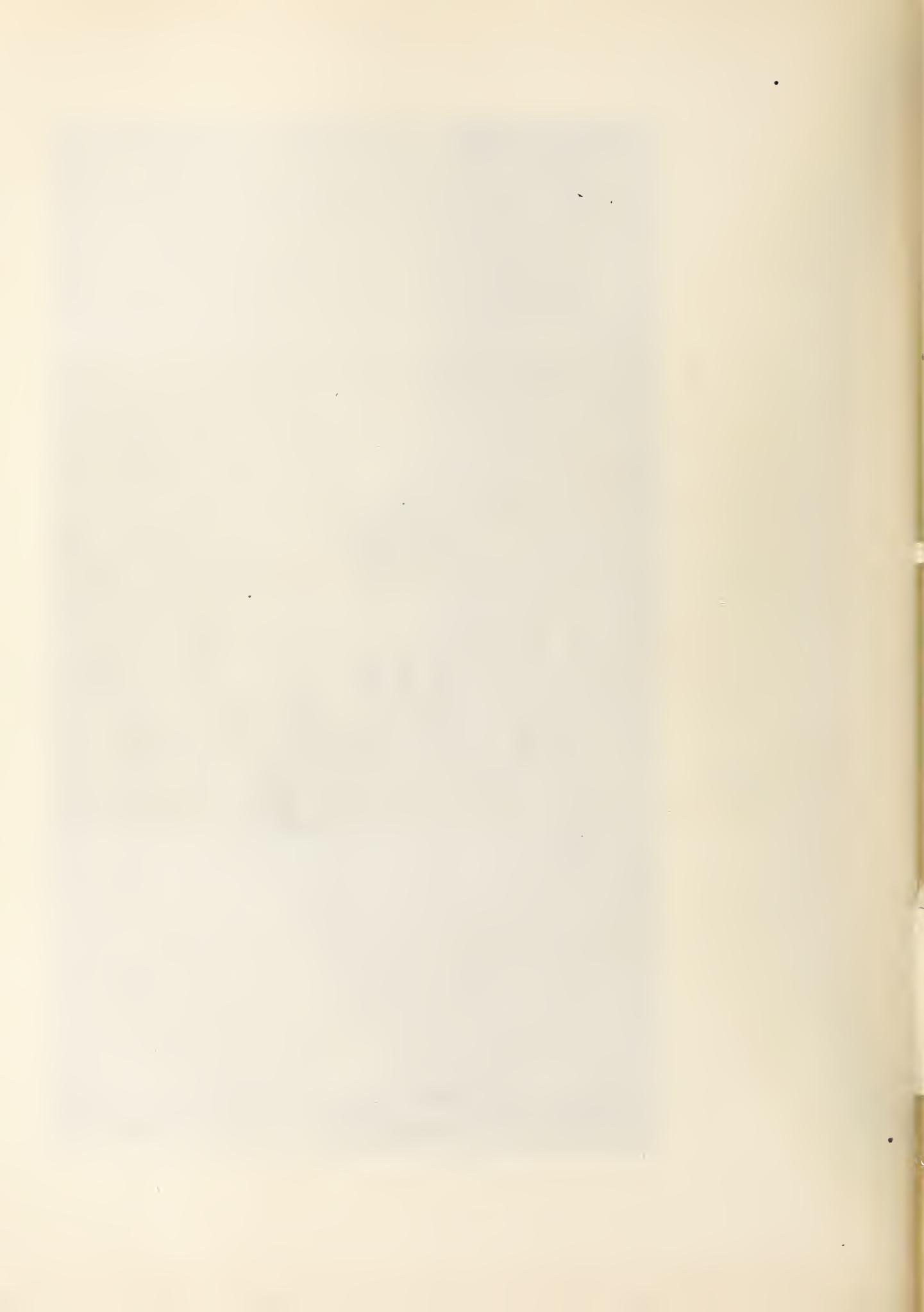
The stream that issues beneath the hotel, to fall in a cascade into the river, has come down the mountain-side through a dark ravine. The densest bordering of rhododendrons fringes its sides with dark foliage and lovely blossoms, while tall trees complete



Engraved by G. F. Smith, from a Sketch by J. C. Frémont.
Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1857, by D. Appleton & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

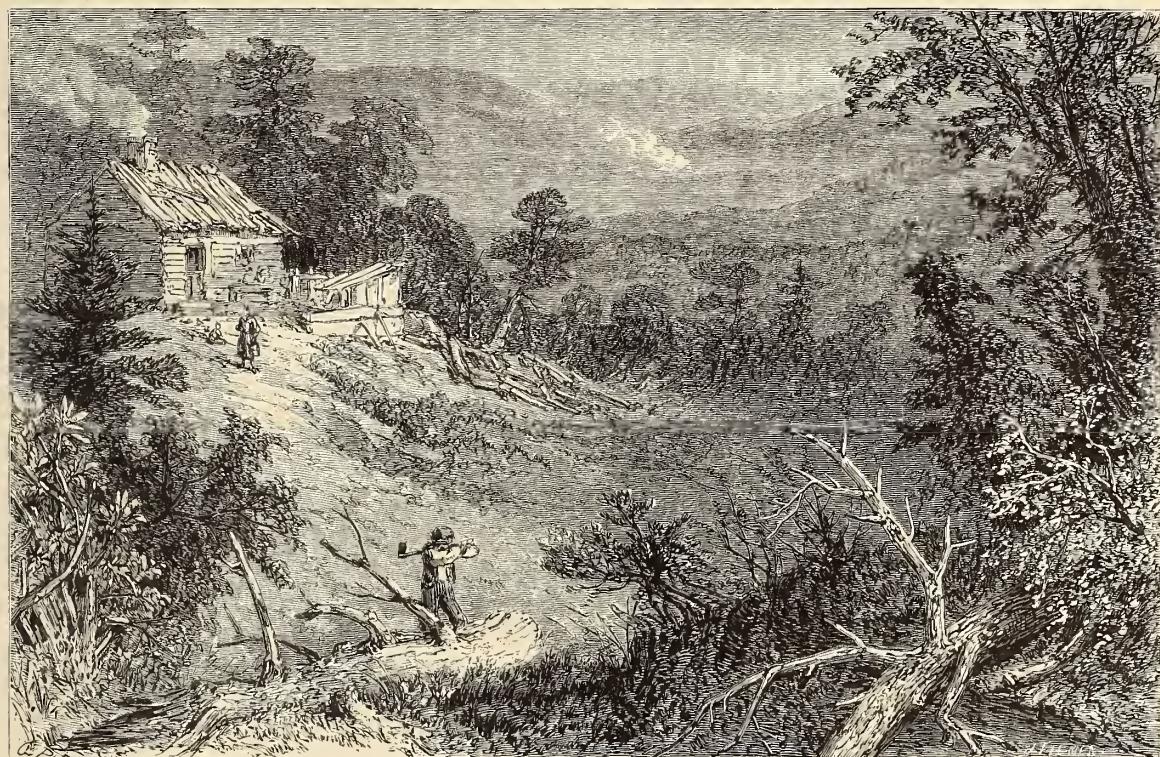
The Rocky Mountains

New York, in Association wth C. L.



the shade. Far up the ascent it takes its rise in the Hunter's Spring, whose cool margin has long been known as a welcome resting-place to the sportsmen that sought deer along the range. Under the name of Caldено Creek, it continues its downward course by cascade and water-fall, and, to those who have once followed its devious way through the shaded ravine, the lovely glens and fairy grottos must return in dreams, for to dream-land does their witching, twilight beauty seem to belong.

Along the face of Minsi, about five hundred feet above the river, runs a grand horizontal plateau of red shale. Extending for several miles along the mountain, it



Cherry Valley.

makes one of its most remarkable features, and is known as the Table Rock. Over the slope of this ledge, at an angle of forty-five degrees, the lovely Caldено flows in a charming succession of miniature falls or rapids. The rocky strata beneath are densely covered with moss, which, kept ever verdant by the passing streamlet, is still further fostered in its growth by the thick shade of towering trees, and gives the spot its claim to the name of Moss Cataract.

Lower down, Caldено, stilling its wavelets into temporary repose, rests a while in the cool confines of a rocky basin. Shade even more dense makes a twilight at mid-day, and, dark, silent, and secure, a happy fancy has made it Diana's Bath.

At a still lower range, or ledge, the stream dashes at Caldeno Falls over a rugged,

rocky precipice, in which the singular regularity of the formation is exposed in the broken surface of the falling water.

One of the loveliest aspects of the varied beauties of the Gap is under the early morning light, when—

“The mountain-mists uprolling let the waiting sunlight down—”

dense clouds of vapor break the contours of the peaks, causing uncertainty of vision, increasing or diminishing the apparent height, at times making the tops suddenly appear to bend forward as if threatening to fall, or as suddenly recede into vast distance, while softly-tinted masses of veiling vapor are wafted hither and thither by the wind at its own sweet will to catch the morning splendors, and wreath in many-colored scarfs around rock, and crag, and lofty pine.

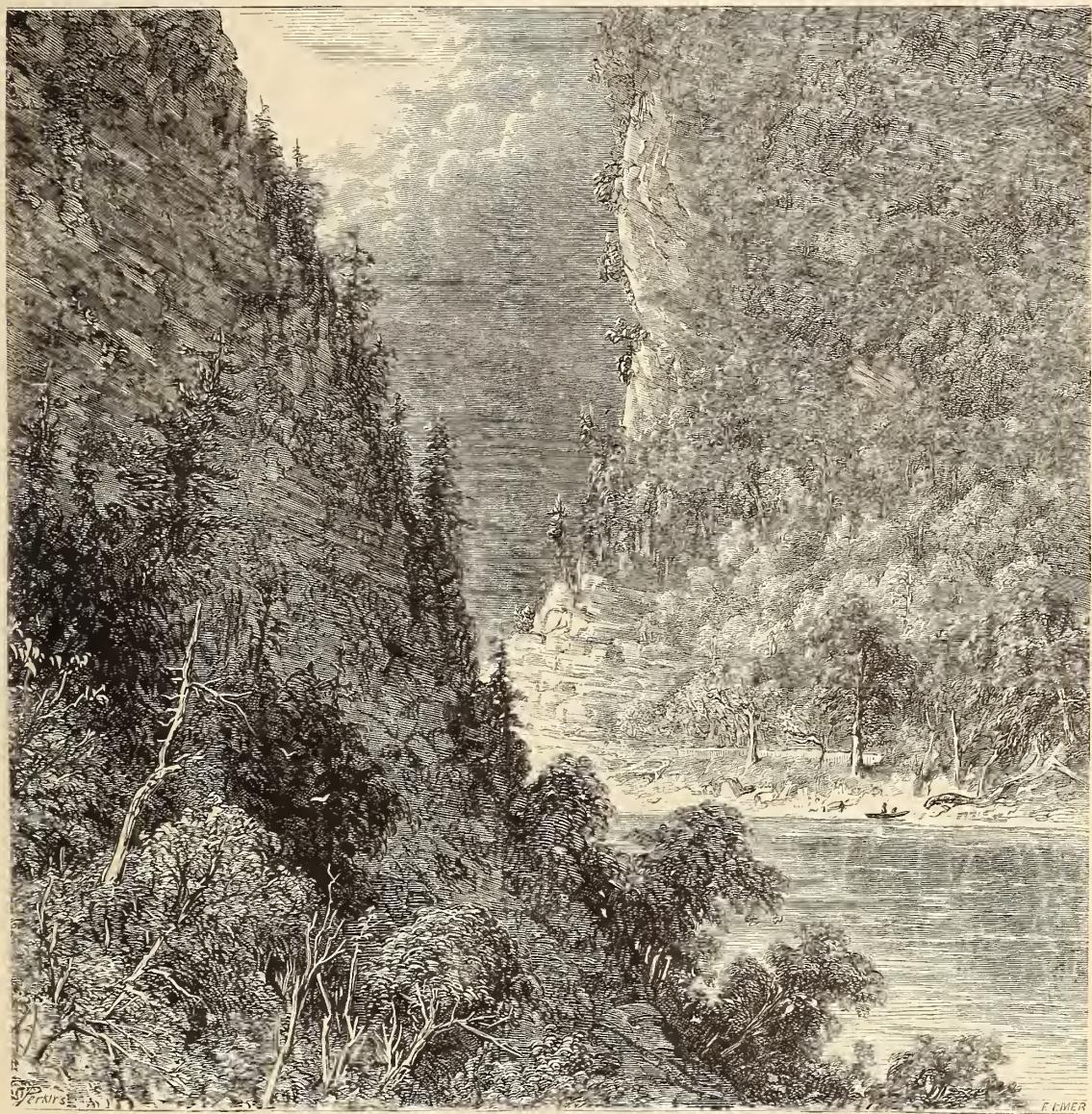
Poetry and romance have familiarized us with the legend that, as a forerunner of storm, Pontius Pilate still appears above the mountain that bears his name, and, bending in cloudy presence, wrings his hands in remorse for his evil deed. A cloud-phenomenon somewhat similar occurs upon these heights. A narrow space between two jutting peaks foretells by clearness or cloud the fortunes of the morrow, but no legend lingers around the summits, and prosaic Americans call it the Rain-Hole.

The mysterious ravines and wooded fastnesses of Minsi ever stimulate a thirst for exploration, and many years ago some visitors in pleasant frolic organized the Honorable Company of Sappers and Miners. With a merry assumption of business, officers were appointed and rules prescribed; half in work and half in play, the company from year to year continued its explorations, opening new paths, bridging streamlets, strengthening frail foot-ways, and gaining from their exertions all the pleasurable enjoyments of a mimic frontier-life, with the additional zest of knowing that, notwithstanding all their civilizing efforts, it was still possible to be lost upon Mount Minsi. The annual festival of the Sappers and Miners was always commemorated by the ascent of Minsi to unfurl the national banner from the highest tree-top, and, as the flag caught the mountain-breeze, an answering shout rose from valley and hill-side from the less valorous or less light-footed beholders.

But, wild and wonderful as is the interior of the Gap, it is outside its limits that the grand scenery of the region must be sought. From the mountain-peaks on every hand open magnificent vistas, and from the river, both below and above the chasm, the views are of marvellous extent. Spurs jutting out from the main range give endless variety to the landscape, while hollows, gaps, and ravines, add their countless beauties.

Several miles above the Gap, the Delaware is joined by the mountain-stream called the Bushkill. This creek was long regarded as the extreme limit of civilization in this direction, all beyond being a howling wilderness too often full of howling savages. In this neighborhood were the copper-mines which at an early date attracted the Dutch settlers

from the Hudson, and induced them to open the famous Mine Road, which became the thoroughfare from Albany to Philadelphia, following the Esopus and Neversink Creeks to the Delaware, crossing that river to reach the western side of the Blue Ridge, and passing near the Gap of the Delaware to find a passage at the Lehigh Gap, and thence a southerly course to Philadelphia.



Delaware Water-Gap, from the South.

Upon the Bushkill is one of the most beautiful water-falls of the district. A chasm one hundred feet in height is surrounded upon three sides by an almost perpendicular wall of rock, over which the water falls. From a point below, the scene is grand in its sombre magnificence, as the swift torrent, striking midway upon a projecting ledge in the rock, rebounds in snowy foam-flakes, which, after the momentary interruption, continue to

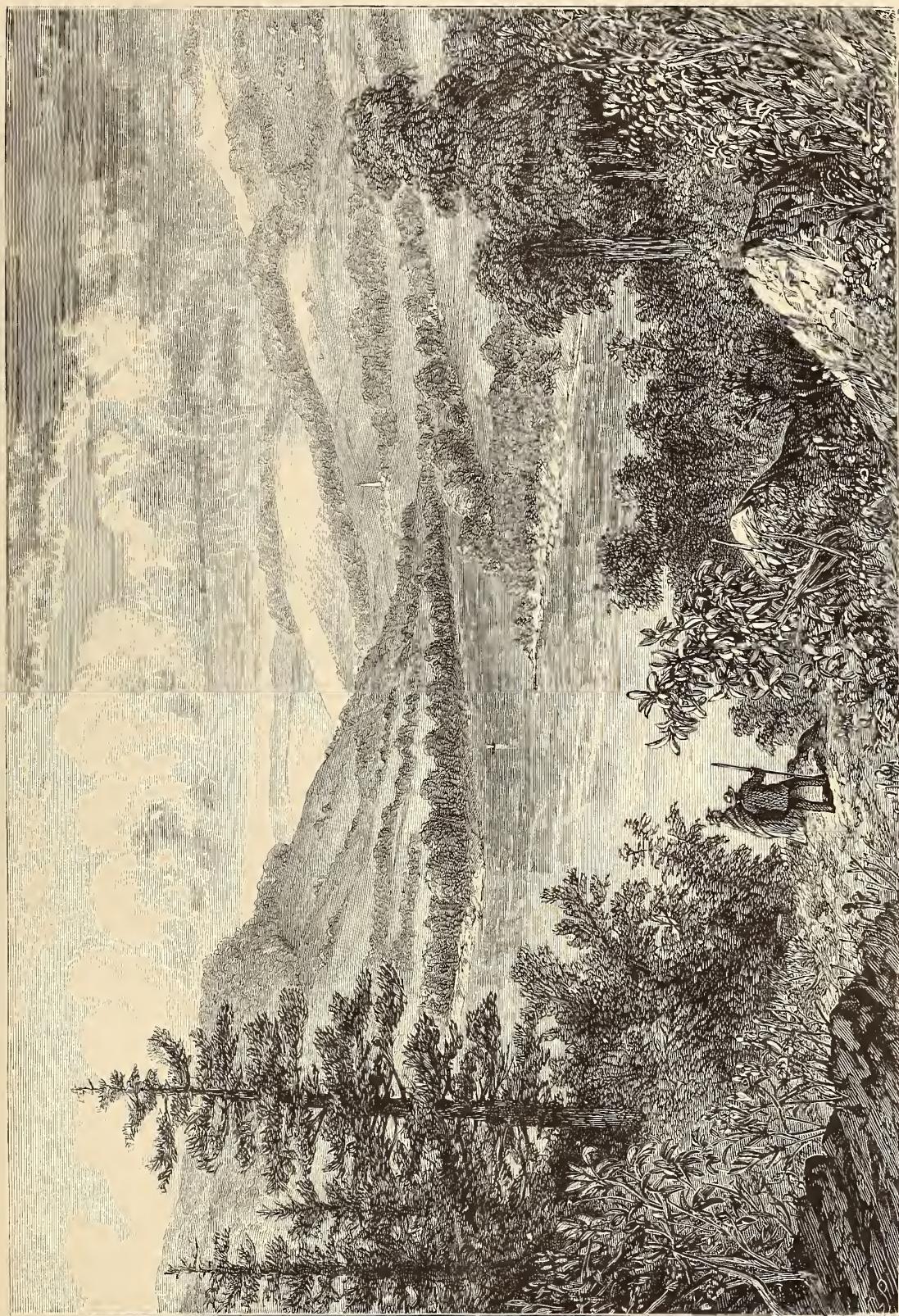
fall into the dark chamber of rock below. On the walls of the chasm, at a level with the summit of the water-fall, there is still another scene of equal beauty, as the rapid stream emerges from the dark shades of the forest to make the sudden plunge from the precipice.

Another small mountain-torrent near by frets its way through a tortuous channel of dark fossiliferous limestone, until, in a sheet of foam, it leaps over a precipice in a shower of dazzling whiteness, which some unpoetic beholder compared to—buttermilk. Submissively has the uncouth misnomer been accepted, and the singularly beautiful cascade still bears the name of Buttermilk Falls. Upon the same stream the Marshall Falls deserve special note for their picturesqueness. The dark surrounding rock is crowded with fossil impressions, which fill the stone with irregular fissures; through this ledge the waters have torn and gnawed their way down a chasm fifty feet in depth, leaving a veil of overhanging rock in front, through which the spectator gazes at the gloomy cataract as through a curtained casement.

That the Minisink was a favorite abode of the red-men is proved at almost every step. The plough turns up innumerable quantities of spear-heads and arrow-points, as well as hammers, axes, and tomahawks of stone, and rude cutting instruments fashioned out of flint; stone mortars and pestles have also been found, with bowls and jars of earthenware.

Upon commanding elevations, where small plateaus permit at once a kind of seclusion as well as an extensive outlook over the mountains and the river, there are many Indian burial-grounds, always chosen for the beauty of the position. In the graves almost invariably are found articles of personal adornment, with warlike weapons, and frequently vessels of clay. Glass beads, bells, and trinkets of metal, are supposed to prove some intercourse with the white race, but beads of bone, bowls of baked earthenware composed of pounded shell and clay, and the ruder instruments made out of stone, mark Indian workmanship, and may belong to more remote generations.

As one of the wonders of the Gap, must be counted the marvellous lake upon Tammany—a lake so singular that popular superstition has been tempted to add a final touch to its surpassing strangeness, and declare that it has no bottom. As if in quaint climax to her wild work, Nature, after riving the mountain to its very base, here places beside the rude chasm, on the very apex of the lofty peak, a peaceful lake. Masses of bare gray sandstone stand about its margin, and within the stern encirclement the pure water reflects alone the swift-darting birds or the slowly-moving clouds, for naught else comes between it and the sky. In this unbroken solitude, beside the lonely lake, is a single Indian grave in a narrow cleft of rock. On a lower level, near at hand, many graves were gathered into one place of sepulture, as if to make the loneliness of this solitary tomb even more marvellous; and fanciful conjecture can but gather round the grave to ascribe to its tenant some strange history, and imagine him to be a king who



DELAWARE WATER-GAP, LOOKING SOUTH FROM SHAWNEE.

disdained companionship in death with those he had ruled when living; or a poet who sought a resting-place beneath the clouds, or a prophet entombed by his devout followers beneath the skies in which he had beheld visions.

Throughout the whole Minisink single bodies are occasionally exhumed by the plough, or washed out from the river-banks, but it has been conjectured that these have been enemies, or those whose fate was unknown or not regarded, for the numerous burial-grounds attest that even the wild wanderer of the forest craved to find his last resting-place in companionship with his kind. In these ancient cities of the dead each tenement is a low mound surrounded by a clearly-marked trench, and frequently several mounds are connected into a single group by a ditch encircling the whole, as if to exhibit some bond of clan or kindred. In the graves that have been examined in the plateau consisting of coarse gravel and clay, the bodies are found embedded in the river-sand, which must necessarily have been carried a considerable distance expressly for the purpose.

Little but their graves remains of the original people that once congregated into the valleys of the Minisink, and hunted upon its hills, and little legendary lore has been preserved. The peaceful relations between the earlier colonists and the Indians were interrupted, and a long, bitter, and bloody war for the possession of the land soon swept away every friendly recollection, and the settlers learned to blot out the very memory of their antagonists, and erase every trace of that occupation which had been so fiercely contested.

The last lingerer of the primitive people was Tatamy, veritably the last of the Mohicans. He had long served as interpreter to the travelling Moravian ministers, and his sympathies bound him so closely to the region of the Minisink that he voluntarily remained behind when his tribe moved to the West. An iconoclastic generation has degraded the name of his lonely home into the wretched diminutive of Tat's Gap. In this wild spot he remained, and a touching picture is drawn of the solitary man sitting alone at the door of his wigwam, hunting alone upon the mountain, singing in the forest wilds the songs of his departed nation, and striving feebly to preserve the habits of his old life amid the encroachments of civilization. At the commencement of the Revolutionary War bands of hostile Indians frequently made inroads into the frontier settlements, and poor Tatamy became a special object of their hatred. Fears for his safety were felt by the white friends to whom he had adhered with such singular faithfulness, and he was induced to abandon his dangerous solitude. Land was provided for him in a safer region near Depuy's, and there he continued until his death.

The story of the relations between the aboriginal races of America and their European conquerors has always been a sad one, and it is especially so in the land of the Minisink. Here a singularly mild and cultivated tribe, the Lenni-Lenape, welcomed the early settlers with unusual kindness, a feeling which seems to have been quite heartily

reciprocated by the French and Dutch. This friendly intercourse was preserved unbroken for a long period, and promised to remain so, when it was utterly destroyed by the incidents of the disastrous "Walk" of the year 1737.

The Indians had apparently been perfectly satisfied with the terms of the purchases made by William Penn. According to the native custom, the territory sold was always measured by distances to be walked within specified times. In the first walk, William Penn had taken part in person, and the affair had been conducted in true Indian fashion, the walkers loitering, resting, or smoking, by the way. But the successors of Penn had determined upon a different policy, and prepared a scheme for driving a sharp bargain.

The boundaries of the territory were to be determined by the point reached by walking for a day and a half from a certain chestnut-tree at Wrightstown Meeting-house, and the proprietors were undoubtedly determined to make, what in modern phrase is termed, a "good thing of it."

Of the incidents of the famous "Walk" many accounts have been given, differing slightly in details, but agreeing in the important facts. Offers were published in the public papers, promising five hundred acres of land anywhere within the territory to be measured, with five pounds in money, to the person who would walk the farthest in the specified time.

By the terms of the agreement, the governor was to select three persons for the task, and the Indians to furnish a like number from their own nation. The men engaged, as particularly fitted for the purpose on the part of the province, were Edward Marshall, James Yates, and Solomon Jennings.

Also, according to Indian usage, the measurement was to be decided when the days and nights were equal, marking precisely twelve hours between sunrise and sunset. Therefore, attended by a large number of curious spectators, belonging to both of the interested parties, the six walkers met before sunrise on the 20th of September.

They stood together, each resting one hand upon the tree awaiting the signal, and then, just as the sun appeared upon the horizon, started upon the unfortunate trial of speed.

By established custom, a day's walk was, with the Indians, a well-ascertained distance, and the day and a half from Wrightstown was expected by them to end at the Blue Ridge, the savages never intending, or even supposing, that the boundaries of the purchase could by any possibility intrude into, much less include, their favorite hunting-grounds of the Minisink.

The previous arrangements had, however, been made with care; the direction of the route had been distinctly marked, and a line run to the greatest advantage of the purchasers. That no time should be lost, relays of horsemen attended the walkers with liquors, and refreshments awaited them at suitable places along the route.

Marshall fulfilled his part of the contract, walking with great rapidity and without



Moss Cataract.

not even the first day's walk was yet accomplished, the manifestation of anger became general; the Indians loudly proclaiming the whole affair a cheat, by which all the good land would be taken from them, indignantly refusing their assent to the purchase, and even proposing that, if necessary, every Indian would come in the spring-time with a buckskin in his hand and buy the land back again.

Before the first day ended, one of the white men and two of the Indians had given out; and when, before sunset, Marshall and Yates reached the Blue Ridge, they met there assembled a great number of the savages gathered to witness the expected ratification of the boundary. When it was discovered that

By sunset Marshall and Yates had passed the mountains, and started afresh at sunrise the next day; but Yates soon turned faint and fell from exhaustion, while Marshall pursued his course, and at noon reached the Poceno Mountain, having walked about eighty-six miles, according to the estimation made at the time.

The indignant Indians immediately inaugurated a systematic retaliation, and the purchasers, who began to move upon the land in considerable numbers, found the savages arrayed in armed hostility.



Diana's Bath.



Moss Grotto.

The warfare in this case did not consist of the usual occasional skirmishing and depredations from small bands of drunken savages accidentally aroused to open enmity, but was much more formidable, as being a part of a determined attempt of the Indians to regain the lost territory, which they believed had been taken by fraud, and which they never relinquished until the year 1764.

The condition of the district may be inferred from the fact that, in 1740, the settlers near the Gap demanded armed assistance from the provincial government, and again in 1763 presented a petition, signed by the prominent residents, praying for help, as "we lie entirely open to the mercy of those barbarous, savage Indians." The effect of the continuous conflict upon the agriculture of the region may be gathered from the order given in 1740, by Nicholas Depuy, upon the treasurer of Bucks County, for the payment of the bounty upon sixteen wolves, all killed by the same man.

The struggle was at the fiercest from 1752 to 1759, the war-front being considered as extending from Bethlehem to Bushkill, and the danger being so imminent that in many cases the farmers abandoned their homes and their unharvested crops, to be burnt by the Indians; while those residing below the Blue Ridge demanded with importunity that the mountains should be made the frontier, and all the region beyond abandoned without any attempt either at defence or occupation.

Depuy's house, which had always been regarded as a stronghold, seems to have been strengthened into a sort of fortress, surrounded by a stockade, with a swivel-gun mounted at each corner. When times of special danger required a call for government assistance, Depuy furnished

the supplies for the men sent to him; and in an officer's report, in 1758, the garrison is described as consisting of twenty-two men, with eight months' provisions.

In the year 1756 the condition of affairs had become so terrible that a large number of farmers were thoroughly panic-stricken, and threatened to abandon the district entirely to the Indians. In this emergency, Benjamin Franklin was sent by Governor Morgan to Bethlehem, and succeeded in forming a line of defence from the Lehigh to Bushkill. At his instance, Governor Morgan soon afterward visited the distressed district in person, and established a line of block-houses from Shamokin, on the Susquehanna, to the ever-uttermost Bushkill.

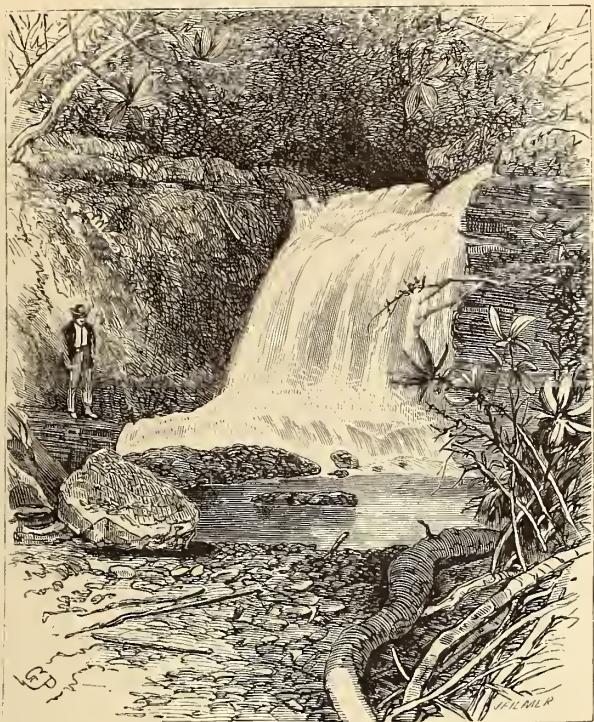
These primitive fortifications consisted merely of a wall of defence, made of stakes driven into the ground and banked up with earth; while within the enclosure a log-hut was usually erected in each corner, to serve as barracks, and also as shelter for neighboring families, when driven to seek protection from the savage enemy.

The condition of society produced by these years of warfare was, of course, peculiar. While many of the men, who daily lived in fear of attack, were educated into all the virtue, strength, and independence, that spring from such experience, others became, under the same influences, mere outlaws; and it is not extraordinary that, when a bounty upon scalps was raised, there were men who sought the scalps of the savages in precisely the same spirit that they had sought those of the wolves, and who, with the trained eye of the sportsman, detected the thread of smoke rising from the wigwam by day, or the firelight by night, in order to crush the inmates as if they were but obnoxious reptiles.

The Indian hero of this war was the celebrated Delaware chieftain, variously called Tadeuskund or Teedyuscung. He had long been favorably known among the whites as Honest John, and had even been baptized by the Moravians as Gideon; but his apologists were fain to urge that a certain Christian "walk" and conversation was enough to make him forget his baptism, and render him a ready listener to the French, or any other enemies of the settlements.

It was this chief who, in 1756, at Easton, as the representative of four Indian nations, boldly declared, as he stamped his foot upon the earth: "My people have not fair to go for the reasons for war. The very ground upon which I stamp was my land and my inheritance, and has been taken from me by fraud—yes, for it is fraud when one man buys lands of us, and takes a deed of it, and dies—and then his children make a false deed like the true one, and put our Indian names to it, and take from us what we never sold. This is fraud! It is fraud, too, when one king has land beyond the river, and another king has land on this side, both bounded by rivers, mountains, and springs, that cannot be moved, and those greedy for lands buy of one king what belongs to the other. This, too, is fraud!"

Teedyuscung, at another time, announcing himself as the king of ten nations, presented to Governor Morris four strings of wampum, each delivered with a separate speech: "One, to brush the thorns from the Governor's Legs; another, to Rub the Dust



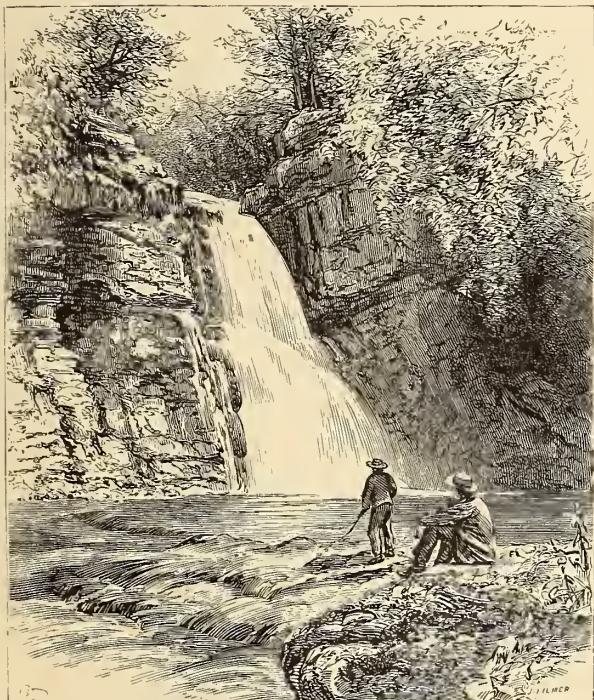
Caldene Falls.

in that island. He escaped to Philadelphia, where he renewed his old acquaintance with Stephen Girard, and by his advice visited the upper portion of the Delaware River. The beauty of the scenery of the Gap excited him to the utmost enthusiasm,

out of the Governor's Eyes, to help him to see clearly; another, to Open the Governor's Ears, that he might listen Patiently; and the fourth, to clear the Governor's Throat, that he might speak plainly."

The Delaware Water-Gap itself was long a forbidding chasm, dreaded and avoided by travellers, unless chance or necessity compelled them to thread the defile by the Indian trail, which found a devious and dangerous way among huge rocks piled up in Nature's masonry; but the pass at last found an admiring explorer.

Antoine Dutot, a wealthy planter of Santo Domingo, had been compelled to flee for his life during the insurrection and he became the eager purchaser of lands hitherto despised as barren and valueless, upon part of which the Kit-tatinny House now stands. He firmly believed that the Gap was destined to become the seat of a great city, as a principal depot of the immense future commerce of the river. To meet this coming want, he built a village, called Dutotsville, from which even his name has now departed, and which contains, as the only vestige of his hope-inspired labors, the market-square devoted by him to public use. The wagon-road through the Gap, which was constructed in the year 1800, passed by his property, and he soon after obtained a charter for a toll-road upon the track now occupied

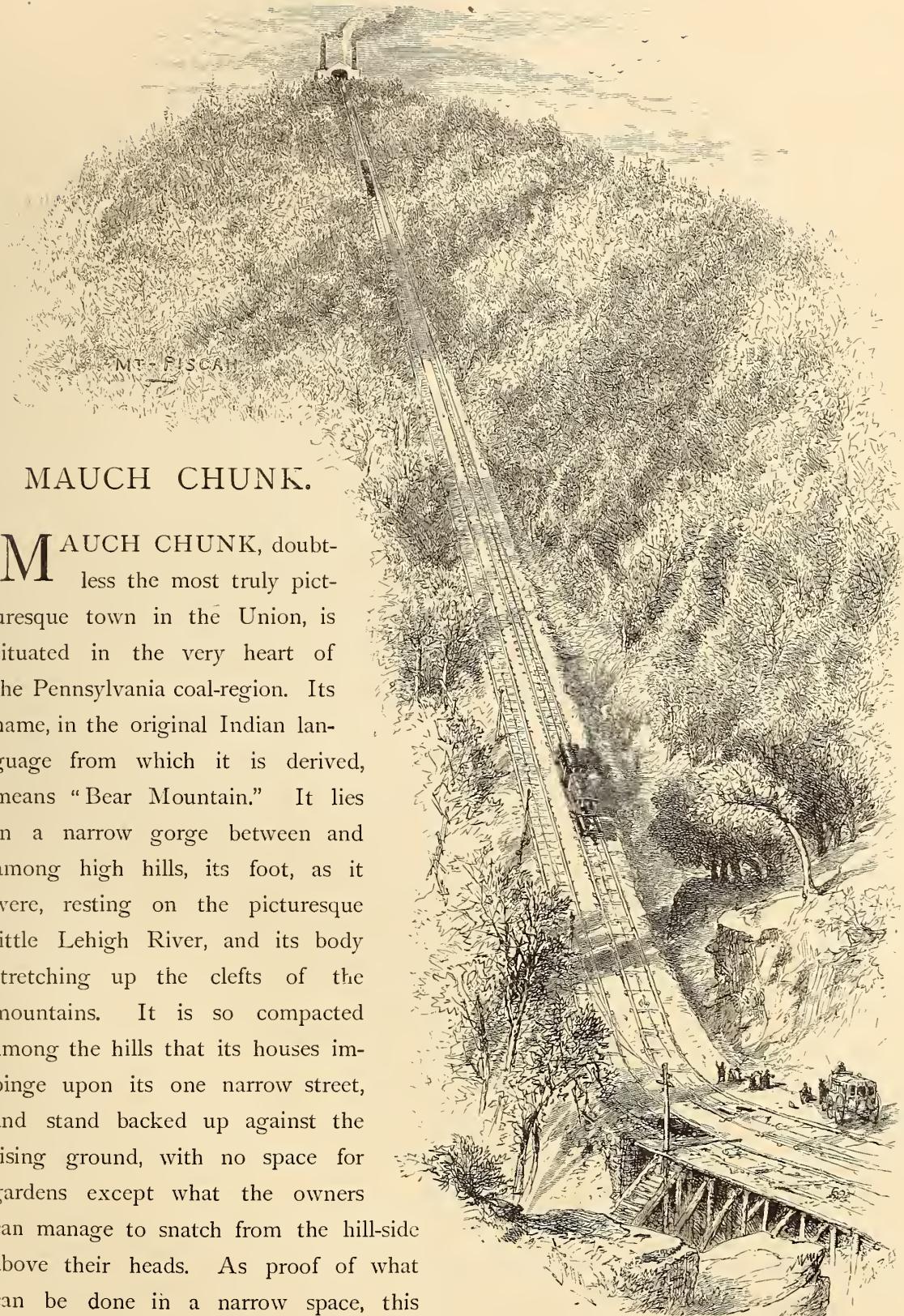


Bushkill Falls.

by the railway. This road was never remunerative, and the toll-gate was a mere vexation, where he would stand with courteous smile and polite bow, saying, in very broken speech, "Von leetle toll," which the mischievous youth of the neighborhood delighted in pretending to understand as a mere polite salutation, to which they responded with a deep bow and polite "Good-day," as they continued on their way.

Despite all misfortunes, the hopeful Frenchman maintained his faith in the future of the home of his adoption. A gentleman of education and refinement, animated, romantic, and polite, he, in his gay old age, seemed oddly at variance with his rugged surroundings, as, in broadcloth, silk stockings, ruffles, and silver knee-buckles, he preserved the courteous deportment of the days when he presided over his wealthy West-Indian plantation. Some years before his death, he purchased a cannon and a great bell, which were ordered in his will to be used to mark the fulfilment of his long-reiterated prophecies. The bell, hung in a belfry upon his house, was to ring a triumphant peal, and the cannon, from his prescribed grave upon Sunset Hill, was to answer in response of glorification at the moment that the first steamboat should touch the landing, or the first locomotive pass through the Gap. But the Frenchman had been lying in his solitary grave for fifteen years before the locomotive steamed through the chasm beneath him, his cannon had exploded long before in commemorating a Fourth of July, and his bell had been put to service over a school-house in Stroudsburg, where it summoned the youth who were to reap the benefits of the future that had beamed so brightly upon his imagination.





MAUCH CHUNK.

MAUCH CHUNK, doubtless the most truly picturesque town in the Union, is situated in the very heart of the Pennsylvania coal-region. Its name, in the original Indian language from which it is derived, means "Bear Mountain." It lies in a narrow gorge between and among high hills, its foot, as it were, resting on the picturesque little Lehigh River, and its body stretching up the clefts of the mountains. It is so compacted among the hills that its houses impinge upon its one narrow street, and stand backed up against the rising ground, with no space for gardens except what the owners can manage to snatch from the hill-side above their heads. As proof of what can be done in a narrow space, this

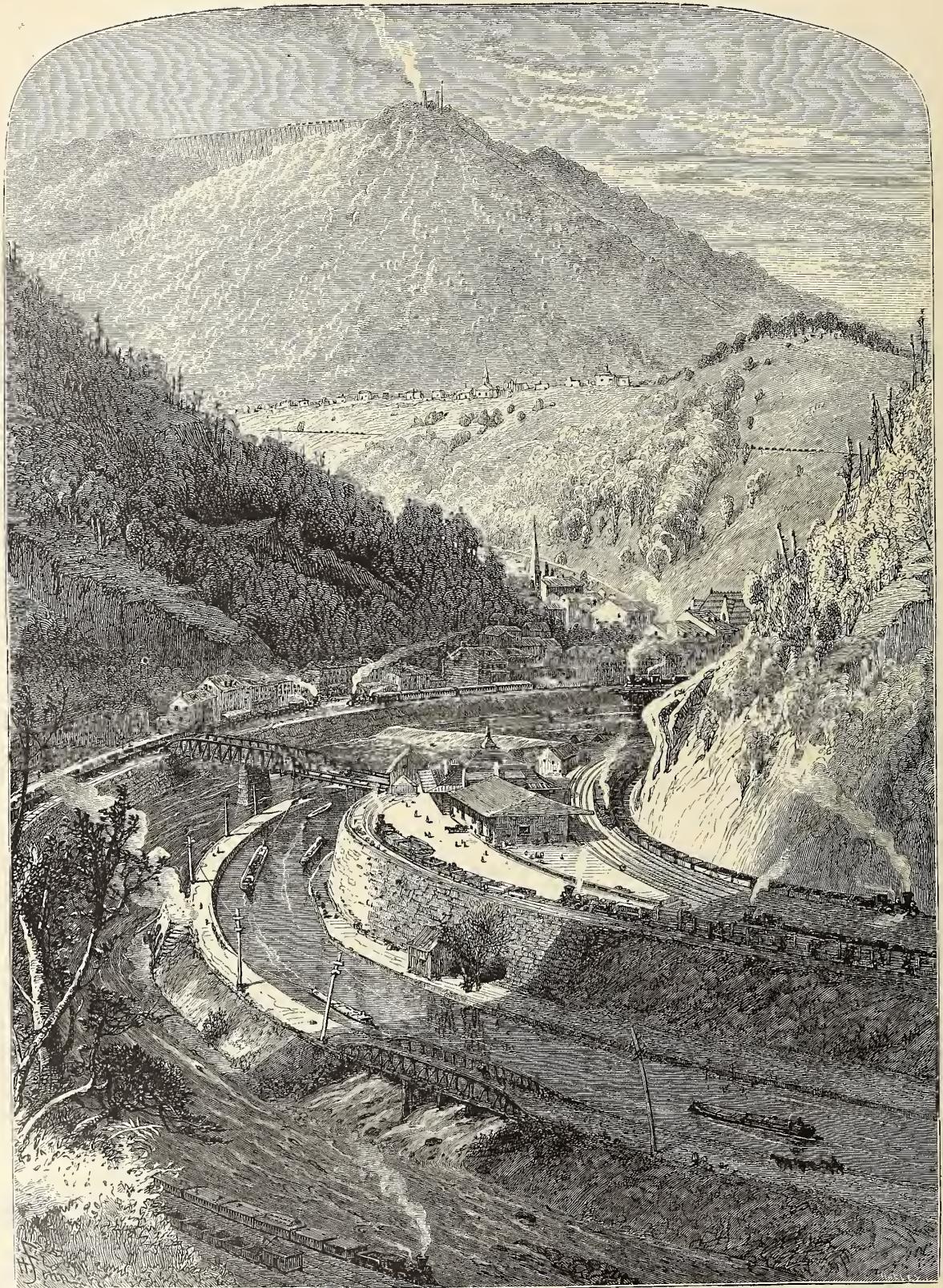
quaint and really Swiss-like village affords a capital example. In one portion, just where the turbulent Lehigh sweeps around, as if to give the town a salute, and then rushes merrily off again, one sees the river, a canal, two railways, a road, and a street, packed in a space scarcely more than a stone's-throw wide—all of which the reader can note, without stirring from his easy-chair, by a glance at Mr. Fenn's larger drawings.

There is a great deal in knowing how to find the picturesque, and Mr. Fenn, in his large drawings, has selected points of view that present the hills and the town in their best aspect. The first of these views is taken from the road that runs along the side of the high hill just below the town. In the second illustration, one can discern the road, faintly marked, ascending obliquely the distant hill. From this road the picture gives just a glimpse of the receding town to the left; shows in the distance Mount Pisgah, which is not a volcano, notwithstanding the smoke that seems to issue from its apex; and gathers at the feet of the spectator hurrying river, busy canal, railways, and highway, as they lie crowded between the steep hills. Here there is always the stir of a great traffic. Ceaselessly day and night the long, black coal-trains come winding round the base of the hills, like so many huge anacondas, often with both head and tail lost to the eye, the locomotive reaching out of sight before the last car comes swinging round the curve. These trains are of marvellous length, sometimes, when returning empty, numbering over two hundred cars. So continuous is their coming and going, sweeping now around the foot of the hill opposite, and now around the base of the hill on which we stand, that usually several trains are visible at the same time; and rarely at any moment is the whistle or the puff of the locomotive silent. The writer's curiosity prompted him to keep a record of passing trains for an hour, and he found they averaged one in every two minutes. These trains are almost exclusively employed in freighting coal; and this immense traffic in black diamonds becomes still more surprising when it is remembered that, in addition to the trains, canal-boats similarly freighted ceaselessly pass the town with the regularity, order, and succession of a procession. It is a relief to have recourse to figures, and to learn that one of the railways alone carries eighteen thousand tons of coal weekly. Treble this, and the aggregate sent from or passing this place is probably approximated. Up here on the hill-side the scene before us is certainly novel and picturesque. We may watch the stirring traffic, the quiet canal, the swift Lehigh—sometimes only the small thread of a river barely covering its rocky bed, but occasionally a roaring flood bringing ruins upon its surface and carrying ruin before it—or we may study the tints and forms of the receding hills, or note a singular locomotion far up on the sides of the distant Mount Pisgah.

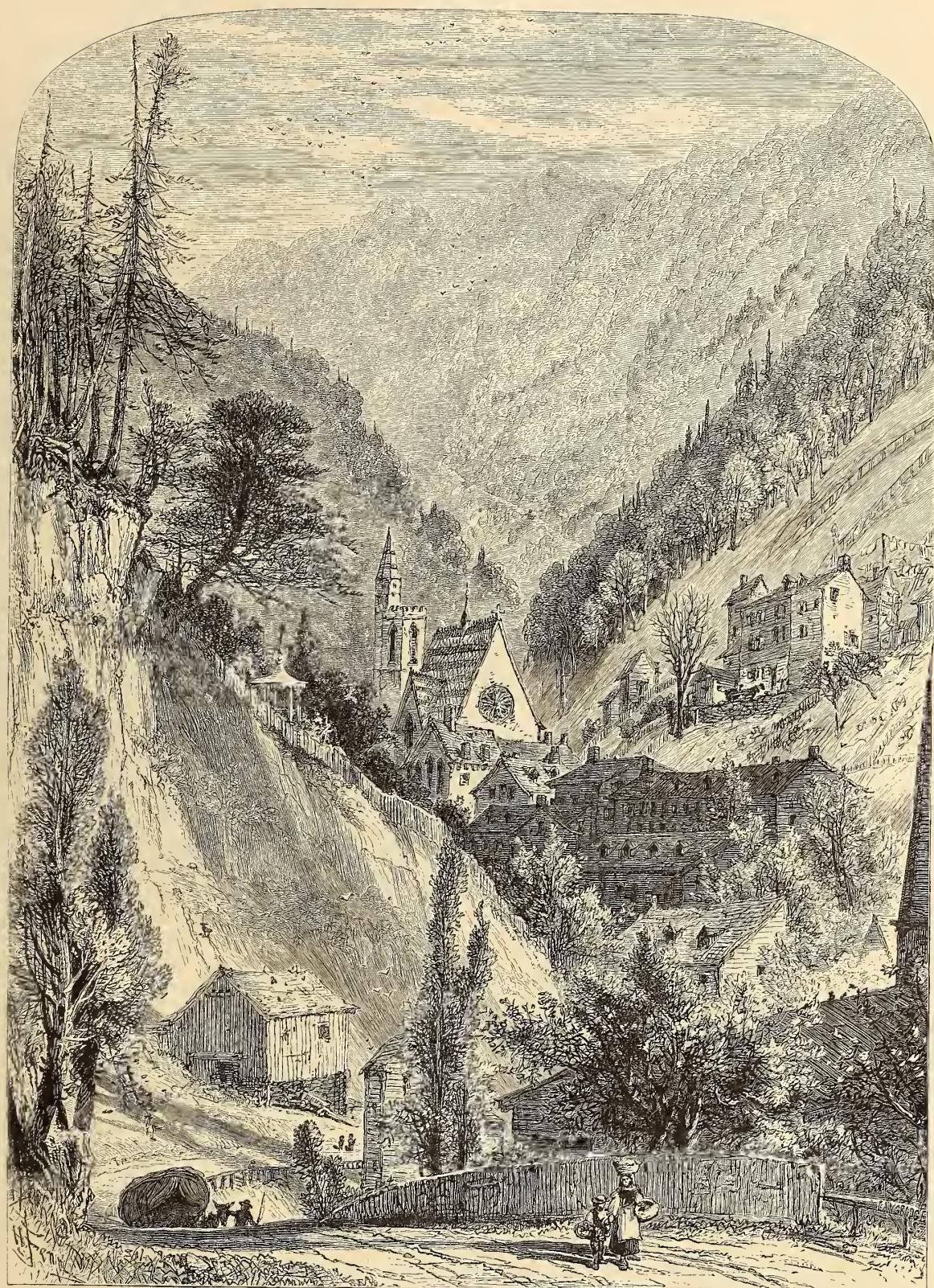
On the highest part of this mountain are two tall chimneys, ascending to which is the line of a railway. The chimneys and the building thereto give note of a stationary engine at this crowning apex of the height, and the line up the mountain-side shows us where the famous Mount-Pisgah inclined plane ascends to its top. The line crossing

the hill half-way down, and just below Upper Mauch Chunk, marks the course of the Gravity Railway, one of the marvels of the place. If the reader pleases, we will descend our mountain-highway, picturesque and beautiful every step of it, with beetling cliffs above and precipitous reaches below, and prepare for an odd sort of journey to the top of Mount Pisgah, and, by the Gravity Road, to the coal-mines beyond. But, before we proceed, let us understand where we are going and what we shall see a little better by consulting a brief page of history and a few facts of description.

The mines which supply the principal traffic of Mauch Chunk are situated nine miles back from the river, on Sharp and Black Mountains, and in Panther-Creek Valley, lying between. The first anthracite coal was discovered on Sharp Mountain, sometimes known as Summit Hill, by a hunter named Ginter, in 1791. The hard anthracite, however, was at first called "black-stone," and its combustible quality denied. Experiments with it were made in Philadelphia, and it was gravely asserted that this hard, rocky substance, which resembled coal, only *served to put the fire out!* Experiments, however, at a later date, must have satisfied those concerned that anthracite coal, if slower to ignite than bituminous, yet possesses decided combustible qualities, for companies were formed to work the mines on Sharp Mountain. It was not, however, until 1820 that shipments became at all regular or noteworthy. Coal was brought from the mines, slowly and wearisomely, by wagons, until 1827, when a track was constructed, with a falling grade, from Summit Hill to the Lehigh, by which cars were run down by their own gravity—hence the name Gravity Road. The cars were drawn back by mules, which, of course, had to be sent down on cars with each train. This method continued for a long time; but the traffic at last so increased that a more expeditious return of the cars to the mines was needed, and in 1844 the plan of a back-track was arranged. An inclined plane was laid to the top of Mount Pisgah, up which the empty cars were elevated by means of a stationary engine; the track, then, by a downward grade, the cars moving by force of their own weight, reached the foot of Mount Jefferson, up which they ascended by another plane—the power a stationary engine—and then, by another downward grade, reached summit Hill. From Summit Hill the cars descended to the mines in the valley, by what was called the Switch-back, a term now often given to the entire road, but which at present has no correct application to any part of it. The Switch-back was a means of descending the side of the mountain by lines such as we familiarly call zigzag. The car ran swiftly along the side of the hill on a falling grade until reaching the terminus of the track, where its momentum carried it up an artificial hillock until its speed was arrested. Here it was switched upon another track, and it rushed back again along the side of the hill upon a falling grade until, reaching another terminus, it was once more switched back upon a third track, and so on by a series of inclined planes the valley was reached. Great speed was attained on the Switch-back, the rate often reaching sixty miles an hour, and a pleasure-car was



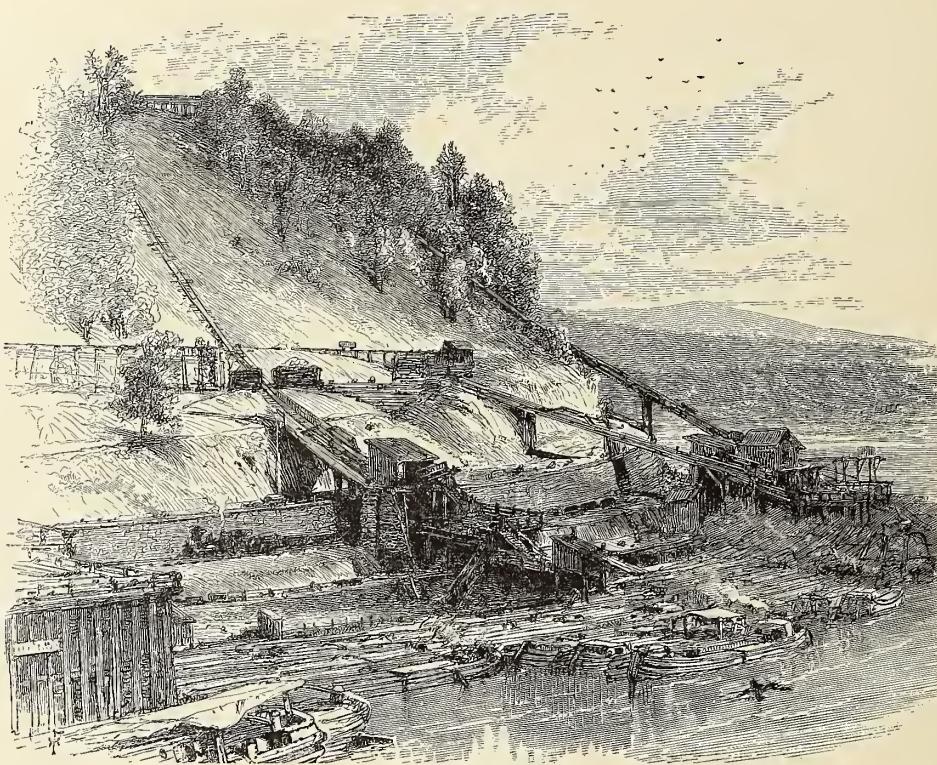
MAUCH CHUNK AND MOUNT PISGAH.



MAUCH CHUNK, FROM FOOT OF MOUNT PISGAH.

attached at certain hours for visitors. This is all changed now, the cars reaching the valley by a longer but circuitous route. The cars are returned to Summit Hill by means of inclined planes and stationary engines; and from the Summit to the Lehigh, a distance of nine miles, the gravity-impelled cars dash at a rapid rate with their spoils from the heart of the mountain.

In the first of our larger illustrations, the Mount-Pisgah inclined plane and a portion of the Gravity Road, as already mentioned, may be seen. The cars which we observe on the grade may be discovered at their terminus in the engraving given below. Here they rattle down into huge coal-boxes, into which their contents are dumped



Canal-boats receiving Coal.

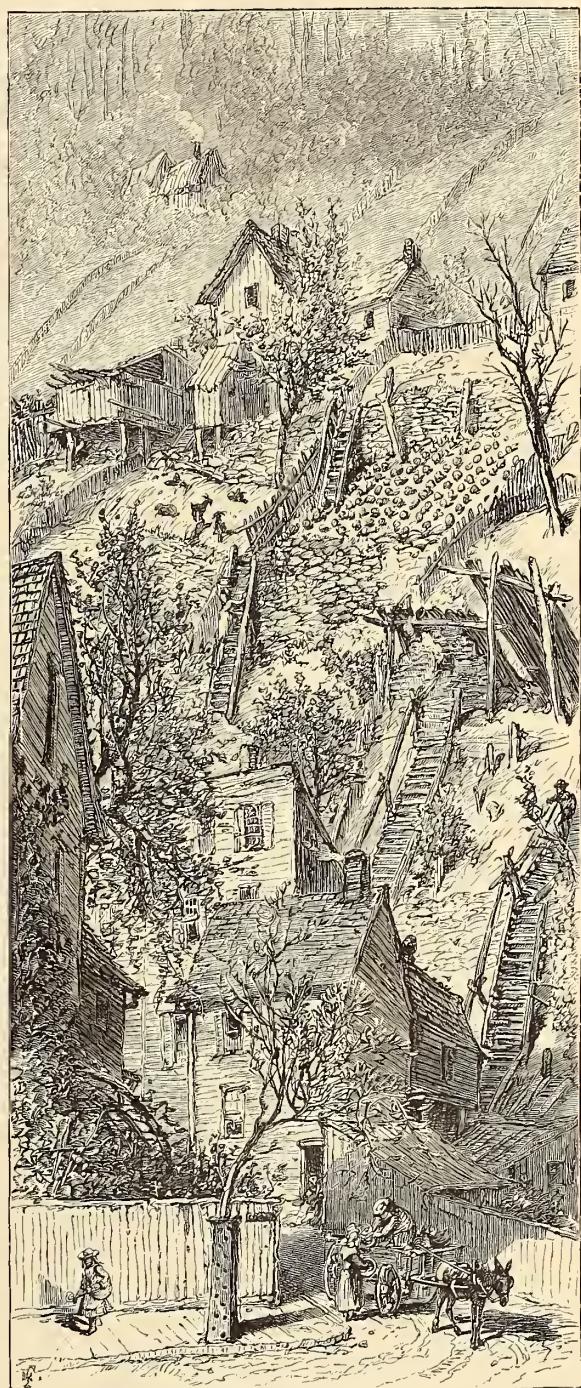
and shot into the waiting canal-boats, which are always gathered here by hundreds in picturesque confusion.

After this brief glance at the origin and use of this singular road, we may undertake with greater satisfaction a jaunt over its long circuit of twenty-five miles.

An omnibus, at stated hours, conveys the curious passengers from the Mansion House to the foot of the inclined plane. It rattles through the town's single street, diverges into the road that ascends the hill, and, after a journey that the impatient traveller imagines must have already gotten him to the top, draws up at the foot of the famous plane, which, if our description has not adequately depicted to the mind's-eye of the reader, the initial illustration will bring before him accurately and clearly. It

may be mentioned here that the length of this plane is twenty-three hundred and twenty-two feet, and its elevation six hundred and sixty-four feet. At its foot we find a very small passenger-car—a diminutive, undergrown little vehicle, designed to hold ten passengers—in which we may enter. The plane appears, when standing at its foot, to reach almost perpendicularly up into the air; and when at last the ascent begins, one feels as if he were drawn up into the clouds, and naturally commences to speculate with what terrible swiftness the car would shoot down the plane if it should get loose. The little hand-book for travellers, however, which every inquiring and right-minded passenger is sure to possess, gives assurance that this is impossible. Behind the miniature carriage is what is called a safety-car. From this car extends an arm over a ratchet-rail, laid between the tracks. Should an accident occur either to the car or to the gearing, this arm, the moment a downward movement begins, inevitably falls into the notch of the ratchet-rail, and, being too strong to break, the train is at once brought to a stand-still. It is frightful-looking, notwithstanding this assurance and one discovers that his imagination takes a strange pleasure in depicting the terrible whirl through space and the horrible splintering upon the rocks, should it please Fate to give the pleasure-trip a tragical turn. As the car ascends, the view enlarges; and, when the height is reached, a splendid prospect opens to the delighted visitor.

What follows may now easily be conceived, by means of the description of the road already given. The car runs easily and swiftly along, without other force than its



A Mauch-Chunk Highway.

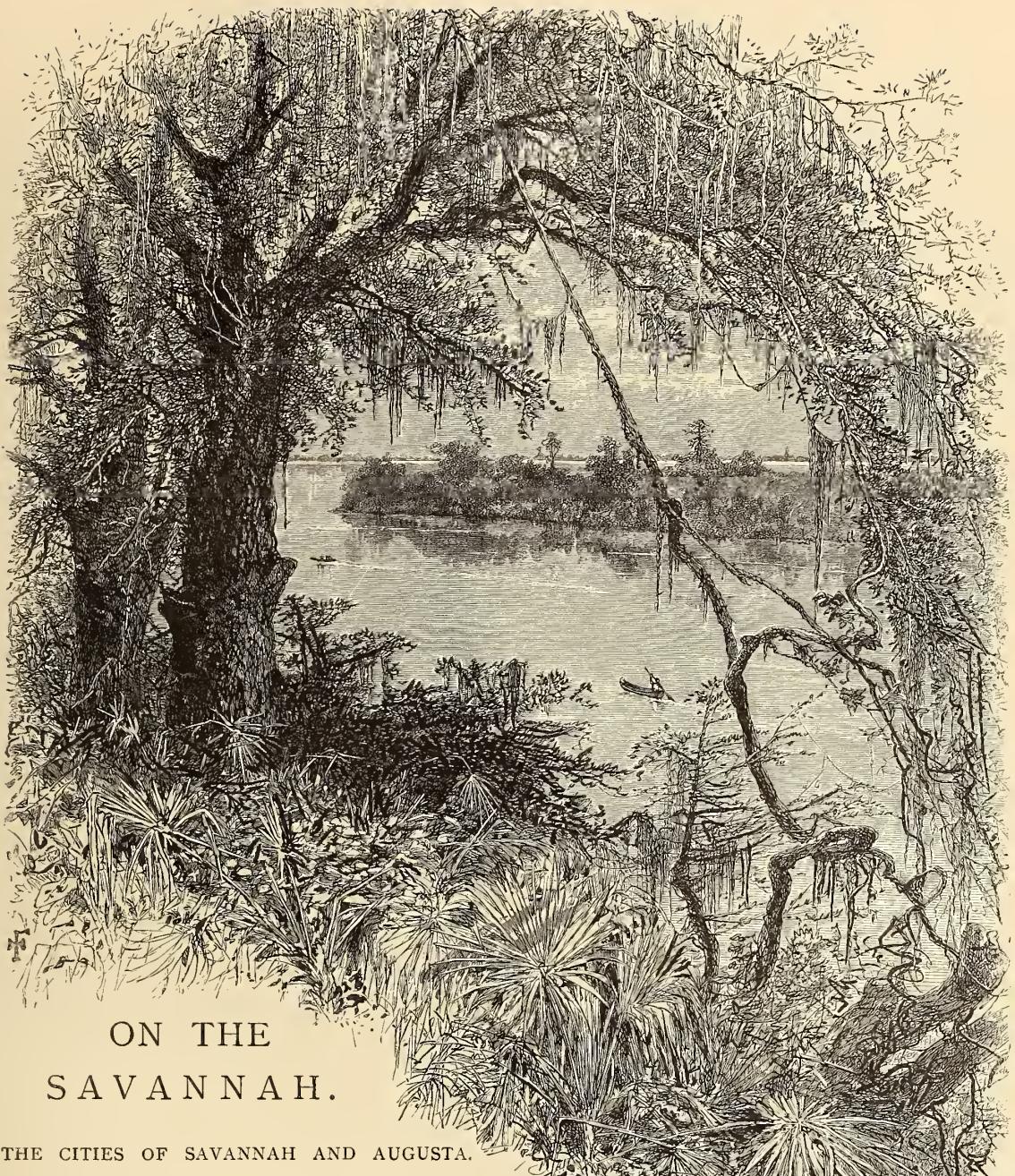
own weight, the road being through beautiful woodland-scenery. As we draw near the mines, large villages appear, occupied principally by the miners, and at Summit Hill is a hotel, church, and other evidences of civilization. The huge structures, called coal-breakers, at the mouths of the mines, form new, striking, and picturesque objects, and immense piles of *débris*, accumulated in excavating for the black wealth below, look like small mountains. Near abandoned mines, these vast heaps give indications of a new soil gathering on their surface. Bushes and small evergreen trees have already managed to find sufficient nurture amid the slate and coal-dust for their roots. The leaves from these growths will add soil to the surface, and in time there can be no doubt that, what are now unsightly masses of *débris*, will be covered with grass and trees, affording possibly a new puzzle for the geologist of a thousand years hence.

The circuit completed, we leave the car well up Mount Pisgah, and descend the mountain-road to the village. The roofs show far down below us among the trees, and the houses, hugged in close by the hills, are grouped in most picturesque form. It is the most novel and striking approach to a town that can be imagined. As we near the houses they seem so directly beneath that we wonder if a slip would not precipitate us down a chimney, or impale us on a steeple. The second of our larger illustrations shows the scene as we near the town from this approach. There is a church-roof below the point of view, and a row of houses in the middle ground on the hill-side, and a new, picturesque church, set up by the architect just where it would add most to the beauty and effectiveness of the picture.

A tunnel is now constructing through the mountain, which will bring the mines in direct communication with canal and river, without plane or grades. This will simplify the business of the mines, no doubt, but the Mount-Pisgah plane and the Gravity Road have always been among the most novel and interesting features of the place, and their loss will be deplored by tourists.

The street-scenes in Mauch Chunk are quaint enough. They are literally highways. As there is no room for gardens or out-buildings back of the houses, they are built up above them, and are reached by ladders. It is not uncommon, in the ruder parts of the town, to see a pigsty, up above the house-top, reached by a ladder; another ladder extending above this to a potato or cabbage patch, and another leading to the family oven, presiding over the strange group with suitable honor and dignity.

A visit to Mauch Chunk makes a pleasant summer-trip; but in October, when all the superb hills that encircle the quaint town are in the full glow of their autumn tints, the innumerable mountain-excursions that then may be taken, which, in summer, would be too fatiguing, enhance greatly the pleasure of the visit.



ON THE SAVANNAH.

THE CITIES OF SAVANNAH AND AUGUSTA.

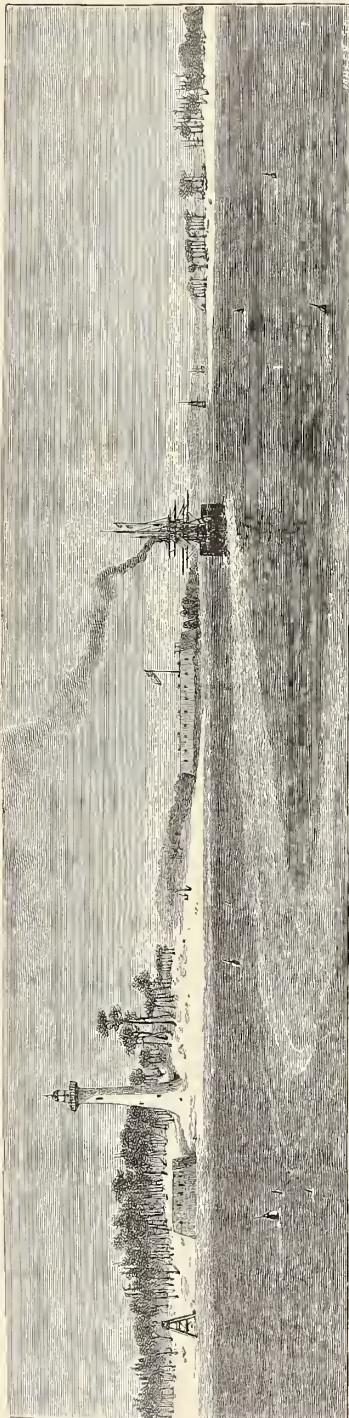
THE SAVANNAH, the largest river of Georgia, and forming the boundary between this State and South Carolina, rises by two head-streams, the Tugaloo and Kiowee, in the Appalachian chain, and near the sources of the Tennessee and Hiawassee on the one side, and the Chattahoochee on the other. From the junction of these confluent

Andersonville the river has a course of four hundred and fifty miles to the sea. Savannah and Augusta, two of the largest cities in the State, are situated upon its banks,

the former seventeen miles from where it empties into the Atlantic, the latter at the head of navigation, two hundred and thirty miles from its mouth. The river between these points glides between richly-wooded banks, with occasional glimpses of cotton-plantations in the upper portion and of rice-plantations below. The wild swamp-wastes that mark its lower shores are full of a strange, weird beauty, and the groves of massive live-oaks, hung with their mossy banners, that shadow and conceal the mansions of the planters, have a noble grace that is very captivating.

The site for the city of Savannah was selected by General Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony of Georgia, who made his first settlement at this point in February, 1733. The city occupies a promontory of land, rising in a bold bluff, about forty feet in height, close to the river, extending along its south bank for about a mile, and backward, widening as it recedes, about six miles. The river making a gentle curve around Hutchinson's Island, the water-front of the city is in the form of an elongated crescent, about two and a half miles in length. The present corporate limits extend back on the elevated plateau, with lowlands on its eastern and western flanks, a distance of about one and a half miles; the area of the municipal limits, at present almost entirely occupied with buildings, being three and one-third miles square. Beyond the city limits, to the south, suburban settlements are fast growing up; and, at the present ratio of expansion, the city proper will soon comprise double its present area, the adjacent grounds being both eligible and available to an unlimited extent.

In its general plan, Savannah is universally conceded to be one of the handsomest of the American cities; and in view of its antiquity, and the fact that its founders were for the most part poor refugees, seeking a home in the wilderness among hostile savages, it is a matter of surprise that they should have adopted a system at once so unique, practical, and tasteful. The streets—running nearly east and west, and north



Mouth of the Savannah River.

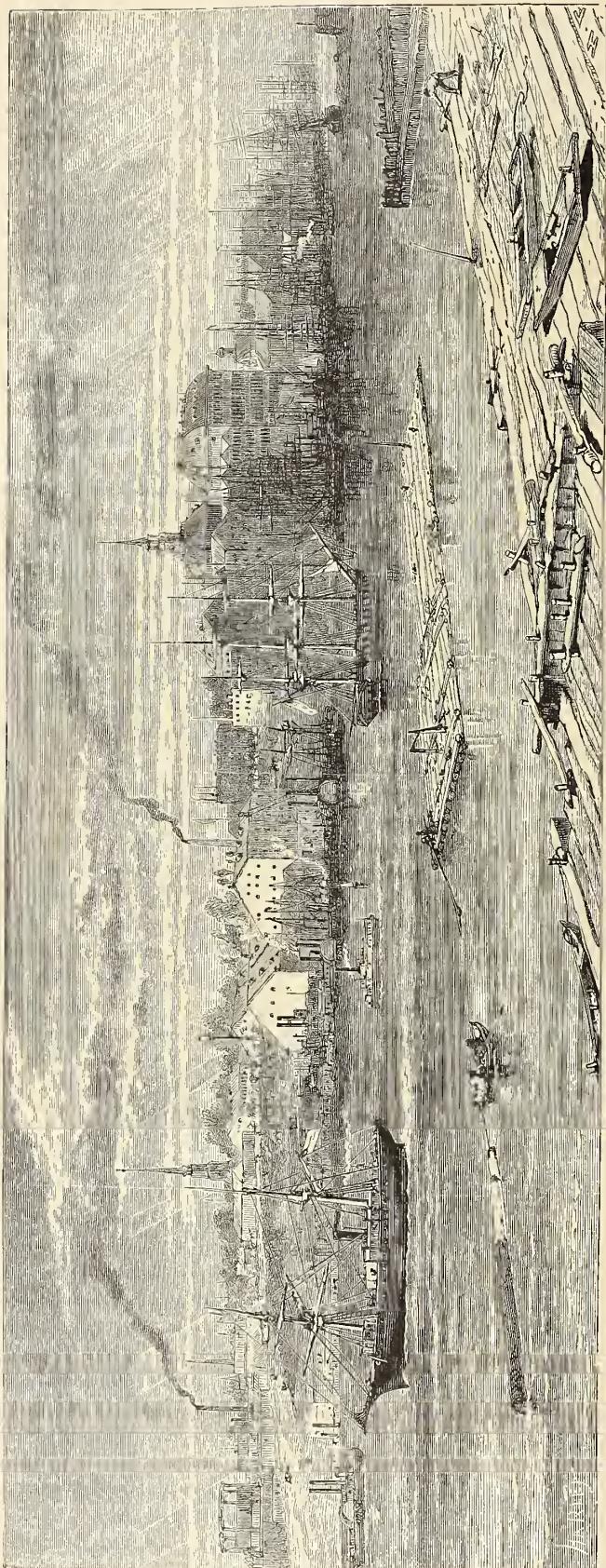
and south, and crossing at right angles—are of various widths; the very wide streets, which run east and west, being alternated with parallel narrower streets, and each block intersected with lanes twenty-two and a half feet in width. The streets running north and south are of nearly uniform width, every alternate street passing on either side of small public squares, or plazas, varying from one and a half to three acres in extent, which are bounded on the north and south by the narrower streets, and intersected in the centre also by a wide street.

These plazas—twenty-four in number, located at equal distances through the city, handsomely enclosed, laid out in walks, and planted with the evergreen and ornamental trees of the South—are among the distinguishing features of Savannah, and in the spring and summer months, when they are carpeted with grass, and the trees and shrubbery are in full flower and foliage, afford delightful, shady walks and play-grounds for the juveniles, while they are not only ornamental, but conducive to the general health by the free ventilation which they afford. They have well been called the lungs of the city.

Upon the large "trust-lots," four of which front on each of these squares—two on the east and two on the west—many of the public edifices and palatial private residences of Savannah are built. It is a little singular that the Savannahians are indebted for this beautiful and unique feature of their city to the sagacious precaution of the first settlers against the dreaded attacks of the Indians. We are told by Mr. Francis Moore, who wrote in 1736, that "the use of this is, in case a war should happen, the villages without may have places in town to bring their cattle and families into for refuge, and for that purpose there is a square left in every ward, big enough for the outwards to encamp in."

In addition to these old camping-grounds—many of which were occupied for the same purpose by General Sherman's troops during his occupation of the city—a public park, comprising some ten acres (since increased to thirty acres), called Forsyth Place, was, a few years since, laid out, a considerable distance south of the city limits. It is, however, now being rapidly enclosed by buildings, and will in a short term be the centre of one of the finest and most populous portions of the city. Many of the original pine-trees were left standing on the grounds, which are laid out in serpentine walks, and ornamented with evergreen and flowering trees and shrubbery. In the centre is a handsome fountain, after the model of that in the Place de Concorde in Paris, and which is supplied with water from the city water-works. The lofty pines still standing, with the ornamental trees, afford a grateful shade; while the beautiful shaded walks, the luxuriant grass, the fragrant flowers, and the sparkling fountain, make Forsyth Place a delightful retreat from the noise, bustle, dust, and heat of the city.

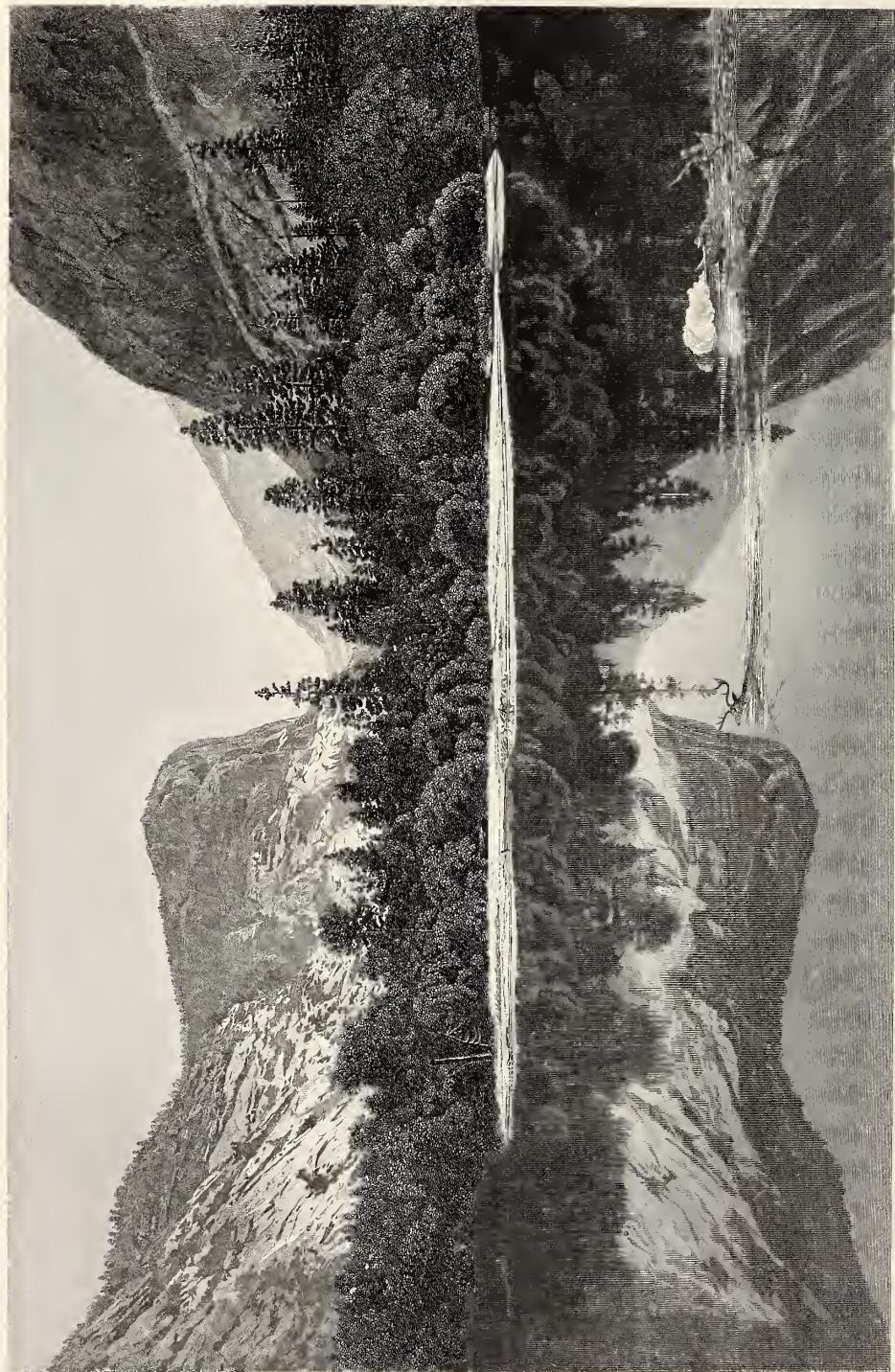
Among the peculiar features of Savannah which command the admiration of strangers are the wideness of its principal streets, abounding with shade-trees, and the flower-gardens which, in the portions of the city allotted to private residences, are attached to



View of Savannah from the River.

almost every house. Ornamental trees of various species, mostly evergreens, occupy the public squares, and stud the sidewalks in all the principal thoroughfares ; while the gardens abound with ornamental shrubbery and flowers of every variety. Conspicuous among the former are the orange-tree, with its fragrant blossoms and golden fruit in their season, the banana, which also bears its fruit, the magnolia, the bay, the cape-myrtle, the stately palmetto, the olive, the *arbor-vitæ*, the flowering oleander, and the pomegranate. Flowers are cultivated in the open air, many choice varieties—queen among them all, the beautiful *camellia Japonica*, which flourishes here in greatest perfection, the shrub growing to a height of twelve to fifteen feet—blooming in mid-winter. At all seasons, Savannah is literally embowered in shrubbery, and in the early spring months, when the annuals resume their foliage, and the evergreens shed their darker winter dress for the delicate green of the new growth, the aspect of the city is truly novel and beautiful, justly entitling it to the appropriate *sobriquet* by which it has long been known, far and wide, of the "Forest City."

The old city of Oglethorpe's time was located on the brow of the bluff, about midway between



Mauri Lake, Yosemiti Valley

Editor's Note: According to Mr. C. C. H. of the U. S. Geological Survey, the elevation of the lake is about 7,200 feet above sea level.



Fountain in Forsyth Park.

the present eastern and western suburbs, and its boundaries are still defined by the Bay and East, West, and South Broad Streets. Upon the river-front, a wide esplanade, about two hundred feet in width, extending back from the brink of the bluff, was preserved for public purposes. This is called the Bay, and is now the great commercial mart of Savannah. As commerce grew up, warehouses and shipping-offices were built by the first settlers, under the bluff between it and the river. In time these were replaced by substantial brick and stone structures, rising four and five stories high on the river-front, with one or two stories on the front facing the Bay, connecting with the top of the bluff by wooden platforms, which spanned the narrow road-way beneath, passing between the buildings and the hill-side. Some of these buildings, spared by the great fire of 1820, which consumed the larger portion of the old town, are interesting for their antique and quaint architecture. A range of them, opposite the foot of Bull Street—the

fashionable thoroughfare of the city—is made the subject of a sketch by our artist. These relics of old Savannah, and a few others, hold their place in the line of stately modern buildings, which now extend along the larger portion of the city-front under the bluff. Platforms still connect the upper stories of the stores under the bluff with the Bay; and at the foot of the principal cross-streets walled road-ways lead to the quay, which is wide, and occupied at intervals with large sheds for the protection of goods in the process of shipping and discharging. Along the quay, in close proximity to the wharves, are also located the cotton-presses and rice-mills.

While Savannah makes no special pretensions to architectural beauty, nevertheless the city contains many fine public and private buildings, and the good taste which characterizes her modern improvements evinces a progressive spirit and liberality worthy of



Monument to General Greene.



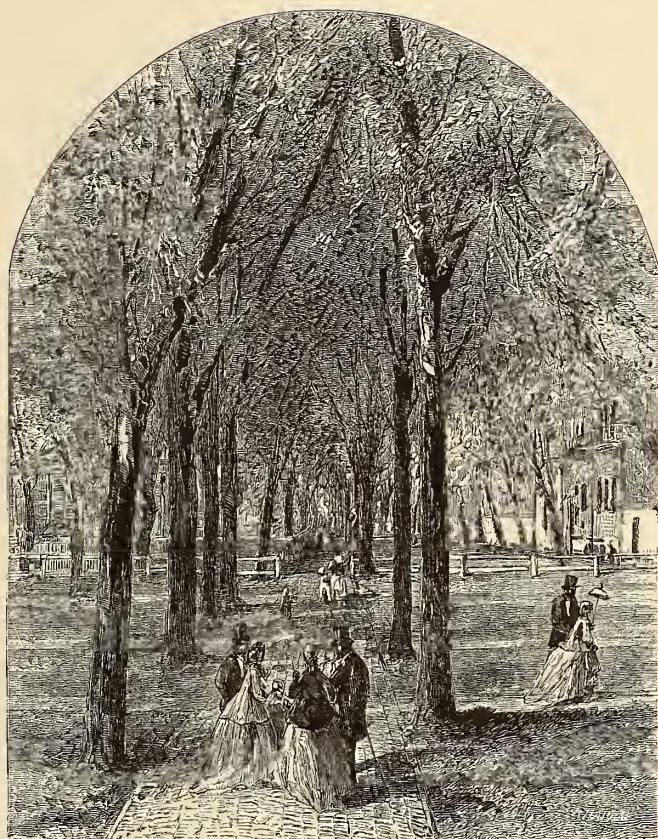
Church, Bull Street.

her rapidly-increasing wealth and commercial importance. Some of her church edifices are models of architectural beauty; and among the new buildings, many of which have been erected within the past two years, are some substantial and imposing structures. In Monument Square there is a fine marble obelisk, erected to the memory of General Greene, of Revolutionary fame, the corner-stone of which was laid by Lafayette, during his visit to America in 1825. The shaft is fifty-three feet in height. Another and very elegant structure was erected in 1853, to the memory of General Pulaski, who fell, it will be remembered, during an attack upon the city by the British, in the year 1779.

Owing to the crescent form of the city-front, its elevation, and the absence of any eligible point of observation on the opposite side of the river, it is difficult to obtain a view that will convey a correct impression of its size and appearance. This difficulty our artist experienced, as the best position which he could obtain, on Fig Island, pre-

sented but a meagre profile of the city-front and its eastern environs. He has, however, given us a sketch of the city as seen from that point, that will be readily recognized by the citizens of Savannah. The view takes in the line of Hutchinson's Island, on the opposite side of the river, which extends the entire length of the city.

The view of the mouth of the Savannah River conveys a very correct idea of the appearance of the entrance to the harbor, which is capacious and well protected, Tybee Island being the head-land on the left, and the extreme southern point of Dawfuskie Island defining the entrance to the river on the right. The steamer seen nearly opposite Fort Pulaski, which is situated on Cockspur Island, has passed the bar,



Bull Street.

upon which there is a depth of twenty-six feet of water, and, following the wide channel marked by the buoys, is proceeding on her way to the city, which may be reached at full tide, with a depth of eighteen and a half feet of water. When the dredging is completed in what is called "The Wrecks," an obstruction which has existed in the river opposite the eastern end of Fig Island since the old Revolutionary War, a much greater depth of water can be carried up to the city. Passing up the river, the stranger is struck with the peculiar aspect of the wide expanse of grass-clad salt-marsh through which it meanders, forming many islands, but preserving at all times ample width for the navigation of vessels of the largest class.

The population of Savannah, in 1870, was twenty-eight thousand, showing a large increase over the census of 1860; while her exports, during that decade, rose from seventeen million to fifty-eight million—facts affording a striking illustration of her growing importance as a commercial centre. Until the construction of the Central Railroad, thirty



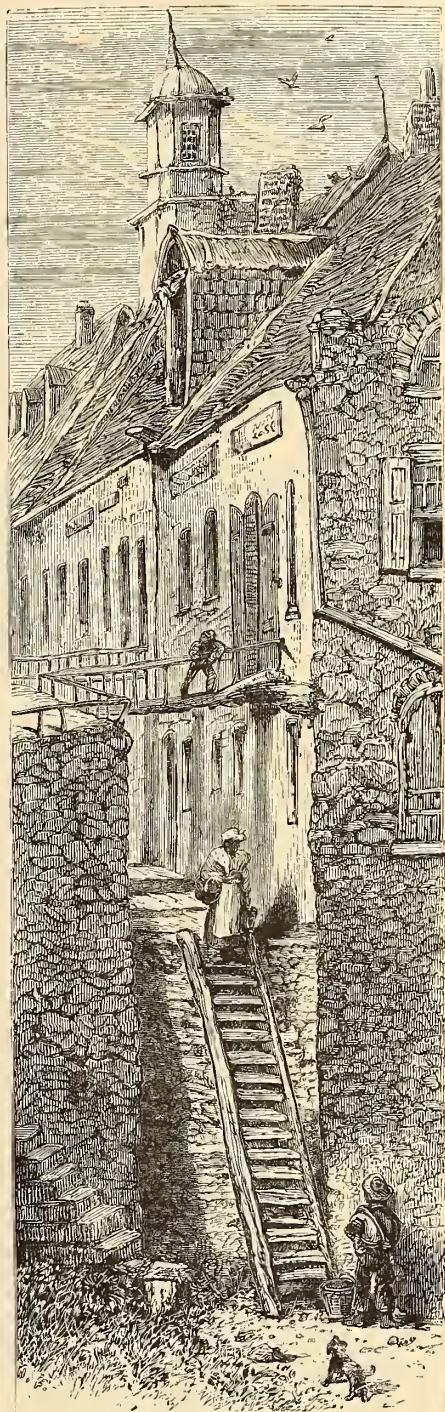
Bonaventure Cemetery.

years since, Savannah was comparatively isolated from the internal commercial world, her only communication with the interior of the State being by the Savannah River to Augusta, the head of steamboat-navigation—the wilderness and the great swamps of the Altamaha interposing an impassable barrier to the vast and fertile regions of the Southwest. By her great trunk-roads—the Central, and the Atlantic and Gulf, and their connec-

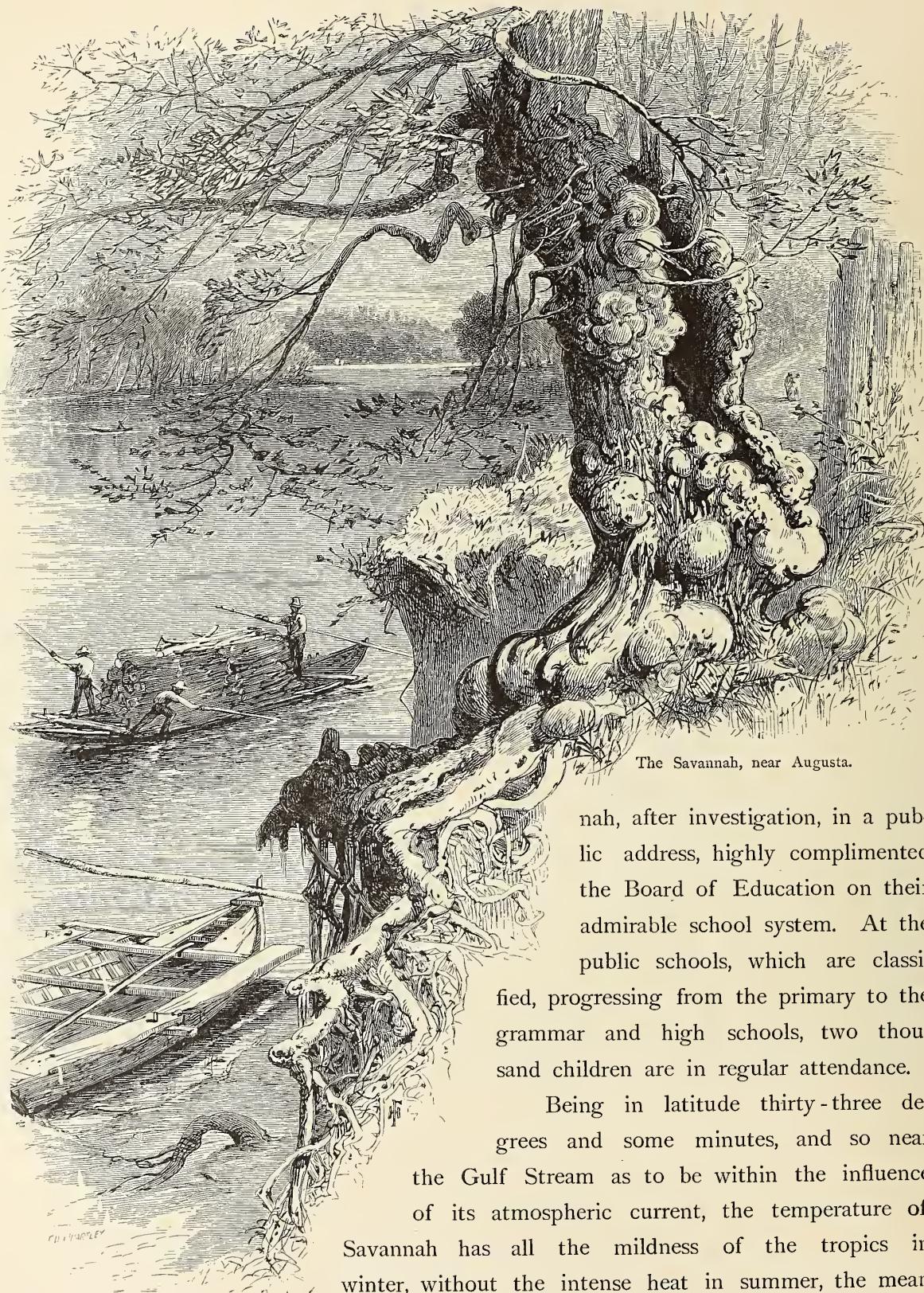
tions—she now offers an outlet for the products of the entire State of Georgia, Middle and West Florida, and portions of Alabama and Tennessee, and is in unbroken railroad connection with Memphis, Mobile, Vicksburg, Louisville, Cincinnati, and the principal commercial centres of the West. When it is considered that this system of railroad communication, which has already accomplished so much, is constantly radiating and extending; that the harbor is one of the best, safest, and most accessible on the South-Atlantic coast, and that it is almost on an air-line by the shortest route with San Diego on the Pacific, the impulse which must be given to the commerce of Savannah by the completion of the South-Pacific Railroad cannot be over-estimated.

The benevolent, literary, and educational institutions of Savannah are numerous and liberally sustained, some of them being among the oldest in the country; the Union Society, for the support and education of orphan boys, and the Female Asylum, for the care and education of orphan girls, having been founded in 1750. The St. Andrew's Society, St. George's Society, Hibernian Society, Irish Union Society, Hebrew Benevolent Society, Ladies' German Benevolent Society, the Abram's Home for Poor Widows, the Home for Old and Indigent Colored People, the Savannah Poor-House and Hospital, and the Marine Hospital, are all highly-respectable, prosperous, and beneficent institutions. There are also the Georgia Historical Society, the Georgia Medical Society, Young Men's Library Society, and Young Men's Christian Association, besides other fraternal and social associations.

The subject of popular education has commanded the attention of the best and most influential citizens of Savannah, through whose exertions, sustained by the liberal provision of the municipal government, a public-school system has been inaugurated, which is justly pronounced equal to that of any city in the Union. The Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., agent of the Peabody Fund, while on a recent visit to Savan-



Old Houses in Savannah.



The Savannah, near Augusta.

nah, after investigation, in a public address, highly complimented the Board of Education on their admirable school system. At the public schools, which are classified, progressing from the primary to the grammar and high schools, two thousand children are in regular attendance.

Being in latitude thirty-three degrees and some minutes, and so near the Gulf Stream as to be within the influence of its atmospheric current, the temperature of Savannah has all the mildness of the tropics in winter, without the intense heat in summer, the mean

temperature being sixty-six degrees, very nearly the same as that of Bermuda. The sultriness of the "heated term" in Savannah is less oppressive than in New York or Boston, mitigated as it is by a soft, humid atmosphere, and the never-failing breath of the trade-winds, so grateful at that season. In point of health, the mortuary statistics of Savannah will compare favorably with those of any other city of the same population in the United States, the locality being comparatively free from the fevers of the lower latitudes, and almost entirely exempt from the pulmonary affections so prevalent farther North. For Northern invalids the climate of Savannah, with the conveniences and comforts of the metropolis, is considered preferable to that of the sanitary retreats on the coast farther South.

Savannah is not without suburban attractions, there being several places in its vicinity of historical interest, whose sylvan character and picturesque beauty are in keeping with the "Forest City" itself. Thunderbolt, White Bluff, Isle of Hope, and Vernon, are all rural retreats on "the salts," within short drives of the city, where, in the summer months, the bracing sea-breeze and salt-water bathing are enjoyed. At each of these places, which are reached in a few minutes by an extension of the city railroad, are small settlements and good accommodations for visitors. Bethesda, about ten miles from the city, where the Union Farm School is located, was the site of the Orphan House established by Whitefield in 1740.

Our artist presents a sketch of Bonaventure, which is located on Warsaw River, a branch of the Savannah, about four miles from the city. The scenery of Bonaventure has long been renowned for its Arcadian beauty. A hundred years ago, the seat of a wealthy English gentleman, the grounds around the mansion, of which only a dim outline of its foundations remain, were laid out in wide avenues, and flanked with native live-oaks. These trees, long since fully grown, stand like massive columns on either side, while their far-reaching branches, interlacing overhead like the fretted roof of some vast cathedral, the deep shade of their evergreen foliage shutting out the sky above, and the long, gray moss-drapery depending from the leafy canopy, silent and still, or gently moving in the breeze, give to the scene a weird and strangely-sombre aspect at once picturesque and grandly solemn. Many years ago Bonaventure was devoted to the purpose for which it is so peculiarly fitted by Nature, and became the burial-place of many of the prominent families of Savannah, whose memorial monuments add to its solemn beauty. Recently the place has been purchased by a company, by whom it has been enclosed, the trees trimmed, the grounds cleared of their rank growth, laid out in lots, and opened to the public as a cemetery. In this operation much of the wild beauty of Bonaventure has been literally trimmed away, thus demonstrating the fact that, in the picturesque at least, it is not always in the power of art to improve upon Nature.

Though constantly threatened from the commencement of the war till its evacua-

THE SAVANNAH, AT AUGUSTA.

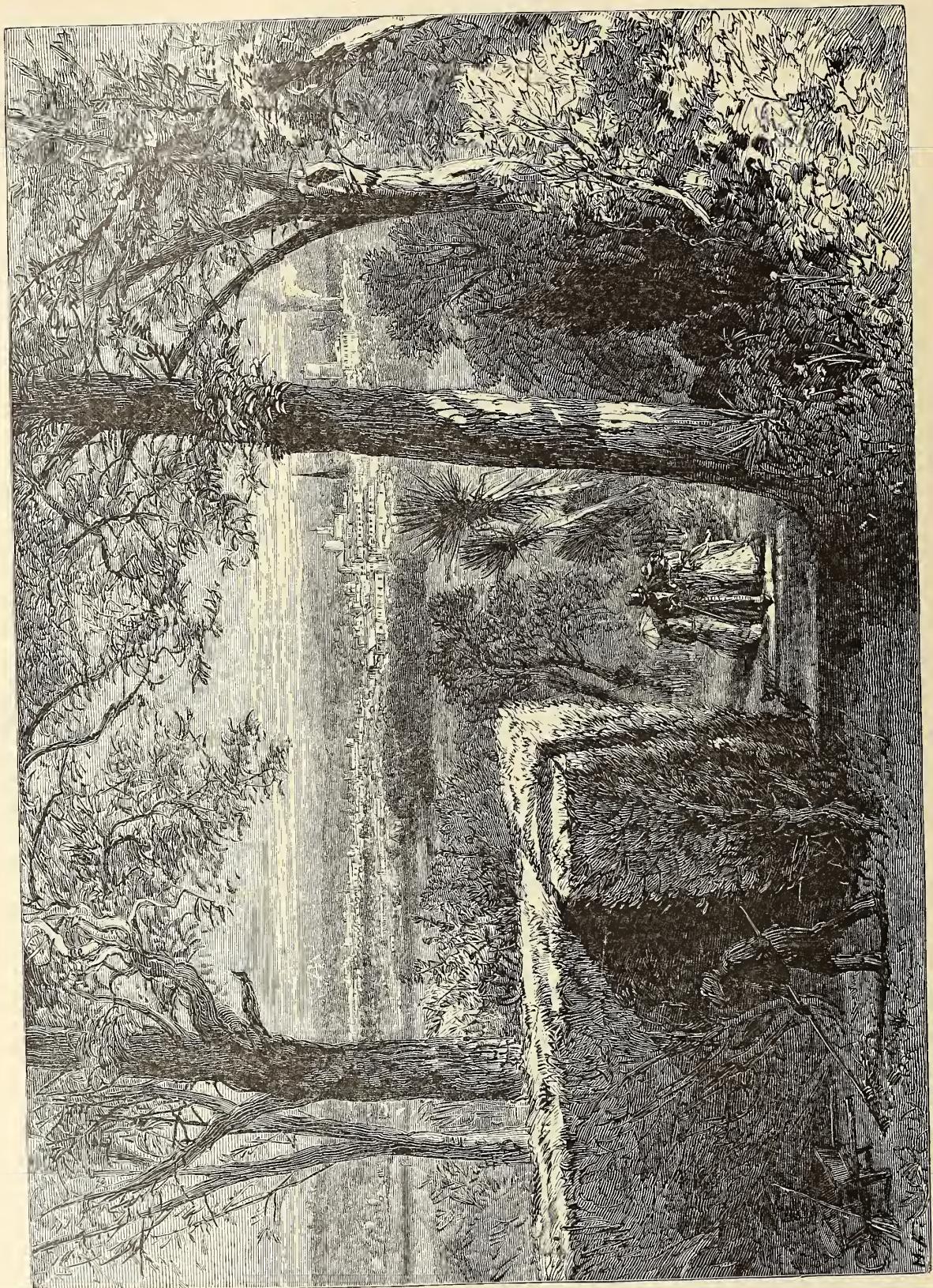


tion at its close, Savannah was so fortunate as to escape attack. Since the war her citizens have been equally fortunate in being able to preserve her municipal government in the hands of her own people. A wise and prudent administration of her affairs, together with the business enterprise and energy of her citizens in reopening and extending the old channels of commerce, and in inviting and providing employment to capital and enterprise from abroad, has given an extraordinary impetus to the growth and commercial prosperity of the city, which, with the great natural advantages of her position and the accomplishment of the great enterprises of internal improvement with which her interests are identified, afford the most encouraging assurance of a prosperous future.

Augusta, which lies at the other extreme of the navigable waters of the Savannah, was settled only two years later than its seaward rival. Like Savannah, it was laid out under the personal supervision of General Oglethorpe, to whom it is indebted for its name, given in honor of one of the English princesses. It is situated on a broad plain. The wooded and winding Savannah waters one of its sides; handsome villa-crowned hills environ it on others. The taste which has made Savannah one of the handsomest of cities is apparent here also in its broad avenues richly shaded with antique trees. The recent war laid no devastating hand on its handsome streets or its embowered villas; unlike so many of the Southern cities, it stands with the beauty and grace that the years have given it, unimpaired by misfortune and uninjured by firebrand or assault. But it has not always been so fortunate in escaping the horrors of war; for, during the Revolution, it was of so much importance as a military post as to lead to several desperate battles for its possession. The vindictiveness that characterized the war of the Revolution all through the South was exhibited here. In 1780, the city was in the hands of the invader, and the patriots made a gallant effort to retake it. But they failed, and the British commander was so exasperated at the attempt that he ordered the immediate execution of a number of prisoners in his possession.

The most beautiful of its avenues is Greene Street, which is lined with fine mansions. Tall, spreading trees not only grace the sidewalks, but a double row, with grassy spaces between, run down the centre of the ample roadway. This sets beautiful park-grounds before every man's door; and the children playing under the trees, and the roaming cattle that are allowed to gather in the grateful shade, give the scene a domestic peace that is very charming. Here stands the City Hall, a really fine building of venerable age, set in an ample green amid tall trees, and having about it an air of dignity and repose. The building and grounds are kept with scrupulous care, and the scene has more of the rich, quiet charm that pertains to an English university-town than is usually found in our rude, new-made American cities. A tall granite column standing before the hall in the green of the roadway, commemorating the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Georgia, adds dignity and finish to the picture. The main business-

VIEW OF AUGUSTA, FROM SUMMerville.



street is also wide; it is lined with handsome shops, in which may be noted abundant signs of activity; and it is thronged with great crowds of vehicles from the country.

Augusta is an important cotton-market, its situation at the head of navigation on the Savannah giving it good facilities for shipping. Hence cotton centres here from all the surrounding country; it comes in the shipping-season in vast abundance, both by rail and by wagons. At this period every road is crowded with huge vehicles drawn by four and six mules, and piled high with the precious merchandise, wending their way toward the river, while the streets of Augusta are thronged with these vehicles in picturesque confusion. Active scenes are witnessed on the banks of the river, where small stern-wheel steamers come up and bury themselves to their smoke-pipes in cotton-bales. The groups of boats shown in the engraving illustrating this scene are just below the long and handsome bridge which connects Augusta with the town of Hamburg, on the South-Carolina side of the river. The Savannah, although at the head of navigation, is wide at this point, and its shores are picturesque. Along the high banks upon which Augusta is situated are rows of old mulberry-trees, the trunks of which are covered with warts and knobs, and their gnarled, fantastic roots exposed by the washings of many freshets. Facing these trees are many pleasantly-situated cottages and villas, with very charming prospects of the river and the green slopes of the opposite shore.

We give a view of Augusta from Summerville, a suburban town of handsome villas, situated on high hills two or three miles from the city. A line of horse-cars runs from the town to the summit of the range. Here are situated many villas and cottages, embowered in trees, with broad verandas, handsome gardens, and many signs of wealth and culture. The scene is more Northern in its general features than Southern; the houses are like the Northern suburban villas, and the gardens not essentially different, although the Spanish bayonet—that queer horticultural caprice, with its bristling head of pikes—shows a proximity to tropical vegetation. These heights form a part of the famous red sand-hills of Georgia, and a characteristic feature are the rich red tints of the roadways.

Augusta has been quietly solving the problem whether cotton fabrics can be manufactured profitably in cotton-growing sections, by establishing and successfully working a large factory, which now employs over five hundred operatives. A canal, which brings the upper floods of the Savannah to the city at an elevation of forty feet, supplies ample water-power for factories, and is encouraging an extensive embarkation into manufactures. It is nine miles long. The United States have an arsenal at Augusta, on the Summerville hills. Here, during the war, the Confederates built extensive workshops and powder-mills, which now have a curious interest to the visitor. The population of this city, according to the census of 1870, was over fifteen thousand.

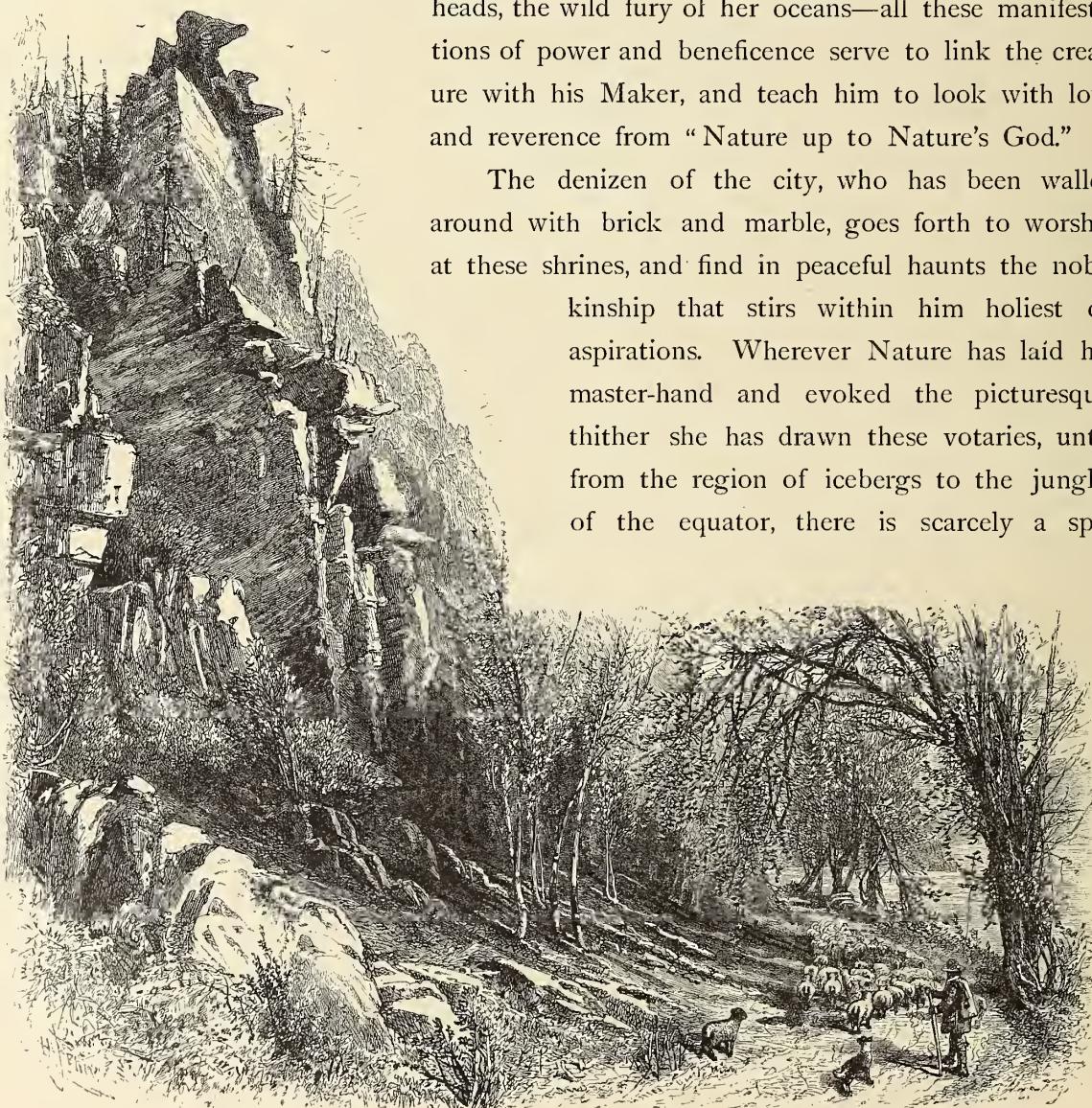
THE FRENCH BROAD.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

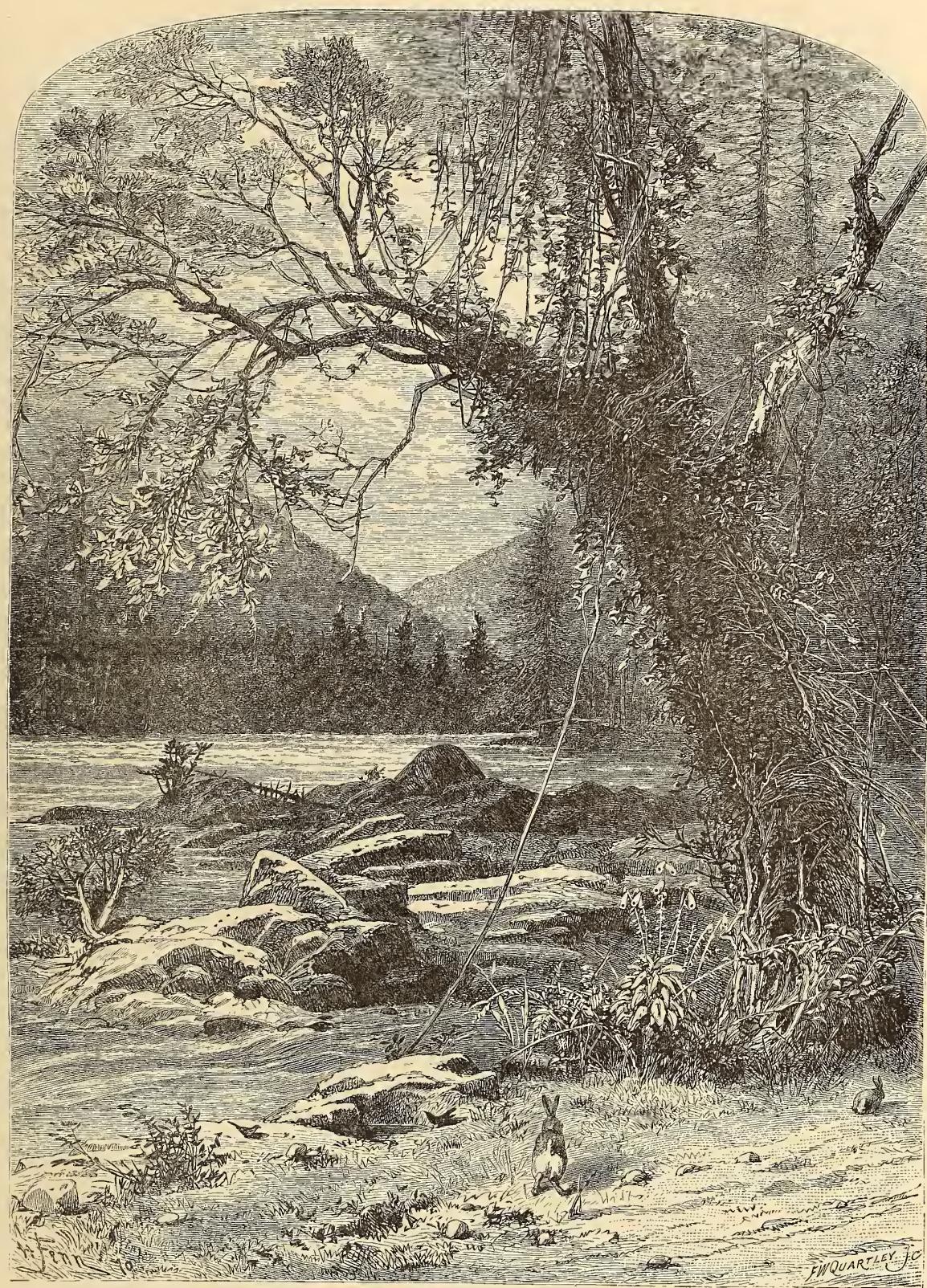
NATURE seldom repeats herself. In all of her wild vagaries, on river, plain, and mountain, there is observable the same diversity of outline and expression that is to be seen in the highest type of creation—man. The scenery which springs forth with such marvellous variety at her magic touch—now rugged, now grand, now full of grace and beauty, now calm as the ethereal blue, never palling upon the eye—the music of her water-falls, the solemnity of her forests, the reverberations of her mountain-heads, the wild fury of her oceans—all these manifestations of power and beneficence serve to link the creature with his Maker, and teach him to look with love and reverence from “Nature up to Nature’s God.”

The denizen of the city, who has been walled around with brick and marble, goes forth to worship at these shrines, and find in peaceful haunts the noble

kinship that stirs within him holiest of aspirations. Wherever Nature has laid her master-hand and evoked the picturesque, thither she has drawn these votaries, until, from the region of icebergs to the jungles of the equator, there is scarcely a spot



Paint Rock, on the French Broad.



THE FRENCH BROAD.

replete with attraction that has not at some time been the abiding-place of the tourist and stranger.

Such is eminently true of our own America; and yet, in the vastness of the continent, new beauties are being continually discovered, and points of interest are becoming places of resort, which, but a few years ago, were known only to the explorer or the local inhabitant. The Adirondacks, the Yosemite Valley, the cañons of the Western mountains, the wilds of Maine—these, and other localities, are becoming as familiar to the summer traveller as are the fashionable neighborhoods of Niagara, Memphremagog, or the White Mountains.

Still another section of the country which seems destined at no distant day to become a place of recreation, and to attract the artist and lover of Nature, is that portion of Western North Carolina through which course the beautiful waters of the French Broad River and other mountain-streams, and which may be described in general terms as the table-land of the Blue Ridge.

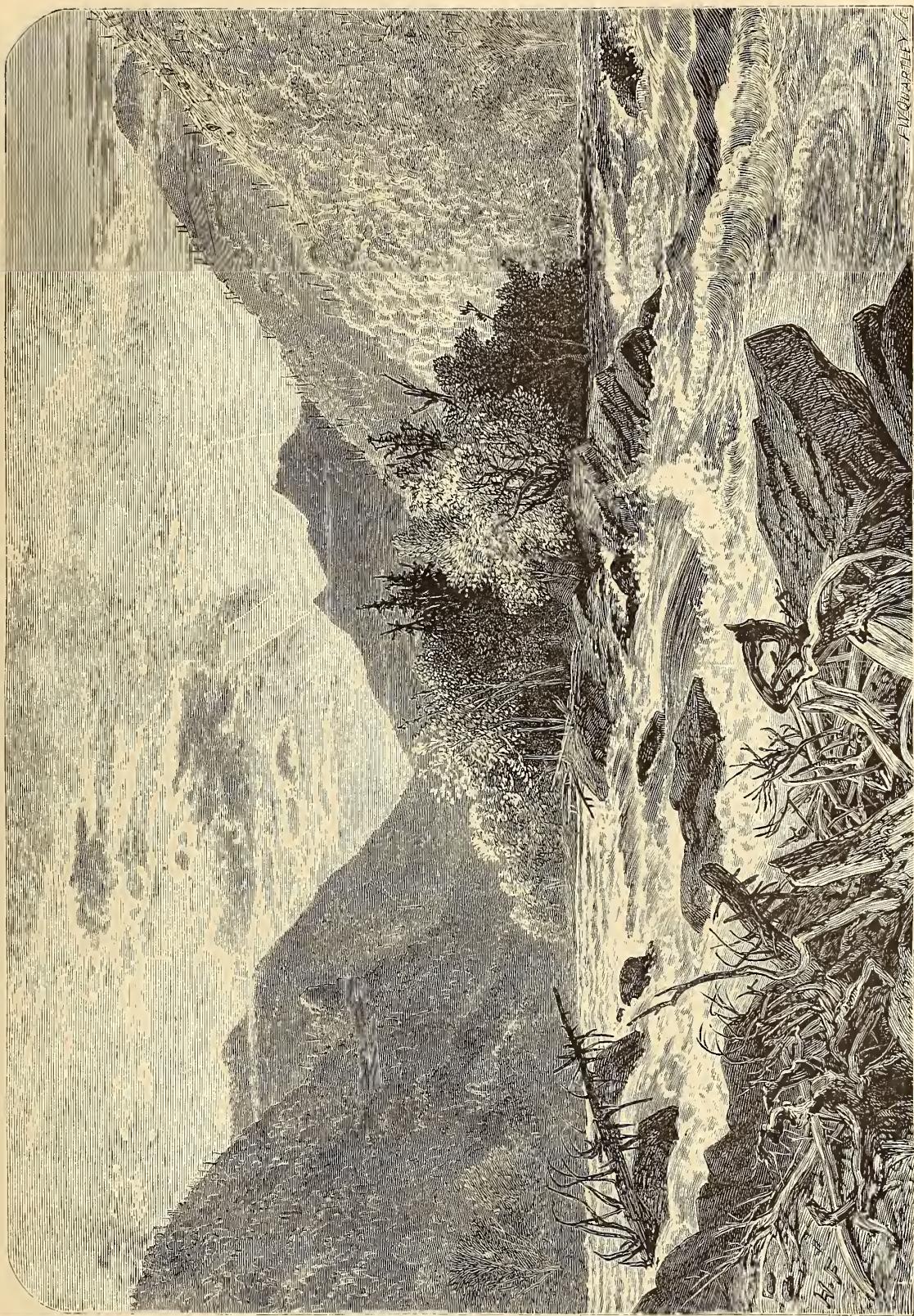
The fame of the beauty and the sublimity of the scenery is extensive, and the realization does not belie the report. Tall, grim, old rocks lift their bald heads far, far toward the heavens, in all the sublimity of solemn grandeur; while in the vision of the distant lowlands, that may be enjoyed from this summit or that, is a soft, sweet delicacy which breathes almost of the celestial, and makes one feel unconscious of aught save the panorama of loveliness before him.

Indeed, it would seem as if Nature had selected this region for the display of her fantastic power in uplifting the earth, and giving to it strange shapes and startling contrasts—in imparting curious physiognomies to the mountains and evoking melody from the water-falls.

The locality comprises about eight thousand square miles of territory, and, though settled more than a hundred years ago, and a great pass-way from the West to the East and South, has not yet seen a single railway penetrate the solid walls that form its border. The old-fashioned stage-coach still lumbers along the mountain-turnpikes, and holds undisputed sway on the flower-lined road that follows the course of the river; and the locomotive lingers at each portal, as if it were sacrilege to break the silence of the spot. Perhaps it is best that it is so, for there is certainly a shadow of romance in travelling through these solitudes in the good old style of our forefathers, and there is often a keen relish in experiencing the primitive customs and semi-aboriginal comforts of this wild region.

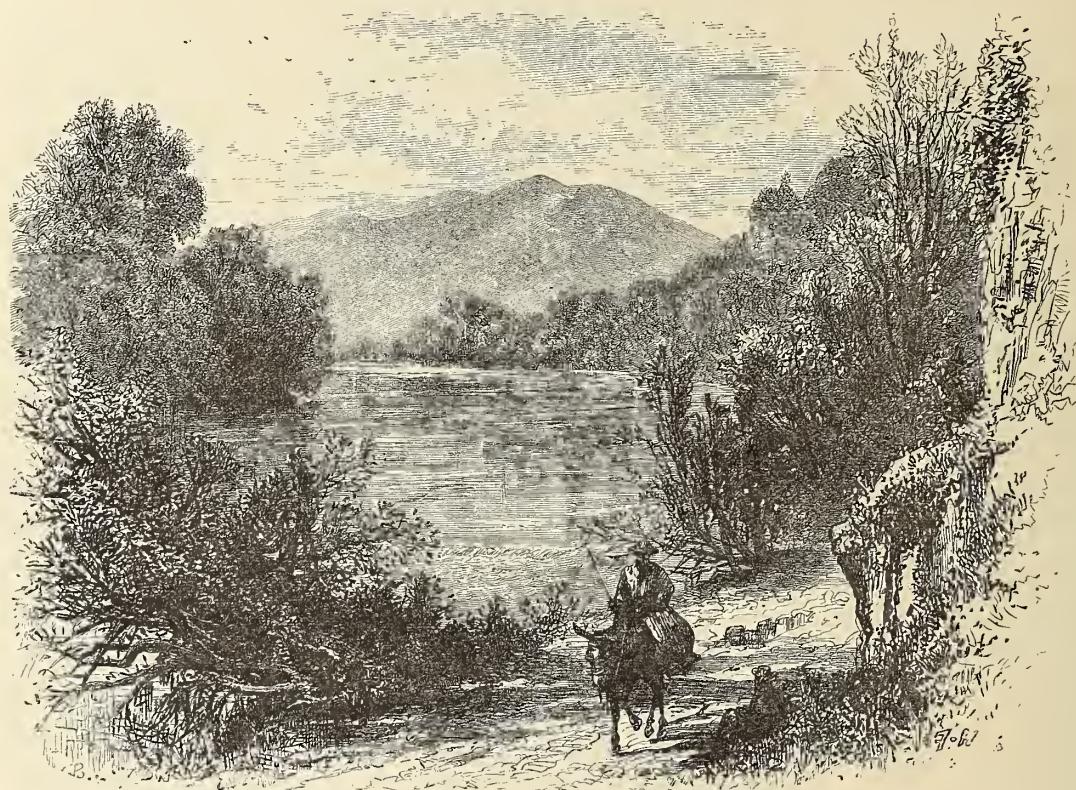
In journeying to this "land of the sky," the traveller from either North or West will find it convenient to approach from East Tennessee, and leave the cars at Greenville, the home of ex-President Andrew Johnson. Here a stage may be taken, which carries him along under the brows of hills and mountains, crowned with the Canada balsam, the Norway spruce, the hemlock, and white-pine. On the one hand he will catch

MOUNTAIN ISLAND



glimpses of distant valleys, rich to repletion, in which clusters of farm-houses dot the prospect; and on the other tower tall peaks, that have no rivals this side of the Rocky Mountains. A drive of a few miles brings him to a range known as the Iron or Great Smoky Mountains, and here he passes under the shadow of that curious formation known to the tourist as Paint Rock. The French Broad, likewise, bursts upon his view in all its wild beauty; and from this point to Asheville, in North Carolina, and beyond, the scene is one of mingled loveliness and grandeur.

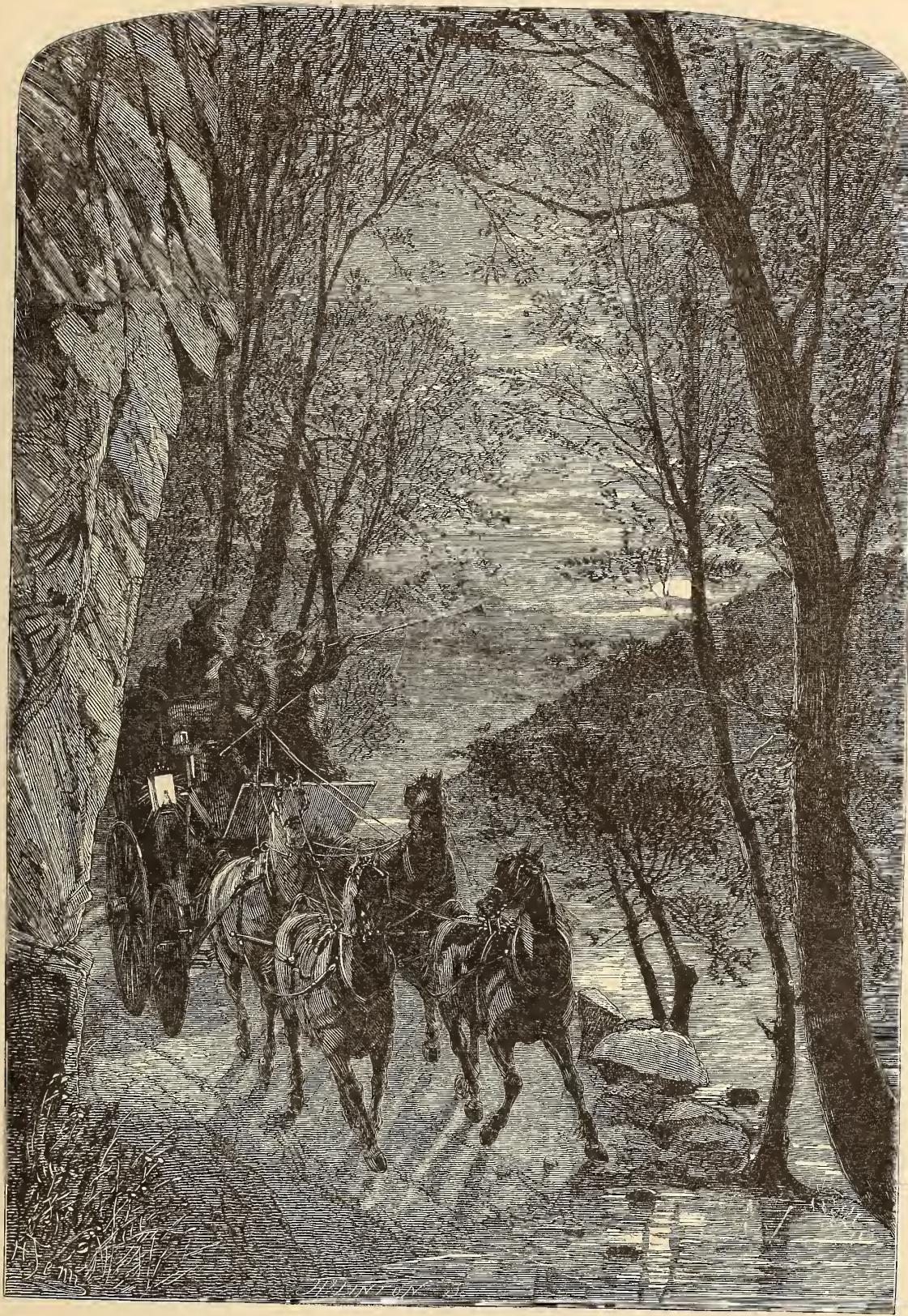
We linger briefly, however, before pursuing the journey, to describe the river, of which it may be said that, in all this gallery of Nature's strange fantasies, none possess



A Scene on the French Broad.

so many characteristics at once peculiar in themselves and attractive to the tourist and scientist as the French Broad.

In the Indian vernacular, it was originally known as Tselica; but the Cherokees now call it Tockyeste, signifying, and not untruthfully, "The Little Roarer," or, as translated by some, "The Racer." Its present name is said to be derived as follows: "In the early settlement of the country, a party of hunters left what was then Mecklenburg, North Carolina, for the mountains. Crossing Broad River in Rutherford County they so named it; the next they called the Second Broad, and the third Main Broad. Then, crossing the Blue Ridge at Hickory-Nut Gap, they came to a stream which



"THE LOVERS' LEAP"—APPROACH BY NIGHT.

they called Cane Creek, from the abundance of cane growing on its banks—a singular thing in the mountains. Following this branch, the hunters came to a larger and broader river, into which it emptied, and named it the French Broad, because all of the country west of the Blue Ridge was then held by that nation."

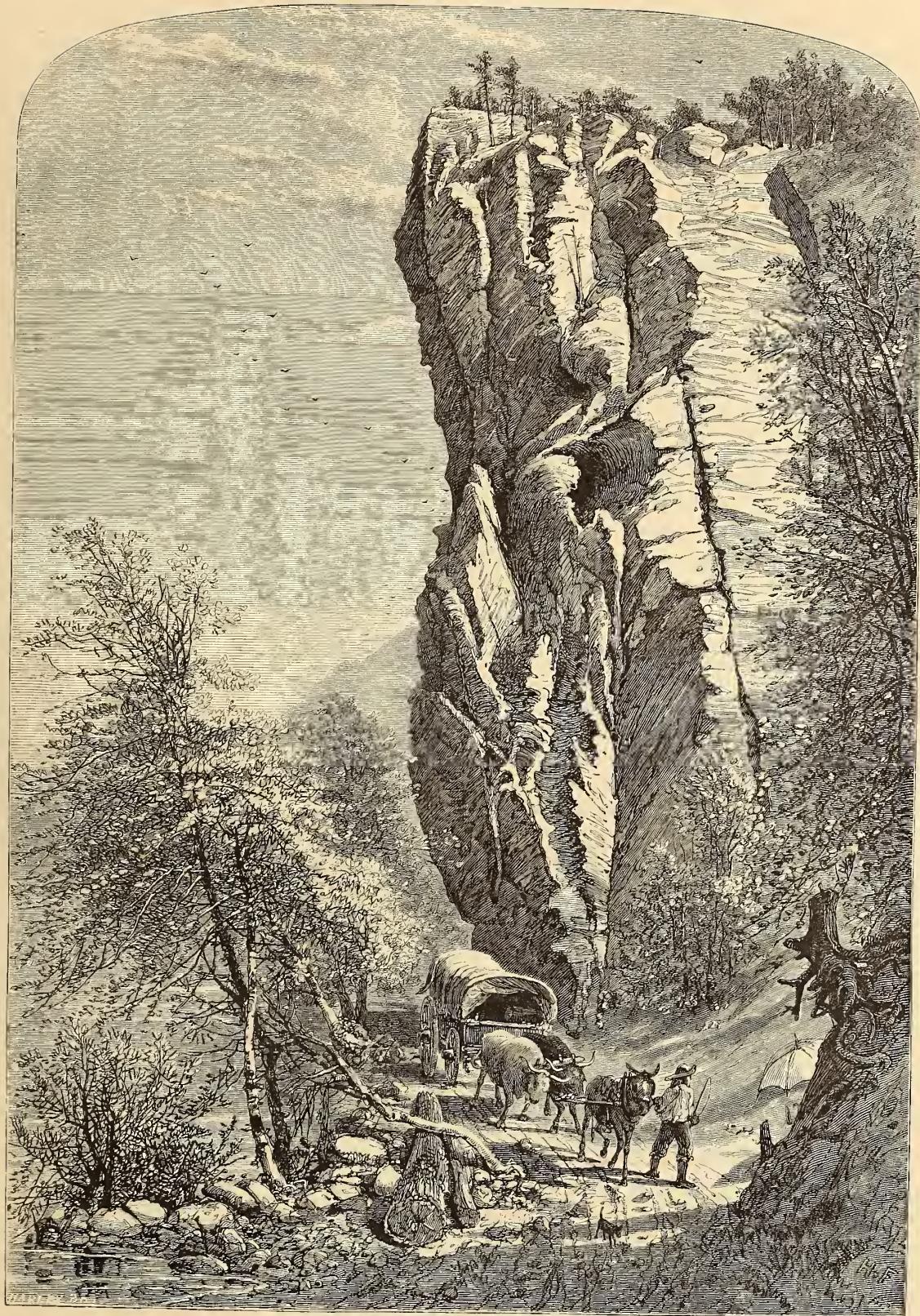
It rises in the Blue Ridge, on the South-Carolina line, but a few feet from the head-waters of the Congaree, on the south side of the divide. Thence it flows northward to Tennessee, the first forty miles of its journey being through a broad, fertile valley, famed for its beauty of scenery and fertility of soil. The route from this direction is perhaps the most comfortable by which one can approach Asheville.

These upper waters of the French Broad are now a favorite place of resort, and the traveller will find at Flat Rock numerous summer residences of wealthy Carolinians, where art and Nature have combined to make one of the loveliest localities in that section of the country. Caesar's Head, near by, is a lofty mountain, one side of which is a perpendicular precipice of great height, from which may be had an extensive view of the upper portion of South Carolina. An hotel is erected within a few rods of the precipice, and, as may be imagined, it is a cool and delightful spot in which to spend a summer vacation.

In approaching Asheville, the scene changes; the hills press close in upon the river, and the rapids grow more and more furious, until they make their final plunge at Mountain Island. This singular formation is caused by the river forcing its way through the ridge on each side of a knob, from fifty to seventy-five feet in height. The fall, at this point, is about forty-five feet, and the road, which above runs almost into the river, below skirts a dark and solemn abyss. The view by our artist is taken just above the falls; yet, beautiful as is the picture, neither pen nor pencil can do justice to the real grandeur of this mountain-scene.

The geographical centre of this French-Broad region is Asheville, a delightful town, located on a hill above the river, two thousand two hundred and twelve feet above the level of the sea. The view here embraces, on the one side, seemingly interminable ranges of mountains, from which at least a hundred peaks rise to hold communion with the clouds; and, on the other, a beautiful valley, where courses the river, not, as yet, pent up within its rocky walls and foaming on in its mad career.

"The soil of this region is singularly fertile. This is due in the valleys to the wash from the mountains, but many of the mountains of this interior basin present the strange anomaly of being fertile to their very tops. It is a singular fact respecting this country that the sharp-peaked mountains are all poor land, while those which are rounded, and come up rather rolling and gently, are almost invariably rich. There are no lakes in this region; yet, from the peculiar formation of certain sections, it would seem that there once had been. The soil is generally a decomposition of granite, gneiss, and limestone. It is rich in potash, and contains undissolved particles of mica; its color



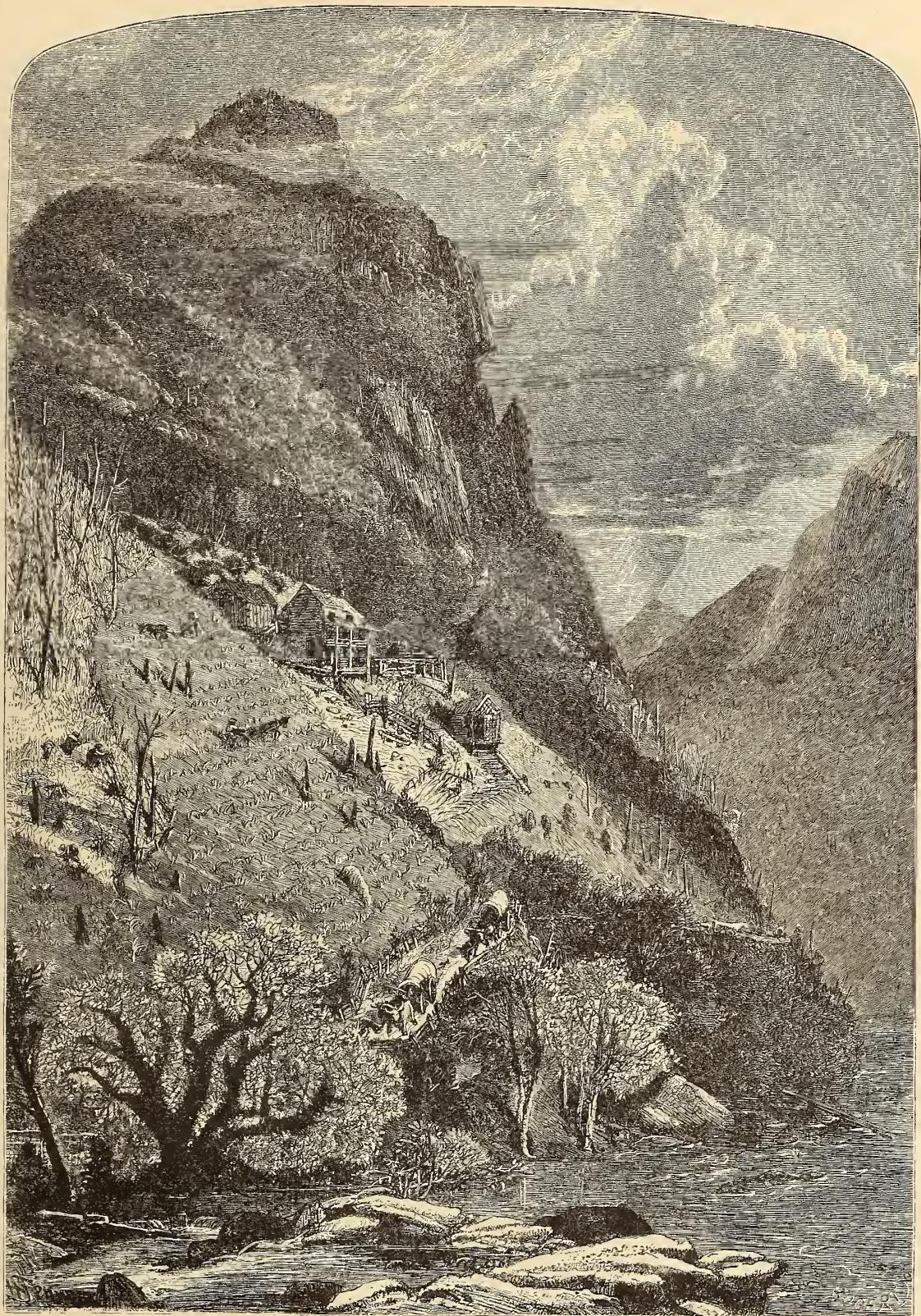
"THE LOVERS' LEAP"—AT EARLY SUNRISE

is dark, and to the touch has a soapy feel. The tree-growth is chestnut, oaks, hickory, black and white walnuts, cucumber-tree, ash, linden, and sugar-maple. Dr. Curtis, a distinguished geologist, once said that he found every shrub and flower near Niagara Falls duplicated in Buncombe County, North Carolina."

The journey from Asheville down the French Broad to the Warm Springs, and onward for several miles, is one of the most picturesque that can be conceived; for at every turn new beauties are presented to the eye, that linger in memory long after the scene has faded from view. Our artist, in his several sketches of the route, has as faithfully represented its general character as a mere copy will permit. The road is a kind of terrace, resembling a shelf, dark woods and steep rocks overhanging it on one side, and, on the other, the river rushing, tumbling, and roaring over ledges of rock in its frantic haste. Occasionally, at a sudden bend, you will see the sweetest little dells in the world, canopied by the spruce and hemlock, by laurel and running vines, where the sunshine never intrudes, and the shade is a perpetual invitation to rest. Here and there a stream of water gushes from the mountain, and, trickling down the brown face of the rocks like crystal tears, hurries across the road in a little streamlet to join the grander flow that is coursing to the sea.

By moonlight the scene is singularly impressive. The old-fashioned stage-coach, creaking and swaying at every jolt; the driver, with his quaint speech; the notes of his horn, cheerily ringing out in the midnight air, and losing themselves in the distant echoes bounding from hill to hill; the opposite shores of the river, looking in the dim light like great black clouds that reach from earth heavenward; the curling billows at your feet, wallowing one after another upon the shore, and catching rainbow hues from the lamps upon your coach; the long, feathery lines of foam that have broken loose from the dark ledges in the river; the great rocks, like Lovers' Leap, that rise overhead, spectre-like, and sublime in their massiveness—all these are incidents of a midnight journey along the French Broad that the tourist will recognize as among the most charming of a lifetime.

The view by day is thus described in the *Southern Quarterly Review*: "Our road, an excellent one for the mountains, is cut out along the very margin of the river. Occasionally there is no ledge to protect you from the steep. The track does not often admit of two carriages abreast, and huge immovable boulders sometimes contract to the narrowest measures the pathway for the single one. You wind along the precipice with a perpetual sense of danger, which increases the sublimity of the scene. The river, meanwhile, boils, bounds, and rages at your feet, tossing in strange writhings over the fractured masses of the rock, and plunging headlong with a groan into great cavities between, now leaping with a surging hiss down sudden steeps, which it approaches unprepared. Beyond you note the perpendicular heights, stern, dark, jagged, suspending a thousand feet in air



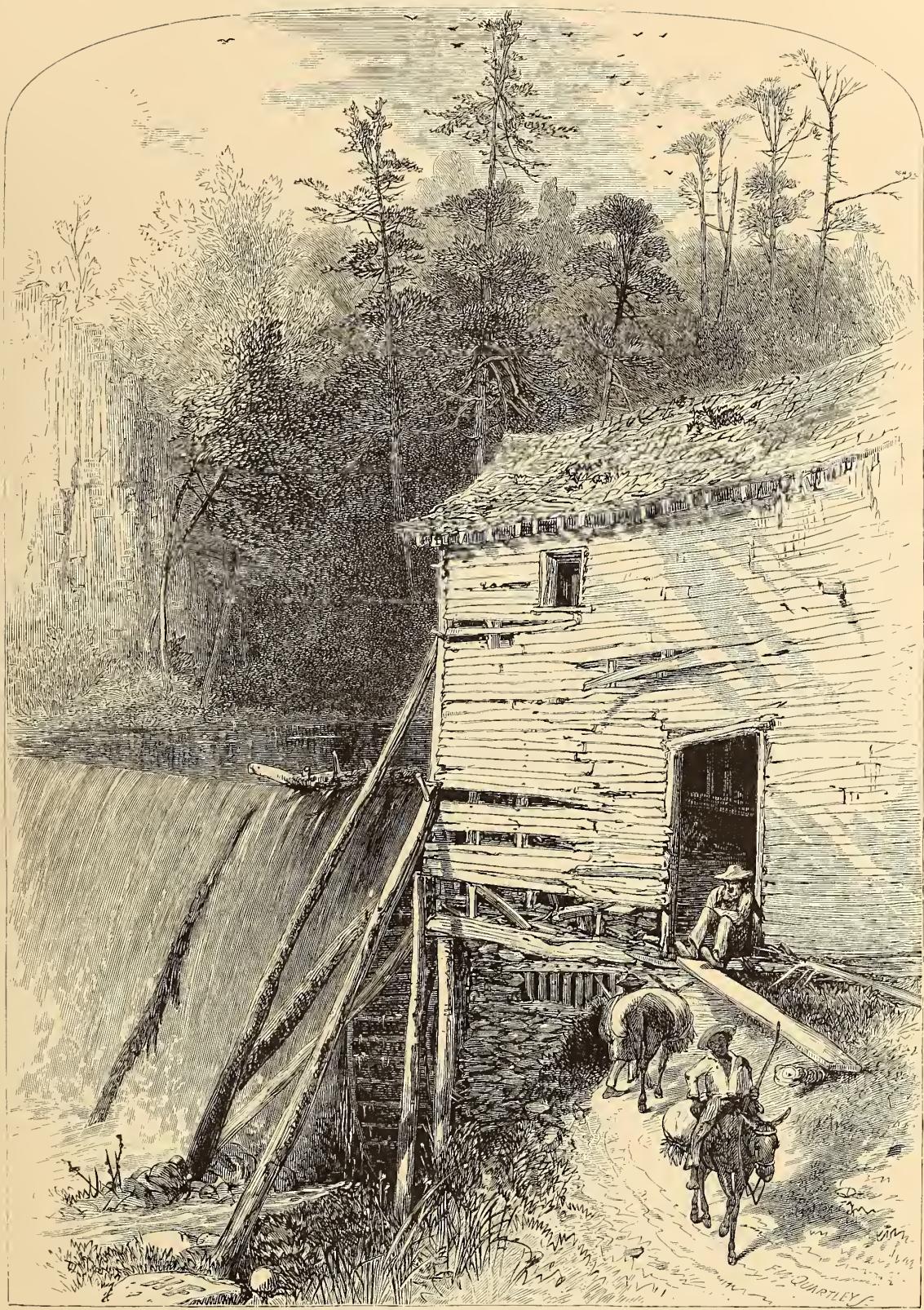
A FARM ON THE FRENCH BROAD.

" You find yourself suddenly in a cavernous avenue. Look up and behold an enormous boulder thrust out from the mountain-side, hanging completely over you like an Atlantcan roof, but such a roof as threatens momently to topple down in storm and thunder on your head. And thus, with a sense keenly alive to the startling aspects in the forms around you—the superior grandeur of the heights, the proof which they everywhere present that the volcano and the torrent have but recently done their work of convulsion and revolution—you hurry on for miles, relieved occasionally by scenes of strangely-sweet beauty in the valleys, where the waters are calm, where they no longer hiss and boil and rage and roar in conflict with the masses whose bonds they have broken, and where, leaping away into an even and unruffled flow, they seem to sleep in lakes whose edges bear fringes of flowery vines and the loveliest floral tangles, from which you may pluck at seasons the purplest berries drooping to the very lips of the waters.

" Sometimes these seeming lakes gather about the prettiest islets, that prompt you to fancy abodes such as the fairies delighted to explore, and where, indeed, the Cherokee has placed a class of spirits with strange, mysterious powers, who are acknowledged to maintain a singular influence over the red-man's destinies. A landscape-painter of real talent would find, along the two great stems of the French Broad, a thousand pictures far superior to any thing ever yet gathered on the banks of the Hudson or the groups of the Catskill."

Near the Tennessee boundary, and close by the Warm Springs, the road lies in the shadow of the bold mountain-precipices known as the Paint Rocks. These have a perpendicular elevation of between two and three hundred feet. Their name is derived from the Indian pictures yet to be seen upon them. In a poem entitled "Tselica," the late William Gilmore Simms has woven into beautiful verse a charming legend of the spot. "The tradition of the Cherokees," he says, "asserts the existence of a siren in the French Broad, who allures the hunter to the stream and strangles him in her embrace, or so infects him with some mortal disease that he invariably perishes." The locality at this point is strangely beautiful, and it is not a matter of wonder that the Warm Springs in the immediate neighborhood should be the summer resort of hundreds who seek health and the keen enjoyment which Nature here contributes to every sense.

These springs are among the natural curiosities of the Atlantic States; and in their curative properties, especially when employed in rheumatic and cutaneous affections, they are said to rival the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. The temperature of the water varies from eighty to one hundred and ten degrees, the location of the various outlets apparently determining its grade. Analysis has demonstrated that it gives off free sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid, and holds in solution carbonate and sulphate of lime, with a trace of magnesia. Baths of various kinds are arranged for the convenience of the visitors; and the fare, the trout-fishing, and hunting, are all that can be desired at a country watering-place.



OLD MILL.—REEMS'S CREEK.

The artist has graphically portrayed, in an accompanying picture, one of the many striking scenes upon the French Broad—a farm on a hill-side. The mountain lifts its lofty peak to mingle with the clouds; and its rough escarpment, taking new expression from every point of view, overhangs the famous Buncombe Turnpike, which winds along the base, skirting the river's edge. This road was built by the State, about forty years ago, and is the great route for hogs and cattle driven from East Tennessee to the cotton-growing section of South Carolina. Originally, it was the old Indian trail. Previous to 1860, as many as sixty thousand head would pass over this route during the winter; and these animals, with their human tenders, made a market for the surplus produce of the hill-sides. Still, as may be imagined from the sketch, farming under such circumstances is rather a precarious business; for, notwithstanding the fact that the soil is astonishingly rich in potash and vegetable matter—a black, fatty-looking loam—the



A Team on the French Broad.

difficulties that attend its cultivation require from the hardy agriculturist unusual patience and toil.

A low-country man, on his way to the Springs, once asked one of these farmers, who was something of a wag:

"Say, squire, you don't grow corn up yonder, do you?"

"Well, I reckon I do."

"How much do you get to the acre?"

"Nigh on to twenty-five bushel—shelled—that or thereabouts."

"But how do you manage to plough on those hills?"

"Why, that's easy enough. Yer see, our animals is born kinder irreg'lar-like—two short legs and two long legs—and the long legs allers travel on the down-hill side."

"Just one question more, squire—how in thunder do you plant it when you get among the rocks?"



H. F. LINN

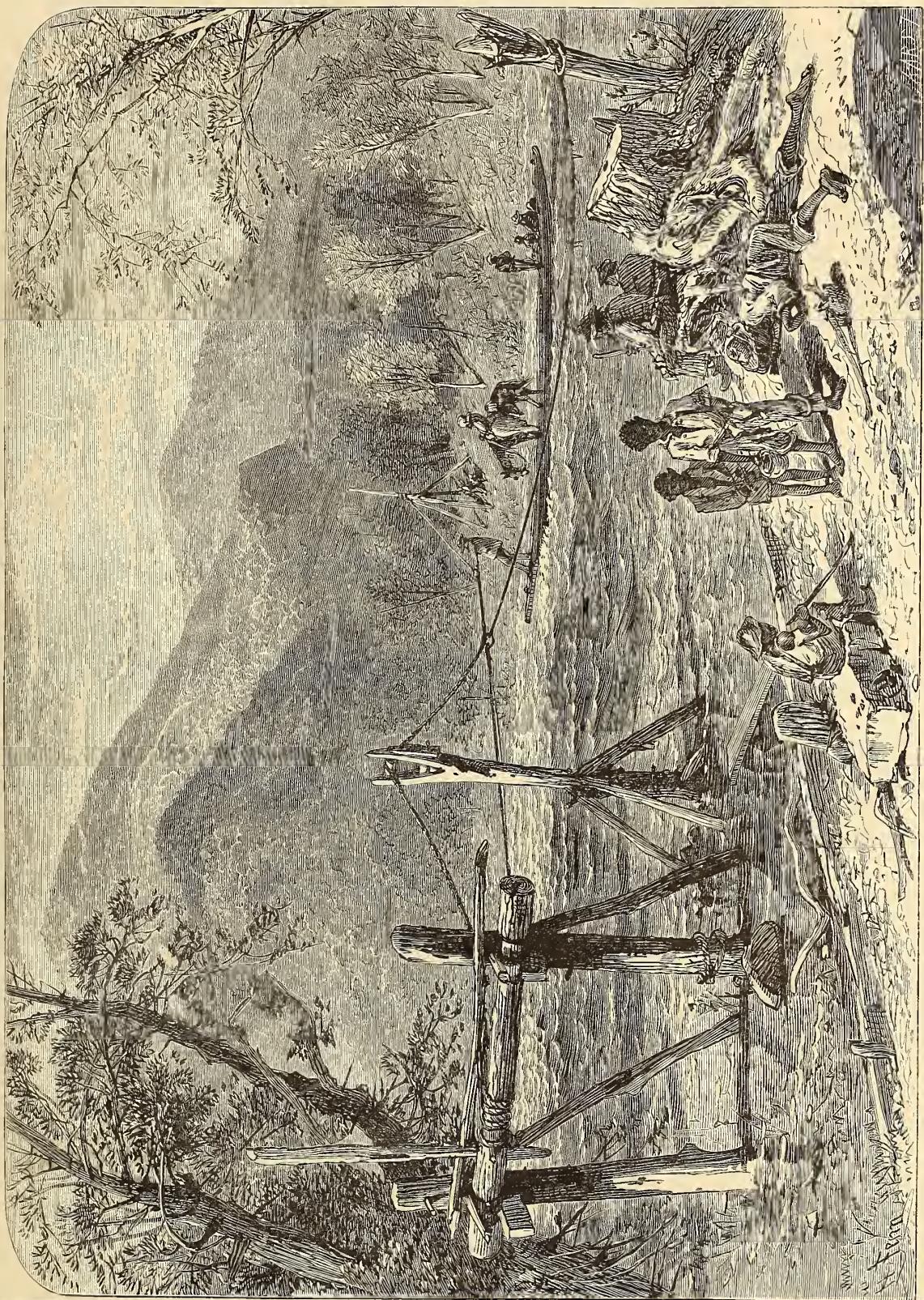
Entered according to Act of Congress in 1867, by H. F. Linn & Co. in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

S. C. HOUNI

The Mount Washington Trail
(WHITE MOUNTAINS)

New York, D. Appleton & Co

A FERRY ON THE FRENCH BROAD



"Wall, that's easy too. We jes' load our shot-guns with the kernels, and stan' down here and shoot 'em right inter the ground, and thar it grows spontanous-like."

Not an unentertaining study of human and animal nature is likewise presented in the old-fashioned country "schooners," with their teams and drivers, which traverse the turnpike, carrying the produce of East Tennessee to the upper country of South Carolina. Ethiopia in her rags, and mule-power with all of its obstinacy, here find their fitting representatives. There is no spectacle more unique, in all the range of Southern reminiscences, than the mutual sympathy which seems to exist between man and beast on the road, in the camp, and at the corn-crib. A rope constitutes the sole electric current between hand and bit, and half a dozen strange sounds in the vernacular of the driver, now persuasive and now emphatic, serve to surmount every difficulty likely to present itself on the mountain-paths.

Another point of interest, but a short distance off the route, which has been depicted by the artist, is the old mill on Reem's Creek—one of the landmarks of the days when it was a struggle between the Indian and the pale-face as to which should hold the land. The creek rises in the Black Mountains, and empties into the French Broad; and the mill is historic as being the oldest building this side of the mountains. It was built there by the settler from whom its name is derived, as "a sort of fort, something of a store, and a little of a mill." The old ford of the French Broad is just at the mouth of the creek, and it is a part of the tradition of the neighborhood that Daniel Boone here first learned to shoot Indians and bears.

A few miles up the stream are some of the most beautiful valleys in the world, and on one of the mountain-spurs near by are cornfields, three thousand five hundred feet higher than the sea, which are said to have yielded fifty bushels shelled to the acre. Timothy, and other northern grasses, grow luxuriantly in this region; and within the last three or four years several cheese-factories have been erected, and are in successful operation, furnishing products which are pronounced to be equal to those of the North. Enterprising Germans and Americans are likewise engaged in utilizing the vast water-power of the French Broad, with the view of converting some of the magnificent chestnuts, oaks, maples, and walnuts, which abound, into implements of industry and household ornaments; and, doubtless, the time is not far distant when the whistle of the locomotive, the hum of the woollen spindle and loom, the noisy life of the forge and trip-hammer, and the whir of the factory, will be heard blending with the melody of the rushing waters, and adding new strains to those which Nature has sung alone in these wild scenes since the creation.

Among the Southern institutions which are fast yielding to the march of progress are the ferries on the public roads. In the olden time the cabin or ferry-house was the gathering-spot of the neighborhood, where corn-whiskey and river-news divided the honors of the hour, and frowsy loungers played "seven-up" on the moss-lined rocks.

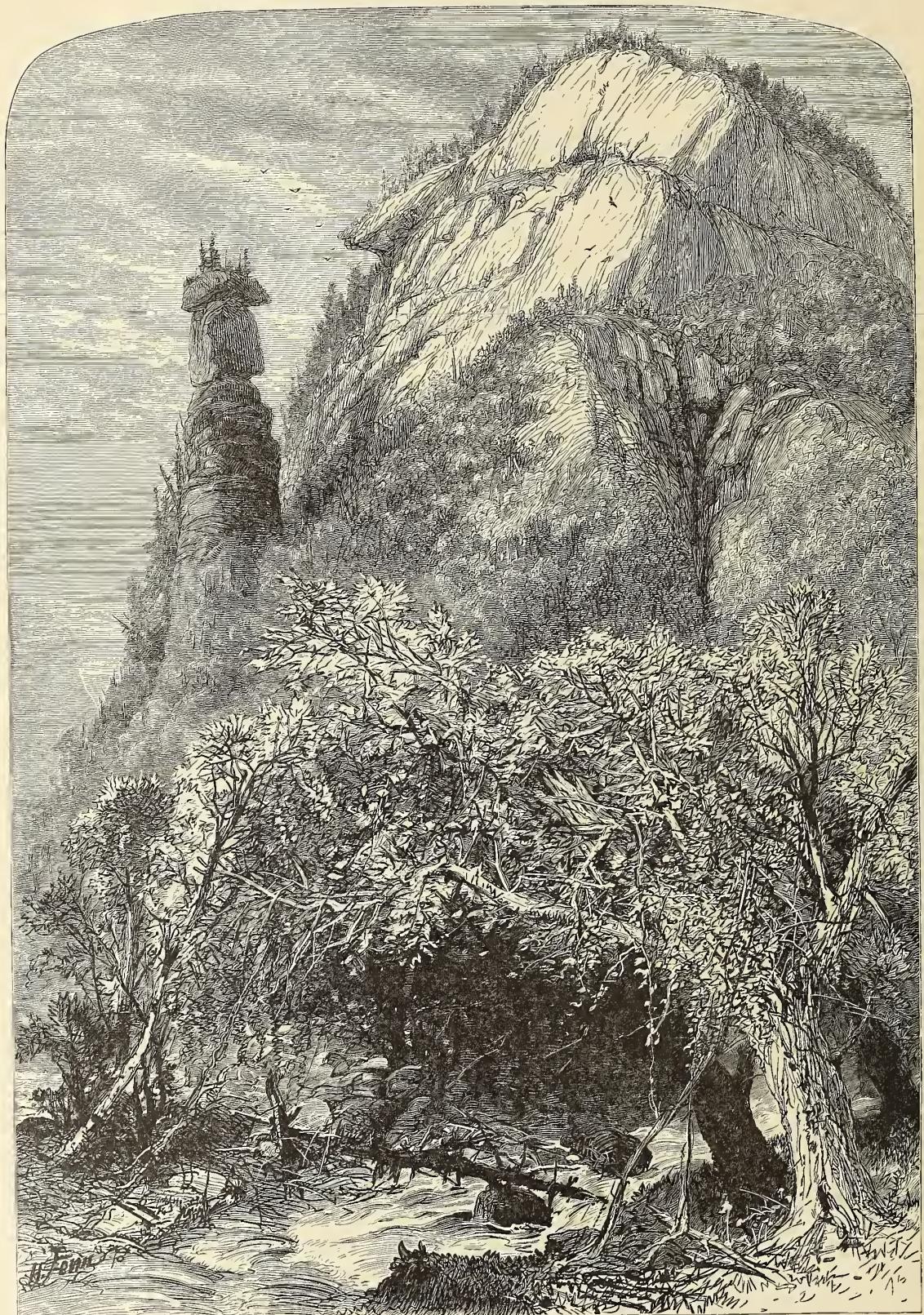
The idle Cuffee was always sure to fill a place in the picture, and that place was invariably the soft side of a plank, where he slept with his upturned face to the sunshine.

The ferry itself was antique, and innocent of any but the rudest invention. It was cheap in construction, and the perfection of a simplicity that, so far as any improvement is concerned, might have originated among the antediluvians.

A rope extending to some convenient tree on either bank; a flat-bottomed boat and a stout negro—that was the machinery. You drove down, whooped, received an answering yell, possessed your soul in patience until the return of the crazy craft, and entered cautiously. The cable passed through a guide-post attached to the gunwale, and the ferryman, seizing it with a peculiar wooden key, gave it a twist, and commenced the process of pulling his freight to the other side. If any thing gave way, as was not unfrequently the case during a freshet, you drifted helplessly down the current, with the chances of being poled ashore in some out-of-the-way spot, or of a cold-bath in the river.

Happily, bridges are taking the places of these antique relics; the railway is carrying forward its civilizing influences, and in a little while the tourist may be whirled down the valleys of the French Broad in palace-cars that will make travelling luxurious, albeit it may rob him of half the pleasures that attach to the good old way.

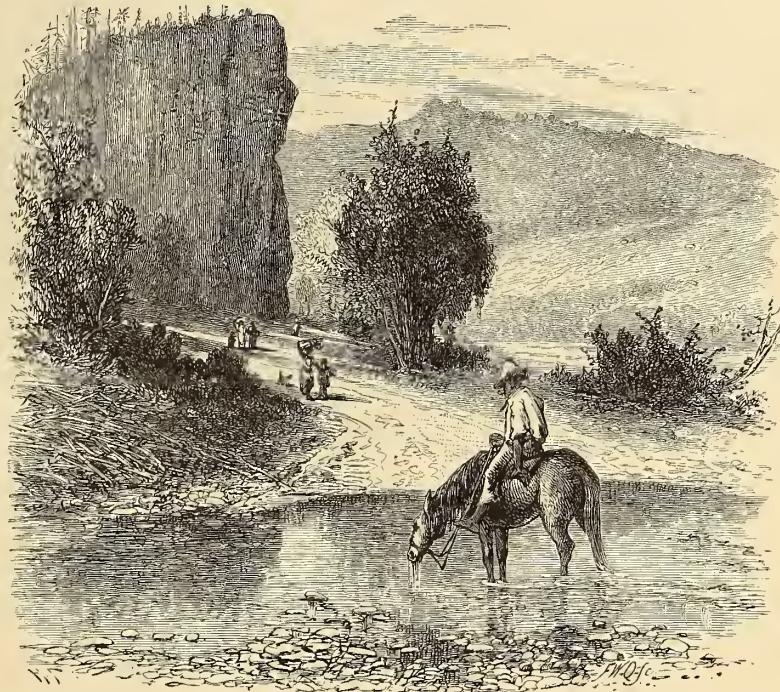
It would require a volume to describe the many lovely scenes of interest in and around this picturesque locality—the caves, mountains, water-falls, and natural curiosities, within a day's travel, always attractive to the artist, poet, and lover of Nature, but there is one spot, that has been illustrated by Mr. Fenn, which deserves at least a brief notice. Hickory-Nut Gap is one of the great gate-ways to the French-Broad Basin. The approach from Charlotte, North Carolina, is by way of the pretty little town of Rutherfordton, from which point the visitor soon reaches the view of and is lost amid the wild, grand scenery that prevails on every side. His road and the track of the head-waters of Broad River are cut through massive walls of granite over a thousand feet high. Far off, in the distance, he looks in admiration at the beautiful falls of Hickory-Nut Creek. The sun glistens on the spray-like stream, splintered into showers of diamond-drops by a fall of three hundred and fifty feet, and throwing out a thousand rainbow hues. Passing on, he sees a remarkable, weather-worn peak, which is known as the Chimney Rock, reaching like a huge needle toward the heavens. The entire length of the Gap is about nine miles, the last five of which are watered by the Rocky-Broad River. That portion of the gorge, which might be called the gate-way, is at the eastern extremity, and is not more than half a mile in width. The highest bluff is on the south side, and it is here, midway up its front, that stands the isolated rock, of circular form, looming against the sky, and resembling the high turret of some grand castle. The entire mountain is composed of granite, and a large portion of the bluff in question hangs over the abyss beneath, and is as smooth as it possibly could be made by the rains of uncounted centuries. Over one portion of this superb cliff, falling



CHIMNEY ROCK, HICKORY-NUT GAP.

far down into some undiscovered and apparently unattainable pool, is a stream of water which seems to be the offspring of the clouds; and, in a neighboring rock, near the base of the precipice, are three shooting water-falls, at the foot of which, formed out of solid stone, are three holes, ten feet in diameter, and from forty to fifty feet in depth. The water in them has a rotary motion, and, when a stick or branch is thrown into it, it will disappear for some time, and then rise on the upper side of the pool, to disappear again in the same manner.

The mineral resources of this French-Broad region, and indeed of Western North Carolina, are almost boundless. For more than a hundred and twenty miles, the great Western Turnpike from Asheville crosses mountains of iron-ore, great masses of copper and lead, veins of silver and gold, and runs for miles upon strata of the finest-grained marble of every shade, from the purest white, through variegated, delicate, and rich rose and pink tints, to the sombrest and glossiest black. It traverses a region through which there are springs of every medicinal character; water-falls of immense height; chasms into whose seemingly bottomless depths one shudders to look; dark chaparrals of laurel known only to the wild beast; and forests in which the foot of the white man has never trodden. At the same time there are fertile valleys and sloping mountain-sides that yield the *largesse* of Nature's bounty. Such is the strange, rich, and picturesque country of the French Broad.



THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



The White Mountains, from the Conway Meadows.

WE suppose that all our readers know that the White Mountains are in New Hampshire, and that they are the highest elevations in New England, and, with the exception of the Black Mountains of North Carolina, the highest in the United States, east of the Mississippi.

The mountains rise from a plateau about forty-five miles in length by thirty in

breadth, and about sixteen hundred feet above the sea. This plateau, from which rise nearly twenty peaks of various elevations, and which is traversed by several deep, narrow valleys, forms the region known to tourists as the White Mountains. The peaks cluster in two groups, the eastern of which is known locally as the White Mountains, and the western as the Franconia Group. They are separated by a table-land varying from ten to twenty miles in breadth.

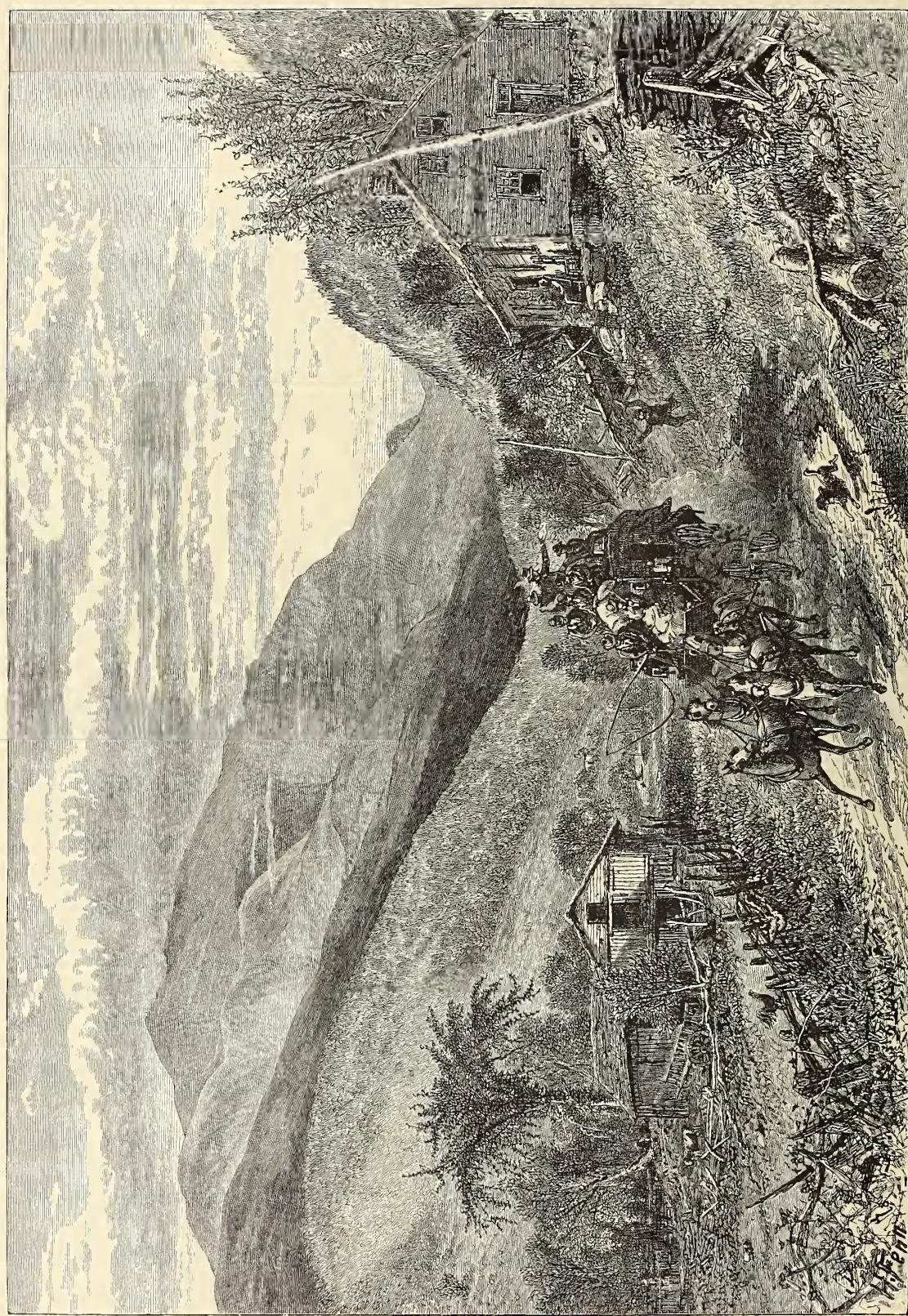
The principal summits of the eastern group are Mounts Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Webster, Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin, and Clay. Of these, Mount Washington is the highest, being 6,285 feet above the level of the sea. The height of some of the other peaks is as follows: Adams, 5,759 feet; Jefferson, 5,657; Madison, 5,415; Monroe, 5,349; Franklin, 4,850; Pleasant, 4,712. The principal summits of the Franconia Group are Mounts Pleasant, Lafayette (5,500 feet), Liberty, Cherry Mountain, and Moosehillock (4,636). Near the southern border of the plateau rise Whiteface Mountain, Chocorua Peak (3,358 feet), Red Hill, and Mount Ossipee; and, in the southeast, Mount Kearsage (2,461 feet).

The rivers in the four great valleys that lead to the White Mountains—in the branches of the Connecticut Valley; in the Androscoggin Valley, that passes beyond these hills, commencing at a lake in Canada; in the Saco Valley, which begins here; and the Pemigewasset Valley, an off-shoot of the valley of the Merrimac—are fed by multitudes of little streams that force their way down steep glens from springs in the mountain-side, and flow through narrow valleys among the hills.

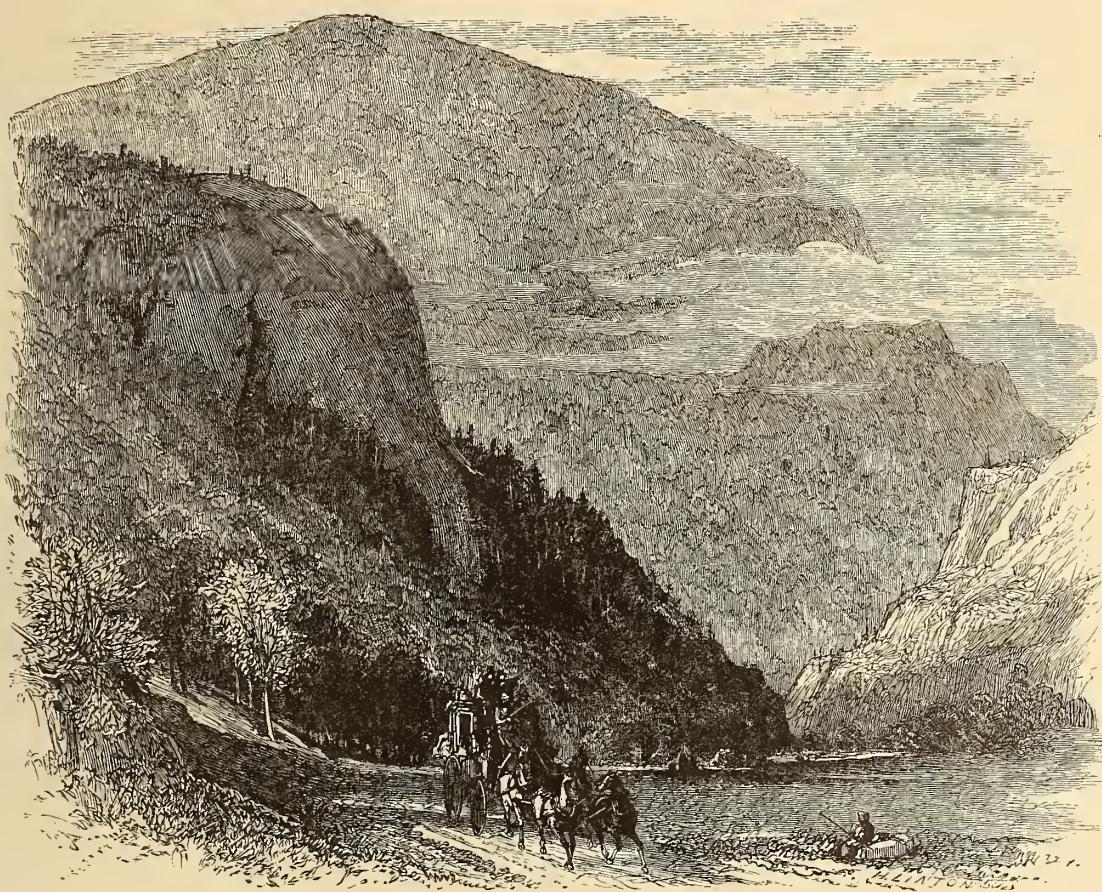
The course of these little rivulets, that break in water-falls, or whose amber flood runs over mossy beds among the forests, furnishes irregular but certain pathways for the rough roads that have been cut beside them, and by which the traveller gains access to these wild mountain-retreats.

Choosing among the valleys the one whose picturesque beauty soonest begins, the valley of the Saco, the tourist to the mountains finds himself at the northern end of Lake Winnipiseogee, surrounded by the Sandwich and Ossipee Hills, of which Whiteface and Chocorua are the loftiest peaks. Starting from Centre Harbor, a summer resort of considerable celebrity at the head of the lake, the regular stage-coach for Conway and the mountains is soon among high hills, the ruggedness of which begins at once to develop itself. Winding in and out among them, the stage passes now under the dark, frowning brow of a cliff, and afterward by some deep ravine, and then comes upon a lofty plateau which overlooks the amphitheatre of hills, till at Eaton the summit of Mount Washington is often distinctly seen, its base being concealed by objects nearer. The most interesting feature of the ride, however, is Chocorua, and, to those unacquainted with mountain-scenery, the first impression of this peak is very striking. Driving over the mountain-road in a hot summer afternoon, one watches the great hill-tops come up, like billows, one after another, from the sea of mountains round about, as the

MOUNT WASHINGTON, FROM THE CONWAY ROAD.



coach winds and twists among them. The soft afternoon light and atmosphere rest over the land, which, as the sun sinks lower, becomes streaked with pale bars of light when the sides and shoulders of the hills are developed by the failing day. All at once, over their sides, bands of a still softer blue appear, which, after interlacing the mountains for a while, are succeeded by a cool purple that steals up these hill-sides, and chases in its path the sunny haze; and this in its turn gives place to a pinkish gray of almost rosy hue, each tint changing from minute to minute, till they are all



Elephant's Head, Gate of Crawford Notch.

finally merged in a dark-purple tone, over which rests a tint as soft as the bloom on a plum, enwrapping each mountain-peak clear cut against the evening sky.

No one who has been much in a forest-region can have failed to perceive and enjoy the delicious fragrance that emanates from the resinous woods when the cool air of evening develops the exhalations from their still and warm foliage. Descending into the damp, fresh valley, and making your way through the woods, the aromatic odor of a hundred different growing things greets your nostrils. A turn in the road, and a bit of open meadow, and a gust of air as warm as mid-day envelops you. So the ride goes on till the great stars quiver in the dark vault of the heavens, that seem the deeper and

more mysterious from their framework of mountain-peaks. The hill-sides, fringed with trees that border the road, rise black and ghostly in the gloom, and only the tramp of the horses' hoofs on the hard ground, and the occasional remark of your fellow-passengers when they rouse up a little from their abstracted silence, break the intense stillness of the hour. One may not know the names of many of the mountains, but the peak of Chocorua, sharp and proud, crowns the view whenever the stage comes upon a bluff of height sufficient to overlook the landscape; and, after passing through a wood, it is always that lonely summit that rises first to the view when the stage emerges again under the open light of the stars.

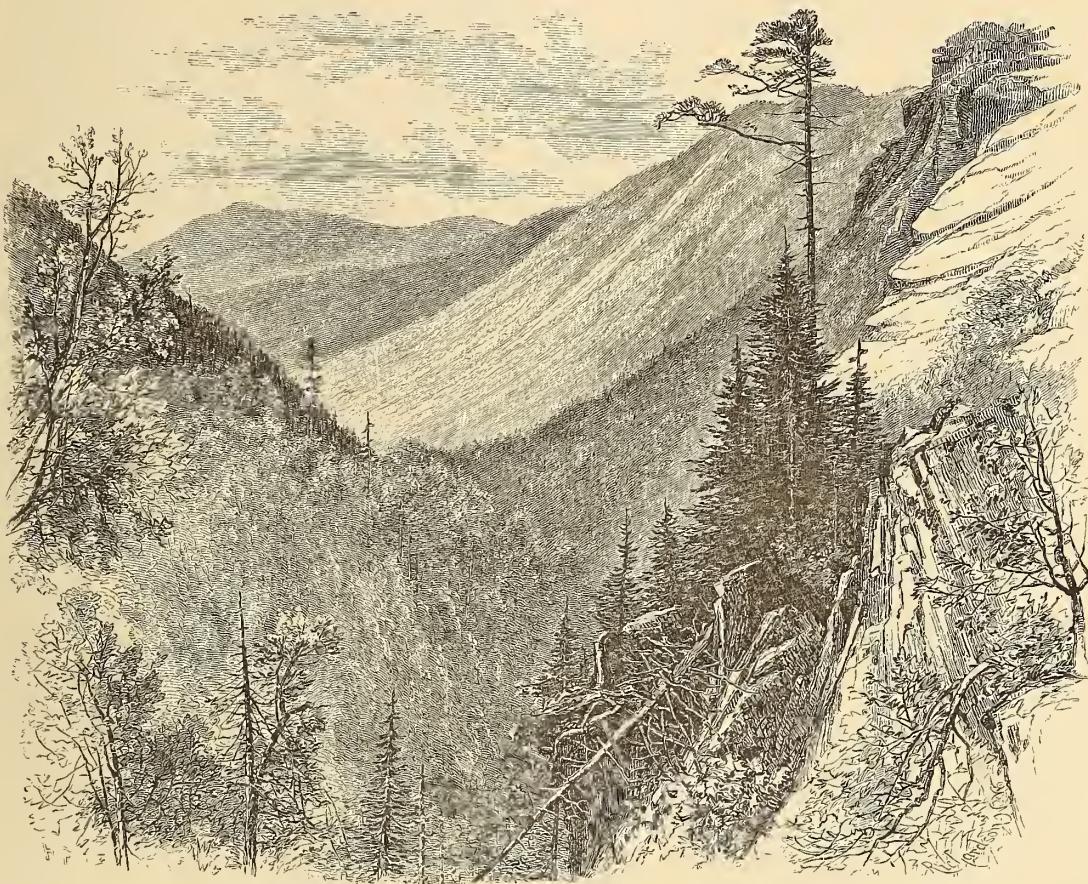
It is after this ride that the tourist strikes the valley of the Saco at Conway, and awakens the following morning to take the stage for North Conway and the mountains. After half a dozen miles' ride, leaving the peaks of Chocorua and Whiteface behind him over his left shoulder, Mote Mountain, with its long sweep, and the more broken outline of the Rattlesnake range, take the principal positions in the panorama, while the Ossipee Hills retire and retire toward the southern horizon. It is nine o'clock or thereabouts when the stage turns into the road on the edge of the level bank that rises about thirty feet above the intervalles of the Saco, and, extending some three or four miles in length to the foot of Bartlett Mountain, reaches back two or three miles to the base of the Rattlesnake range and to Mount Kearsarge, and forms the little plain where the township of North Conway nestles against the mountain-side. No one who has ever visited this valley can fail to remember the exquisite view from this road when it first opened before them, and, varied slightly along the whole length of the ridge till arriving at the farther end of the village, the low hills at Bartlett shut off the chief features of the scene.

At the foot of the bank, and bathed in the morning sunshine, extends, far up the valley, a flat, velvety meadow of the freshest green, and dotted over it, in lines or little groups, rises the very ideal of elm-trees, as pure in form as a fountain or a vase. The Saco glimmers here and there in the morning light, its course nearly hidden by bands of dark-hued maples. Above these bands of trees are the purple slopes of Mote Mountain, which descends abruptly to the plain, when the steep face of the Conway ledges makes a sheer descent of from six to eight hundred feet to the valley of the Saco.

At the northern end of the valley, Mote Mountain bends down till it becomes a low ridge in what is called the "Devil's Arm-chair," and Bartlett slopes gently away to give place to a broad opening, across which, extending its entire length, lies Mount Washington and the other peaks of the White-Mountain range, each one being well separated from the other, and the outline of Mount Washington itself one of the best afforded from any position. The lower flanks of these mountains reach to the plain of the Saco, and, if one has watched this scene when the purple shades of evening gather on the mountain-sides long after the valley and the lower hills are wrapped in gloom, he

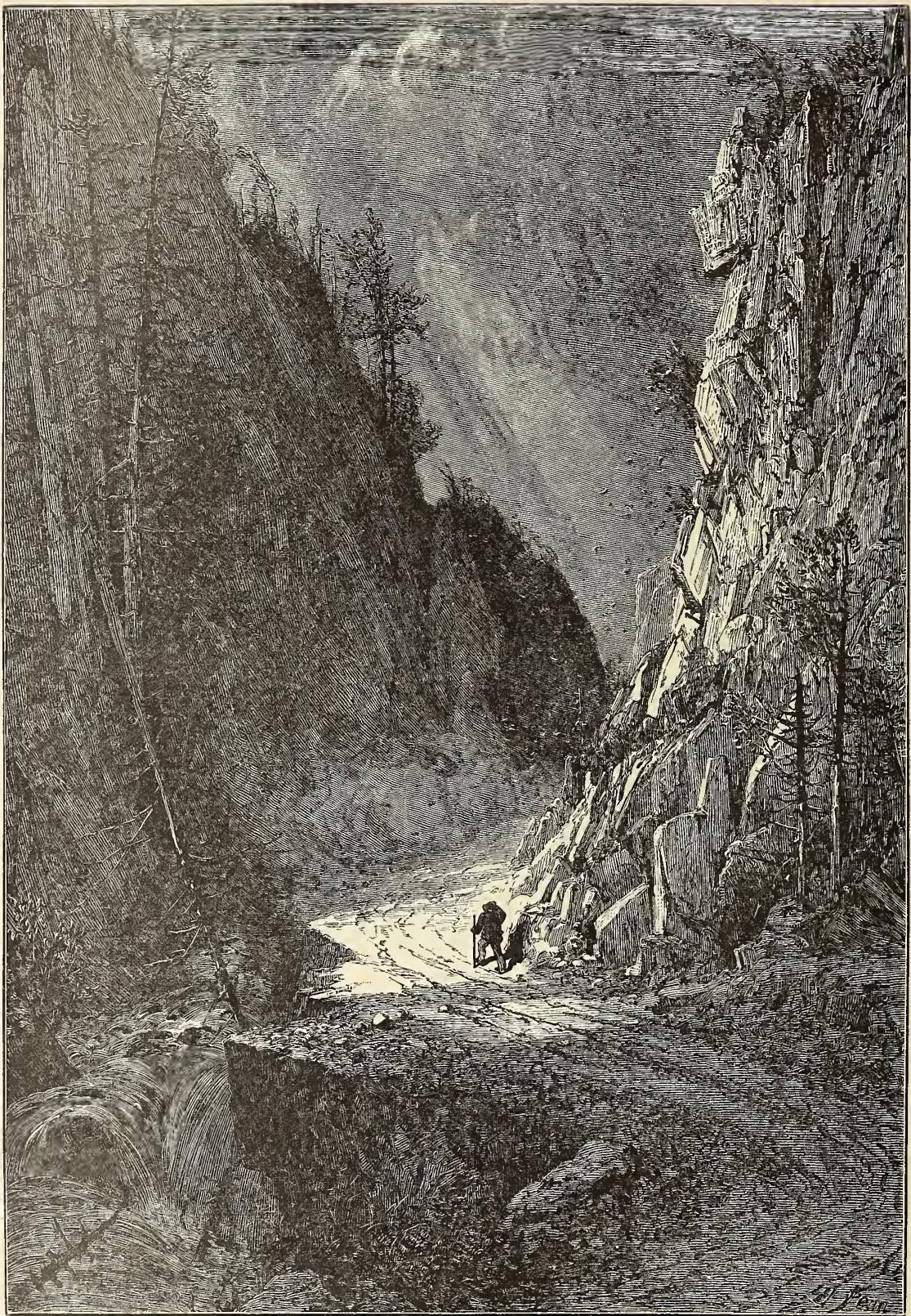
may have seen the pink hues of the evening sky still lingering on those mountain-peaks till they melt from the dome-shaped summit of Washington, and, with a little quiver of the light, its huge side joins the purple mass of the valley and the hills that lie beneath it.

Every view of the mountains has its own peculiar type of expression; and each aspect on the north side is more or less bold and abrupt, and the lines of the hills, though they are fine, grand, and impressive, are not graceful. But the character of the



The Willey Slide.

scenery at Conway is peculiar for its loveliness. Ruskin speaks of the curves of a snow-drift and the curl of a sea-wave being as beautiful lines as are to be found in Nature; and every one of these mountains, whatever the geological cause, certainly has its soft and hard side. In Conway you see the curves of the hills on their long swell, rising slowly from valley to summit; and, on the northern slope, the mountain-wave appears to have broken and rushed abruptly to the plain. Such is the general aspect of the landscape, and one can easily picture to himself a beauty of the scenery that is almost feminine, as it appears at Conway. Not only the hills, but the village itself, and the gentle meadows of the Saco, add to the soft charm of this very Arcadia of the White Hills.



GATE OF THE CRAWFORD NOTCH.

Here Nature seems for once to have thrown aside her harsh and severe character in this granite heart of New England, and to have abandoned herself to a genial and happy repose.

Mount Kearsarge, at the northern end of the Rattlesnake range, is the highest peak this side of the White Mountains, and rises in an almost perfect cone from the ridge on which Conway stands. The mountain is so near the town that the trees on its sides are distinctly seen, and partake of the greenish-purple hue of all near mountains. An excursion to the summit of Mount Kearsarge is the most important one in this neighborhood, and is easily accomplished on horseback, though for a strong and energetic person a climb is not very formidable, and is most pleasantly made in the afternoon, when, if there is moonlight, the beauty of a night on the summit and a return to the village in time for breakfast afford a delightful series of pictures for the mind to dwell upon in after-times.

A very pleasant day may be spent at the Conway ledges, which are perhaps the finest cliffs in the whole White-Mountain region. A broken rock, six hundred feet high, is colored with the most delicate shades of buff, purple, and gray, with small birches growing out from the clefts in the fractured surface of the stone here and there, where a little earth and moisture have collected. To the rear of the lower ledge, Thompson's Falls break over a spur of Mote Mountain, where the broken rock is thrown about in the wildest confusion. The highest of the ledges rises more than nine hundred feet above the bed of the Saco. A little scramble of a hundred feet or so through herbage and over rocks brings you into a shallow cave below the cliff, whence the rocks have been split away for nearly a hundred feet high, and the wide front of the recess is almost choked with trees. This spot, a favorite resort for picnickers, is named the Cathedral, and shares with Diana's Bath the interest of the visitor as a place of rest. Diana's Bath, a little farther up the valley, is formed from a succession of water-falls that, striking upon several tiers of rock, have worn wells into its substance, with perfectly smooth walls. The largest of these wells is about ten feet across, and as many deep. Looking into the clear depths of the water, one sees at the bottom small, round rocks, the cause of the excavation, which the water has used as pestles with which to scrape, and grind, and polish out these natural basins. Echo Lake, directly at the foot of Mote Mountain, has the character of numberless of these still mountain-ponds, hidden among the forests, deep and quiet.

Recrossing the river, on the slope toward the Rattlesnakes, one of the most charming spots from which to view Chocorua and Mote Mountain is Artists' Falls. This is one of those sylvan scenes of mossy rocks, babbling water, and beautifully-grouped trees, which artists delight to study in "bits," or to portray in its entireness, either looking up toward the brook, or off down the declivity to the mountains, across the valley.

Starting in the morning from North Conway on the mountain-road, you wind along the ridge of land that forms the town, till the valley becomes narrow and broken, and the hills abrupt. Brooks cross the road at several points, and the way winds round the lone flank of Bartlett Mountain, wooded from base to summit; the stage passes the beautiful falls at Jackson, and Goodrich's Falls, near where the Ellis River joins the



The Descent from Mount Washington.

Saco, and by that time is fairly among the high mountains, whose walls close down nearer and nearer upon the road which winds along the channel cut by the Saco. In the middle of the afternoon the abrupt sides of Mount Crawford bound the road on one side, and, by the time the stage has reached the little house that stands under Willey Mountain, the sunbeams have already stolen far up the mountain. A bugle blown at this spot starts the echoes, repeating them back and forth heavier

and louder than the first blast; one almost fancies it the music of a band of giants hidden among the trees on the mountain-slope. From the Willey House to the gate of the Notch the path becomes constantly narrower and sterner, though the common idea of the awfulness and almost horror of the passage of this portion of the journey is a somewhat erroneous one. The slope of the mountain-sides, here two thousand feet high, is very abrupt, and the narrow ravine is nearly unbroken for three or four miles, till one has passed the gate of the Notch; but, comparing this point with many others, its picturesque and romantic charm is the predominant impression. The river boils and plunges over broken rocks, and the narrow passage for the stage twists and winds, crossing the torrent at intervals over slender bridges, till, at the gate of the Notch, an opening, hardly wide enough to allow the passage of a team of horses, and the raging river, is bounded on each side by a sheer wall of rock, on the projections of which harebells and maiden's-hair are waving, and down whose steep sides leap the tiny waters of the silver cascade, whose course can be detected several hundred feet up the side of Mount Webster, sparkling in the sunlight.

Passing the gate of the Notch, you come out upon a little plateau of a few hundred acres, surrounded by hills, except at its upper and lower ends, which form the pass of the mountains, in the midst of which stands the Notch House.

The ascent of Mount Washington—the great point of interest, of course—is in many respects more satisfactory from this plateau than by any other route, as it gives a person really fond of mountain-scenery and romantic adventure as much experience of the kind as is agreeable, without becoming wearisome. To one unacquainted with mountain-scenery, the ascent by the bridle-path from the Crawford Notch affords more new sensations than can, perhaps, be gained anywhere else in this region in so few hours.

After breakfast on a sunny morning, fresh with an exhilaration one can scarcely conceive of who has not experienced the renovating effect of mountain-air, the tourist—equipped, if he be a prudent person, with a thick corduroy jacket, procured from the hotel; a large, coarse hat tied firmly under the chin by a strong cord; long, thick gloves, covering hands and wrists, and heavy underclothing—finds upon the piazza of the hotel a party accoutred like himself, mingled with girls in fresh morning-dresses, young men sauntering about with cigars, and elderly people sitting on benches and rustic seats, watching the party set off for the mountain. Interested glances are cast up the hill-sides, and the guides and old stagers are interrogated as to what may be the chances of the weather. Some persons tell stories of their adventures on the mountain the previous day, of mists that have caught them, winds that have nearly blown them from their horses, and they show their sunburnt wrists, and freely give advice about the way to manage or let one's horse manage himself, while the party is getting ready to depart. A couple of dozen horses and three or four guides are waiting below, among

whom anxious papas and nervous ladies are wandering, engaging a particular horse that is small or large, and a guide who seems particularly good-natured and knowing, to have an especial eye to them. Some of the tourists are already on horseback, walking around and trying their saddles; and, when every thing is in readiness, the cavalcade sets off up through the trees with which Mount Clinton is covered from its base at the foot of the Crawford House—looking, in their motley costumes of red, white, and blue, like a party of gypsies winding along the shady wood-path, which ascends two thousand feet during the first two or three miles, through a boggy, corduroy path so steep that often



Tuckerman's Ravine, from Hermit's Lake.

those members of the party who have got a little in advance of the others, appear to be almost overhead when they are seen emerging upon some open rock which breaks the forest. Here and there are springs of most delicious cool mountain-water, where the heated horses and riders stop for a moment to drink.

In the ascent the kind of trees changes constantly, turning from the yellow-birches, the beeches, with mossy trunks, and sugar-maples, in the valley, where are also mountain-ash trees, aspen-poplars, and striped maples, to white-pine and hemlock, white-birch and spruce, and balsam-fir, hung with a fine gray moss, much like that which drapes

the trees of the Southern forests, till you reach the upland with an arctic vegetation and a sort of dwarf-fir, so intertwined with moss that you can often walk over the tops of these trees as if over thick moss. On the ground is an undergrowth of ferns, brakes, and mountain-vines, and near the summit of Mount Clinton you come upon a region of dead trees, their branches and trunks bleached and white as ghosts, until you emerge on the barren summit of the mountain.

The path is rather to the north of the top of Mount Clinton, and we wind around it over bare rocks, when the first noble mountain-prospect opens before us. In front is the conical peak of Kearsarge, and seemingly quite near it are some small, shining lakes amid their hazy setting of mountains; behind rises Mount Willard and the group that surrounds the Notch, the clouds chasing wild shadows over their deep-blue sides. As we begin to descend to the narrow ridge which unites this mountain to the one next it, we catch a glimpse of a valley two thousand feet below, through which flows the Mount-Washington River at the base of a vast forest. On the left, at an equal depth, runs the Ammonoosuc, and you gain your first experience of mountain peril when the horses, planting their four feet close together on some rock in the narrow pathway, jump from this rough elevation three or four feet to the rocks beneath, where a slip or false leap would precipitate horse and rider down many hundreds of feet over the side of the mountain to sure destruction. The mountain on its almost perpendicular eastern slope is deeply seamed by a slide which happened during a severe storm in 1857. Passing around the side of Mount Monroe, which is little inferior to Mount Washington, one gazes into a frightful abyss, known as Bates's Gulf. Clouds and masses of vapor hang against its precipitous sides, and gigantic rocks strew the bottom of the gorge.

From Monroe is the first near view of Mount Washington, which rises in a vast cone, and shines with bare, gray stones fifteen hundred feet above, and across a wide plateau strewed with great numbers of bowlders. This elevated plain is about a mile above the sea. Patches of grass and hardy wild-flowers appear in the crevices of the rocks, and one comes upon small "tarns," or mountain-ponds, here and there, formed from springs or by the frequent storms that pass over these high regions. The "Lake of the Clouds," the head-waters of the Ammonoosuc, is the most beautiful of them. If you turn aside from the path a little way, the most wonderful gorge on the mountains, Tuckerman's Ravine, lies at your feet. Having crossed the plateau, the last four or five hundred feet are best climbed on foot, for the stones are so loose, and the ascent so steep, that it is best not to trust to horse-flesh. The rocks are clean cut and glistening, as if fresh from the quarry, among which scarcely a living thing can be discovered; but, by-and-by, as one emerges upon the summit, the delicate Alpine plant and little white flowers appear among the rocks. On the top of the mountain one can easily guard against the violence of the blast by crouching beneath the immense rocks which are

grouped upon its surface. Sitting on the leeward side of these protections, you can have a view more extended and exciting than any this side of the Rocky Mountains. A sea of mountains stretches on every hand; the near peaks, bald and scarred, are clothed with forests black and purple, and sloping to valleys so remote as to be very insignificant.



Crystal Cascade.

time, one can visit this ravine from the top of Mount Washington, and by a steep climb reach the summit again before night from the Snow Arch.

The ravine is an immense gully in the side of Mount Washington, the steep sides of which storms and frost are constantly changing, so that no vegetation has a chance

Beyond the near peaks, grand and solemn, the more distant mountains fall away rapidly into every tint of blue and purple, glittering with lakes, till the eye reaches the sea-line ninety miles away.

The summit of Mount Washington, from the plateau at the Notch House, is five thousand feet high, and this plateau in its turn is fourteen or fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The traveller, to fully enjoy the view, should have a clear day, without too much wind; but, as no weather is so uncertain as the weather on Mount Washington, one may be pretty sure, in the course of a twelve-hours' stay, to have fog and sunshine, rain and storm.

Tuckerman's Ravine lies a few hundred feet down the side of the mountain, and the ridges in its rough, craggy wall form the faint, pink-gray lines that scar the summit of Mount Washington as seen at North Conway. If there is

to take root, except the little yearly plant whose seeds may be scattered here, for the next winter's storms are sure to wash away the scanty growth. Against the head of the ravine, where it abuts against the summit of Mount Washington, the lofty wall sparkles with a thousand streams that filter through its crevices or run over its summit. The Snow Arch is formed at first from the immense snow-drifts blown over the top of the mountain, which settle against this wall of the ravine in piles sometimes a hundred feet deep, and in the short summer of this great altitude scarcely have time to melt from year to year.

The tourist to the summit of Mount Washington may descend, if he chooses, by the carriage-road to the glen, which is approached from Conway through the Pinkham Notch, that runs nearly parallel with the Willey Notch, north and south, and is separated from it on the west by two ranges of mountains, Mount Crawford being one of the peaks; and, on the other side, it is bounded by Carter Mountain and the range of Mount Moriah. The stage follows the course of the Ellis River, which connects this narrow valley with the broad intervals where the Ellis joins the Saco, till a little plateau is reached, from which rise the whole group of the White Mountains, without any intervening peak to conceal any portion of them, from their base to the summit—a sheer ascent from the valley of more than five thousand feet.

Here, by the road-side, not very remotely set in the forest, is the Crystal Cascade, whose waters fall in an unbroken sheet from the summit to the base of the rock.

It is a wonderful view which opens before the tourist when he enters the glen, either from Gorham, by the course of the Peabody River, or, coming from Conway and the Saco Valley, through the wild Pinkham Notch, by the rushing Ellis, with its Glen-Ellis Falls, one of the famous cascades of the mountains. The five highest mountains of New England lie before him, dense forest clothing their lower flanks, the ravines, landslides, and windfalls, clearly defined, and above all tower their desolate peaks. These little plateaus, scattered here and there—at the Notch House, at Franconia, and at the glen—seem to be darker than ordinary places, for the sky is cut off many angles above the horizon on every hand, and the sun has a shorter transit across the diminished heavens, leaving a long period of twilight both at morning and evening, even during fair weather; but, when the heavy fog-banks collect on these lonely mountain-sides, and the storm-clouds muster over every peak, the impression of solitary gloom is most impressive.

There is no spot in the mountains where one feels more keenly than here the changes in the moods of Nature. Watching the bright streams on the heights so far removed from man on the silent peaks, with

“Narrowing curves that end in air,”

the imagination wanders, till one scarcely knows what part of the impression is due to

its excited picturings, and what is derived from the visible world. In this valley lies the Emerald Pool, a sunny basin, bright and still.

Leaving Gorham, and following the stage-road to the west, you soon emerge on a hill-side, leaving the Androscoggin Valley behind; and, when about a mile up this



Mount Washington, from top of Thompson's Falls, Pinkham Pass.

little valley, at a turn in the road, you suddenly find yourself gazing up at the steep side of Mount Madison, which rises with a clear sweep from its base, washed by the rocky Moose River, and its flanks clothed with huge forest-trees to its gray and rocky summit. Now we see one slope of the mountain, and now another, as the road winds along, till at length the twin peak of Mount Adams, very like in form to Madison,

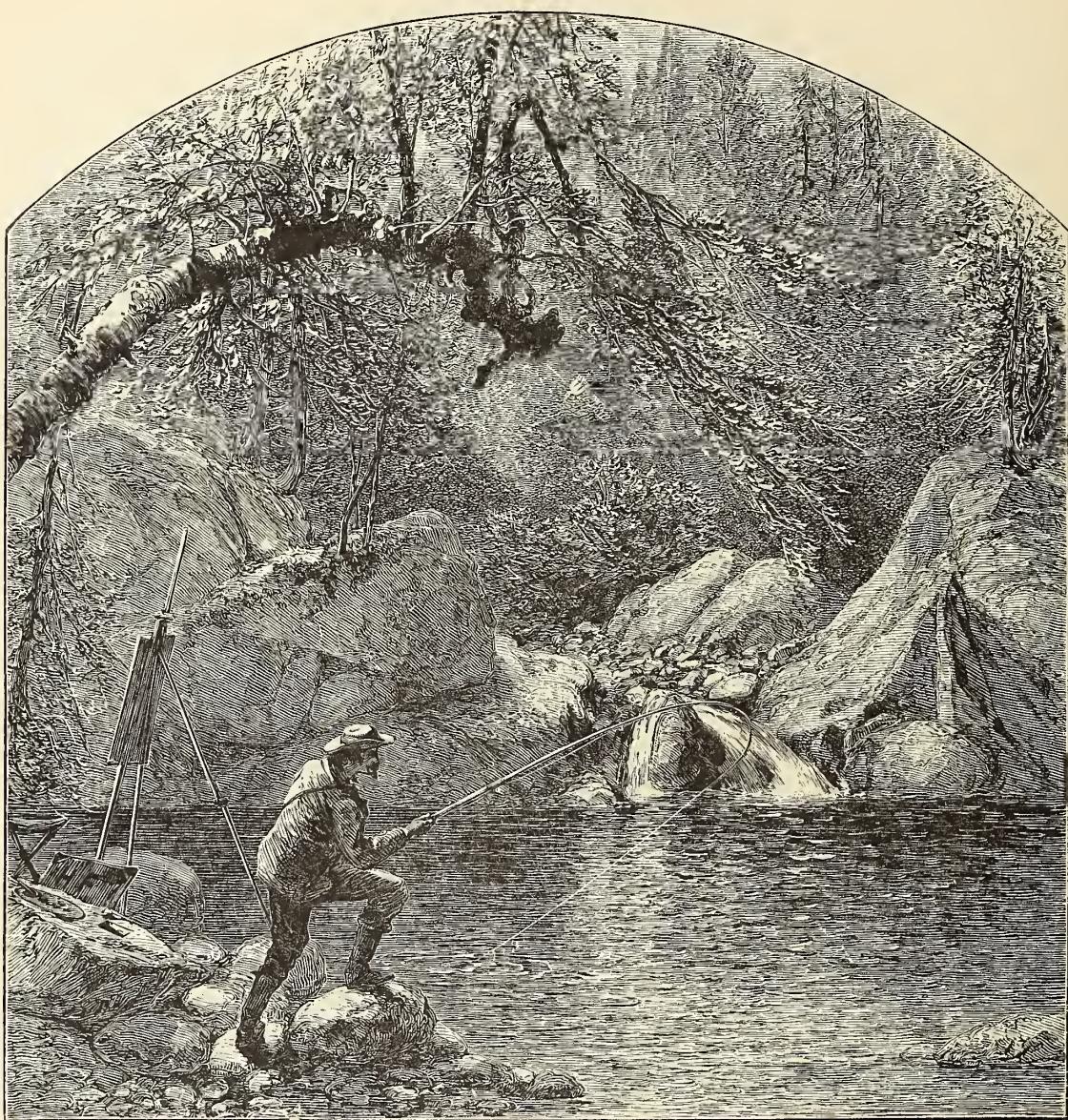
peeps over one of the immense shoulders of Adams, and soon its sides rise to view. Mount Jefferson, in its turn, comes in sight, and the deep gullies in its sides and its rocky flanks present the same unbroken and satisfactory slopes which had made Madison at first seem quite the ideal mountain of one's imagination. From the moment this journey is commenced at the hill-top in Gorham, it is interesting, but, to be fully enjoyed, it should be taken with the afternoon light purpling the mountain-sides, and when the large, picturesque trees, twisted and bent, stand, like sentinels, profiled against the broad, soft light of the hills. Driving along, one flank after another comes into view, shutting off the previous one, filling one with an ever-new surprise at the number and variety of these mountains, which yet are always immense in their sweep and grand in curve. The mountains from this side are much more abrupt than when seen on their western declivity, and the rocky structure of their formation is more conspicuous. At the Glen, flanks and ravines cut up the sweep of the hills, but here they rise in an unbroken view to a height greater than the walls of the mountains at the Willey Notch, and far more impressive. Emerging upon the road at Martin's, where now stands the Mount-Adams House, you see the whole great chain of the chief peaks, their forests speckled with light, and apparently so near that one almost feels like putting his hand upon their flickering sides across the densely-wooded ravine which winds up and up till it is lost in the gray distance of the heights of Mount Washington.

Following the borders of the Moose River, and striking across the Cherry-Mountain road to the White-Mountain House, a distance of thirty-two miles from Gorham, and leaving Jefferson behind, with the Israel River that conducts to the Connecticut Valley and to Lancaster, the traveller finds himself about seven miles beyond the Willey Notch, on the road to Franconia.

From the Crawford House, on its little plateau, turning northward, the road, passing through dense woods, after a short space enters the little valley, through which the infant stream of the Ammonoosuc issues from near the base of Mount Monroe. Nothing can be more charming than the trickle of waters by the side of these mountain-roads—"noises as if hidden brooks in the leafy month of June"—when the stage toils and creaks slowly over the rocky hills. We do not know the origin of the valleys, though they are probably volcanic, and the roads are apparently much more important than the little streams that rush along beside them, seeming like mere ornaments to the landscape; but, whatever their apparent uselessness, these mountain-torrents have carved out the natural roads through the hills, and it is by the ridges that bound them that nearly every person is made familiar with the glories and beauties of this region.

Following along the Ammonoosuc, the forest opens here and there, disclosing the White Mountains in all their beauty, until at the White-Mountain House, beyond the Ammonoosuc, the range of hills that connects the White Mountains with the Franco-

nia range, rises before you. This stream, which is often named the wildest in New Hampshire, on account of the rapid flow of its waters, that descend more than a mile between its source and where it joins the Connecticut, is broken by many water-falls, that gleam among the trees along the stage-road. The first town or even village that



Emerald Pool, Peabody-River Glen.

one passes after leaving Jackson is the little hamlet of Bethlehem, crouched close against a high, broad plateau, with great ranges of hills bounding it on every side. Along the valley toward the eastward rise the White Mountains and their attendant ranges; on the south, the range of the Franconia Mountains and Mount Lafayette, towering majestically above the rest, shut in the plain: while to the north appear the

mountains of Vermont. At one's feet on every side lie the valleys, and above this plain rise the mountain-peaks. Removed from the solemn gloom of the ravines, and from the exciting impressiveness of the mountain-tops, it would seem that dwellers in these elevated homes among the hills might have a healthier and serener life than anybody else.

Leaving Bethlehem, the road winds over a hill-top, and then descends into the valley of the Ammonoosuc, through which it winds its way till it reaches the narrow gorge, through which a branch of this river forces itself down; and the steep, difficult ascent begins into the Franconia Notch.

The Franconia range, though of the same group of hills as the rest, has a character as distinct from the austere forms of the White-Mountain range as from the soft swells of the Green Mountains of Vermont, and is eminently charming and picturesque.

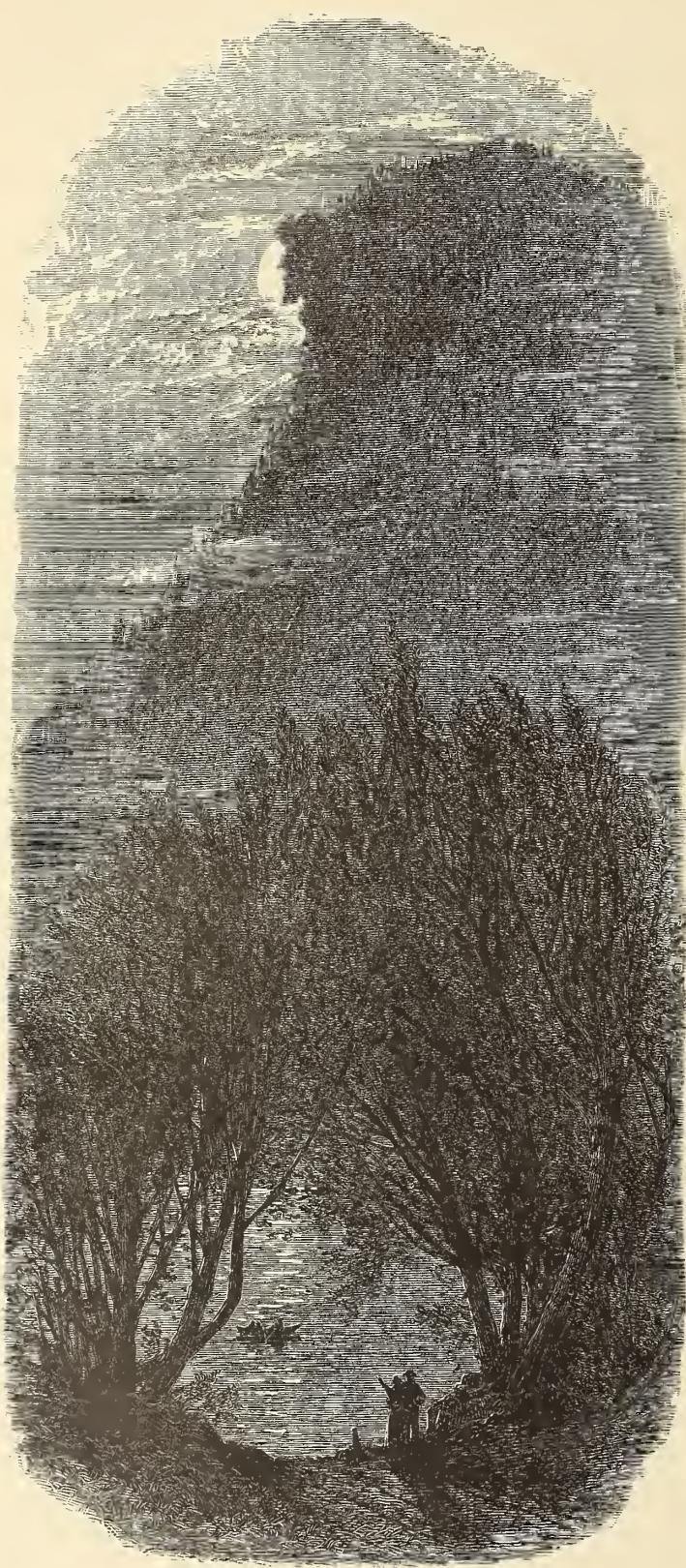
A little way from the Profile House the traveller finds himself beside the Echo Lake, surrounded by hills, with Mount Lafayette, the highest peak of any in that region, overlooking it :

“Mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.”

In a fresh, cool morning, after a good night's rest under the comfortable roof of the Profile House, you wander down to the little pebbly beach that edges the lake-shore. Green woods tangled over your head protect you from the heat of the summer sun, and before you lies this little lake, each mountain clearly reflected in its pure depths as if in a mirror. While you sit enjoying the quiet beauty of the scene, and watching one or two eagles circling about the near hills, a note from a bugle sounds from the little boat that takes passengers to the middle of the lake. Immediately the echo repeats itself against the mountain-side, and, jumping from point to point, almost instantly the woods seem filled with a band of musicians till the echoes fade off and off:

“Oh, hark! Oh, hear! How thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scaur
The horns of elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes dying, dying, dying!”

Leaving the lake, and following the path that leads back to the Profile House, you come to the broken, scarred wall of Eagle Cliff, that rises directly in front of the hotel. Eagles build their nests here, whence its name, and there are various traditions of children and lambs being snatched away and borne up to their lofty eyries. At Franconia there seems to be a natural impulse to quote poetry, and echoes of measured strains



Profile Mountain.

beat time to the pulses of light
in the stirring tree-tops or to
the rippling rivulets. If you love
Scott, you can hardly fail to have
different bits of his verse run-
ning through your head when
you see—

“Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly
hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world,
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined side and summit hoar.”

Nearly opposite Eagle Cliff, Profile Mountain rises abruptly from the margin of a little lake familiarly known as the “Old Man’s Wash-basin,” covered with forest-trees far up its side, over which, looking down the valley from its lofty position, nearly two thousand feet up the mountain, appears the wonder of this region, the “Old Stone Face,” as firmly defined as if chiselled by a sculptor. Hawthorne has thrown over this natural object a charm as much greater than others have felt, as his genius was more subtle and penetrating than that of the rude dwellers of these regions, to whom yet the “Face” appears always to have suggested an idea of something mysterious. The rocks of which it is formed are three blocks of granite so set together as to form an over-hanging brow, a powerful, clear-



N. & E. L. STODDARD.

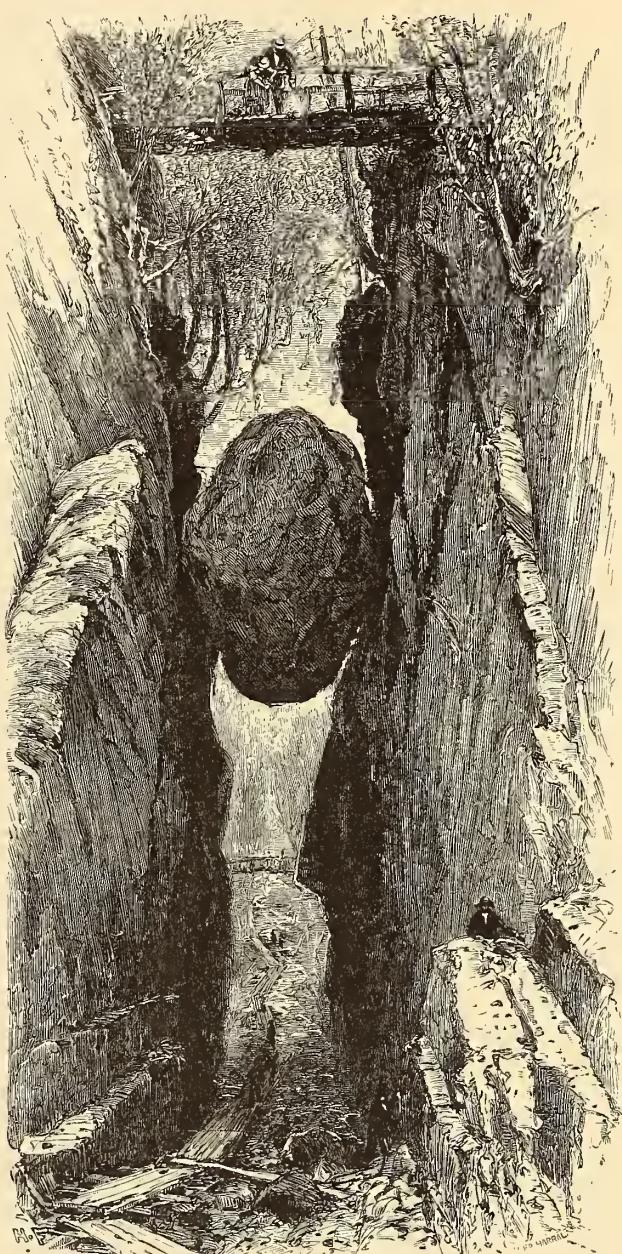
Done in the month of August, 1855, by Art of Congress, Philadelphia, in the village of the said town of Dapitan, Negros, Philippines.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

ly-defined nose, and a chin sharp and decisive. Many of the pictures made on rocks by fissures and discolorations require an effort of the imagination to make out any meaning from the tangle of involved lines. Such are the figures on the ledge at Conway, and the Indian Chief on one of the mountains in the Notch. "Arm-chairs," "Graves," and "Seats," are always being pointed out, and give little satisfaction to eye or mind; but this view of the old man's profile is startling, and requires no description or suggestions to make it real.

Following the course of the Pemigewasset, whose source is in the "Old Man's Wash-basin," as that of its sister-stream the Ammonoosuc is in Echo Lake, with only the rise of a little mound between them to turn the waters north or south, one comes upon beautiful cascades, where the little stream rushes over its rocky bed, fashioning itself as it moves along through green moss, wet at noonday with the spray from the falling water, till you come to the Flume House, where the narrow gorge of the Pemigewasset River widens out to the long, flowing sweep of the open valley that closes no more, but sweeps down amid constantly lower hills till it reaches the sea, and the wild woods with their beauty are left behind in the mountains. Leaving the main stage-road at the Flume House, you strike into a rough wagon-path, following it where the sound of falling water attracts you not in vain.

Here you come upon smooth, flat rocks, over which flows the pure, colorless sheet of the mountain-water. Above this rocky stairway the water dashes over a green, mossy bed, the rich hues of which are seen in the sparkling sunshine that penetrates below the flood, revealing the golden and amber tints on sand and pebbly floor.



The Flume.



CLIFFS ABOVE DISMAL POOL.

Above this mossy bed we reach a fissure in the hill, with steep, rocky sides fifty feet or more in elevation and hundreds of feet long, narrowing at its upper end till it is only ten or twelve feet wide. Stepping from one stone to another, and then threading the narrow footpath, crossing and recrossing the ravine, alternately climbing rocks and traversing rude tree-trunks thrown across for bridges, at length a little point is gained in the narrowest part of the ravine. The rocky walls are dark, and the little stream bounds along between them. Emerald mosses hang from the sharp angles of the ledge or from the tree-trunks on its side. Just above the place where you are standing, a huge boulder is wedged, seemingly just ready to slip from its uncertain resting-place, and this is the famous Flume.

The cliffs above Dismal Pool, near the Crawford House and the Willey Notch, are among the loftiest and steepest to be found in the mountains. Our illustration gives a very good impression of these stupendous precipices.

The White Mountains are even yet not fully explored, and every year adds some new mountain-pond, another cascade

or a glen, unseen till now, to the multitude of charming spots, which, with their composite associations, make this region delightful. Among these places, *new* in comparison with the Willey Pass or Mount Washington, is the Dixville Notch.

This remarkable pass, which has only recently attracted much attention, is in a group of hills some sixty miles to the north of the White Mountains; and, though as yet but imperfectly explored, the region is known to abound in scenery of the finest kind. Even the White Mountains, it is said, do not surpass it in sublimity and desolate and wild grandeur.

Following the track of the Grand Trunk Railroad by its course along the Androscoggin, at length the train turns into the more cheerful valley of the Connecticut River till you come to North Stratford. Here a stage conveys you to Colebrook, a flourishing village on the New-Hampshire side of the Connecticut, from which you can easily reach the Dixville range of hills, which are only ten miles from the village. The road lies through the best farming region of New Hampshire, and a person would never imagine there could be mountain-scenery of any degree of impressiveness near at hand. Suddenly the heavy walls of the Dixville Mountains show themselves, rising like thunder-clouds above the tree-tops of the forest. While you are admiring the gloomy sides of these hills, covered by dark woods, a turn in the road brings you in front of the savage opening of the Notch at its west end—a region of vast and mysterious desolation. The pass is narrower than either one of the great Notches of the White Hills, and the scenery is much bolder and sublimer.

Nothing can give an adequate impression of these bare and decaying cliffs, which shoot out into fantastic and angular projections on every side. The side-walls of this narrow ravine—for it can scarcely be called a pass—are strewed with *debris*. The only plant that appears to have maintained itself is the raspberry-vine. The great distinctive feature of this Notch is barrenness; and very great is, therefore, the transition of feeling from desolation and gloom, when you ride out from its slaty teeth into a most lovely plain called the Clear-Spring Meadows, embosomed in mountains, wooded luxuriantly from base to crown. It is in this Notch that you come upon one of the most characteristic formations of this region—Column Rock.

The glories, the beauties, the delights of this wild region might be dwelt upon for months and fill volumes, but little suggestions and slight hints are all that our space will allow us to give. We shall close, therefore, with repeating the advice of Starr King, the great authority about the White Mountains,* who declares that the right time to visit them is in the early summer: “From the middle of June to the middle of July, foliage is more fresh; the cloud-scenery is nobler; the meadow-grass has a more golden color; the streams are usually more full and musical; and there is a larger proportion

* “The White Hills.” By Thomas Starr King.

of the ‘long light’ of the afternoon, which kindles the landscape into the richest loveliness. The mass of visitors to the White Mountains go during the dog-days, and leave when the finer September weather sets in with its prelude touches of the October splendor. In August there are fewer clear skies; there is more fog; the meadows are apparelled in more sober green; the highest rocky crests may be wrapped in mists for days in succession; and a traveller has fewer chances of making acquaintance with a bracing mountain-breeze. The latter half of June is the blossom-season of beauty in the mountain-districts; the first half of October is the time of its full-hued fruitage.”



Column Rock, Dixville Notch.

THE NEVERSINK HIGHLANDS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.



Mouth of the Shrewsbury River.

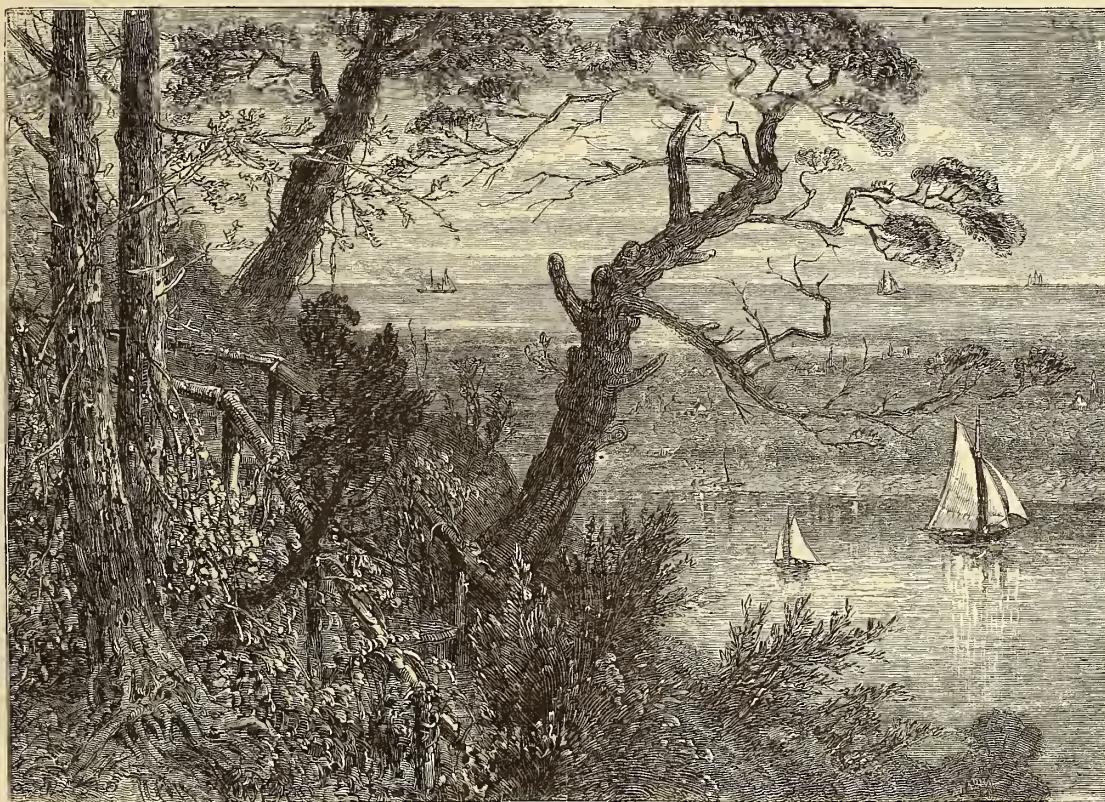
THE Neversink Highlands have the post of honor among the American hills. They stand near the principal portal of the continent—the first land to greet the curious eyes of the stranger, and to cheer the heart of the returning wanderer. The beauty of these wooded heights, the charming villas that stud their sides, the grace of their undulating lines, give to the traveller prompt assurance that the country he visits is not only blessed with rare natural beauty, but that art and culture have suitably adorned it. The delight with which the wearied ocean-voyager greets the shores that first rise upon the horizon has often been described; but, when these shores have a rare sylvan beauty that opens hour by hour to view as the vessel draws near—when, instead of frowning rocks or barren sands, he beholds noble hills clothed to their brows with green forests, fields and meadows basking with summer beauty in the sun, cottages nestling amid shrubbery, and spires lifting above clustering tree-tops—the picture possesses a charm which only he who first beholds it can fully realize. It is such a green para-



BEACON HILL, NEVERSINK HIGHLANDS.

dise that the Neversink Hills offer to the gaze of every ocean-wanderer who enters the harbor of New York.

These highlands are situated in New Jersey, extending several miles along the coast in a southerly direction. At their feet flows the Shrewsbury River; beyond the river stretches a narrow strip of sand, upon which the surf of the Atlantic ceaselessly beats. This strip or tongue of sand extends northerly into the sea, somewhat beyond the reach of the hills, which, suddenly trending westward, form, in connection with the Hook, what is known as Sandy-Hook Bay. The ship entering from the sea stretches past this point

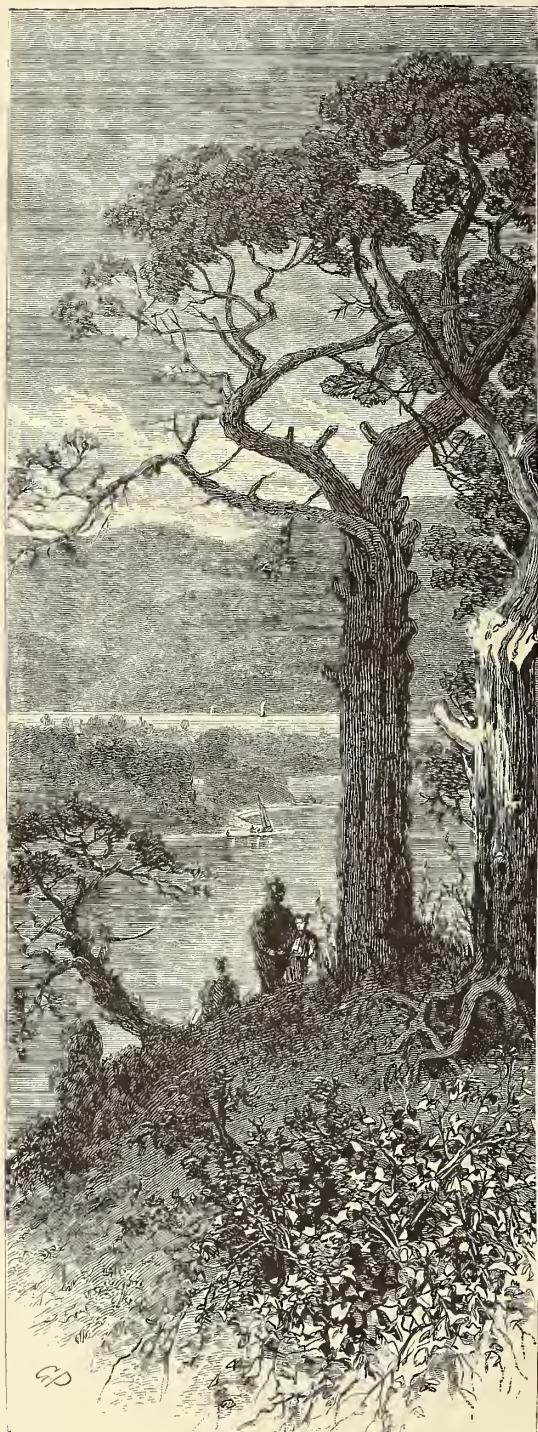


View from the Highlands.

of sand, leaving the hills to the left; but from their receding forms the voyager soon turns to greet the rising shores of Staten Island. There are two distinct bays to the harbor of New York. Staten Island and Long Island approach each other closely, and between them runs a small strait, known as the Narrows, which affords entrance to the inner bay; the outer bay, or Lower Bay, as it is commonly called, has upon its left the low, sandy shores of Long Island, upon its right a deep estuary, between the New-Jersey and Staten-Island shores, known as Raritan Bay. Shrewsbury River, which is probably more an estuary than a river, enters the sea between Raritan Bay and the Hook. Travellers proceeding by the Southern Railroad of New Jersey, or the

pleasure-party visiting the famous watering-place of Long Branch, land from the steam-boat at Sandy Hook. The railroad runs along the narrow strip of sand, already mentioned,

that separates the river from the ocean, giving the passengers charming views of the hills, such as that delineated in the steel-plate engraving accompanying this article. But the visitor who explores the river by boat enters its pleasant waters with beautiful, villa-adorned hills to the right, as illustrated in our initial engraving, and courses along at their feet, admiring the highlands as they lift above him on one side, and the superb stretch of sea on the other, the view of which the intervening strip of sand scarcely obstructs. Entering the river thus, we soon reach "Beacon Hill," crowned by a double-towered light-house furnished with "Fresnel" lights of remarkable capacity. The square tower has the most powerful light on the coast, the rays of which reach a distance of thirty-five miles, or as far as the altitude of the tower lifts the horizon. This light gives the mariner the first intimation of his nearness to our shores, just as the green slopes of the hill it surmounts greet him with the first show of land. This magnificent light is of French construction, was exhibited and secured the prize at the great French Exposition, and was purchased by our government at a cost of thirty thousand dollars. The light in the corresponding tower was manufactured in imitation of it, and, although upon the same principle, is scarcely so powerful. A visit to this light-house will repay us; the view from the tower is superb, and the magnificent lenses of the lamp are well



On the Highlands.

worth our curious attention. The obliging light-house keeper will draw the curtain, and show, reflected upon the convex central crystal, an exquisite miniature of all the expanse



Boat-Landing.



Fairhaven.

of land and sea and sky—such a landscape as the most gifted painter would despair of being able to imitate.

Just beyond Beacon Hill is the little town of Highlands, where the hotels most do congregate. Here there is every charm to seduce the town-lorn citizen from his weary streets. He may wander amid the leafy retreats of the hill, once peopled by deer and other creatures of the woods, and now such a forest as that of Arden could scarcely excel: or he may sail on the smooth waters of the river, and cast his line for the bass

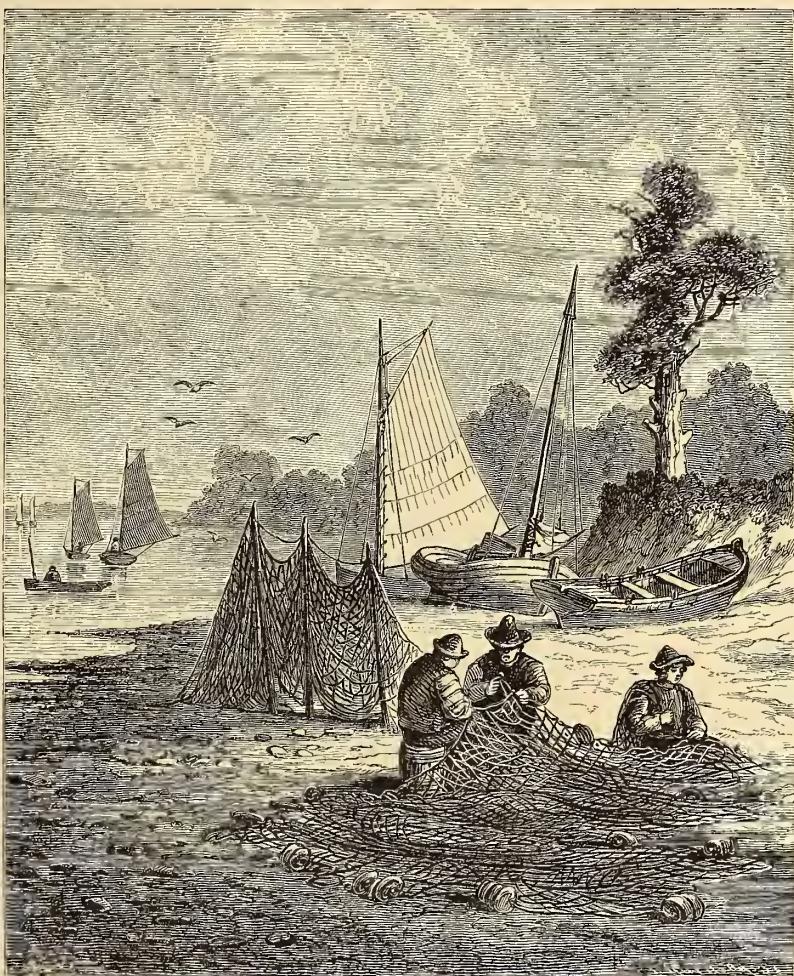


Calking on the Neversink.

and the blue-fish; or, crossing to the sandy beach where the surf of the wide ocean rolls in upon him, plunge into the breakers until his heart and his muscles gather freshness and strength from the brief battle with Old Ocean. It is a delicious and sometimes a stirring picture that may be seen from these hills. One may sit, fanned by great trees, inhaling the odors of grass and woods, and watch the far expanse of sea, on the surface of which ships ceaselessly come and go; and then at times rises the storm, and the fierce breakers come tumbling in upon the beach with a wild roar, bursting high into

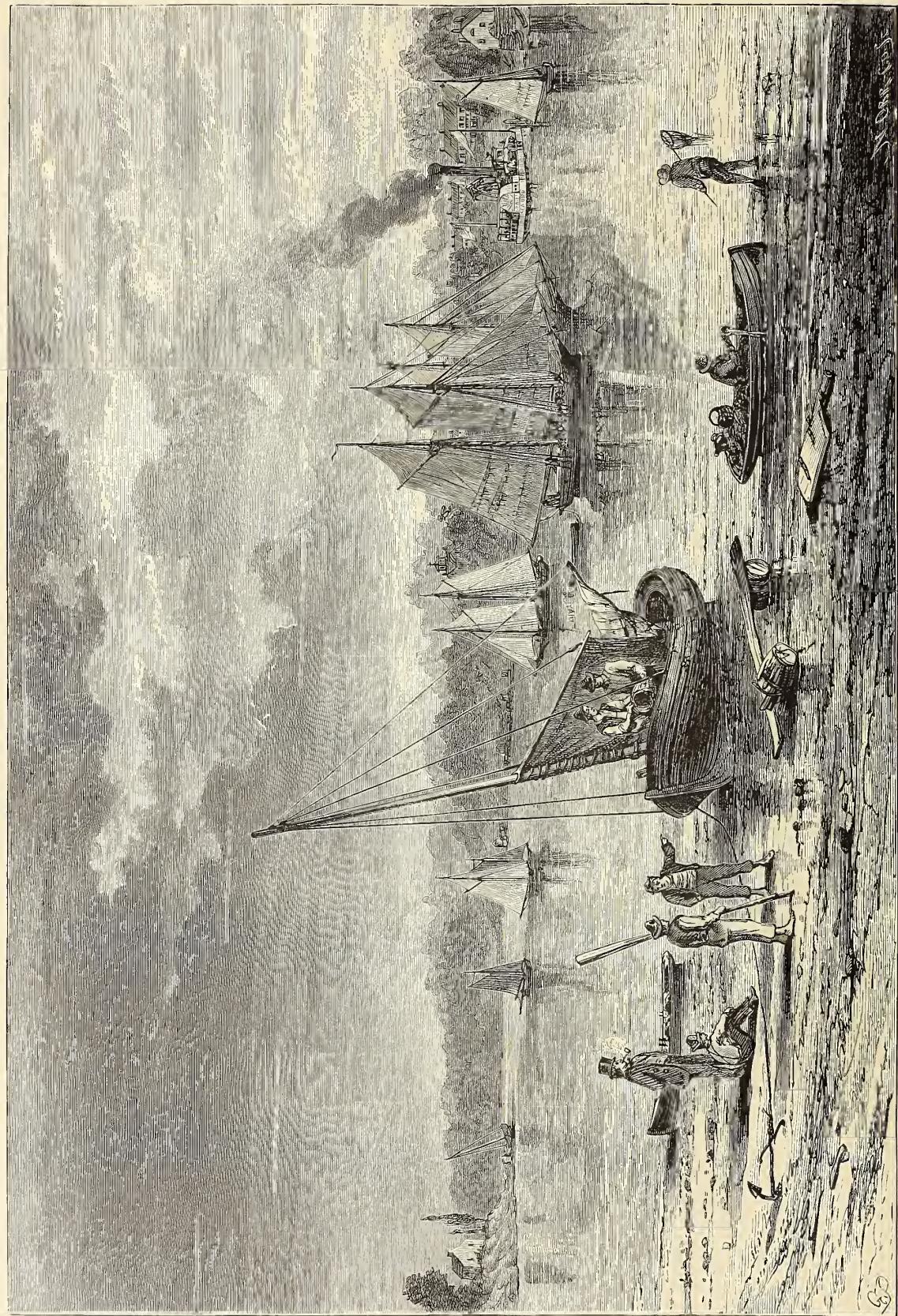
the air in spray, while the ships go rushing by with furled sails like great, frightened birds.

Our course lies along under these hills, the river continuing narrow; but soon it widens, and presently we find two forks—one that keeps close along the sea, another that trends a little way inland. These forks are known locally as South and West Shrewsbury Rivers, but the geographies set down the southern fork as Shrewsbury River, and the western one as Neversink River. The latter is the most picturesque and



Mending Nets on the Neversink.

attractive, and it is the one our artist has followed. On both sides of the river we now have wooded shores, while the river broadens frequently into bays that are as handsome and nearly as wide as those of the Hudson. All along there are pleasant cottages, and on the distant, sloping hills cultivated farms. There are picturesque landings at little wharves thrust out from high, wooded banks; there are quaint little houses close to the river-shore, hiding away among trees; there is a club-house, with its array of boats; and presently we come to the busy centre of the great oyster-breeding region. The pleas-



AT RED BANK.

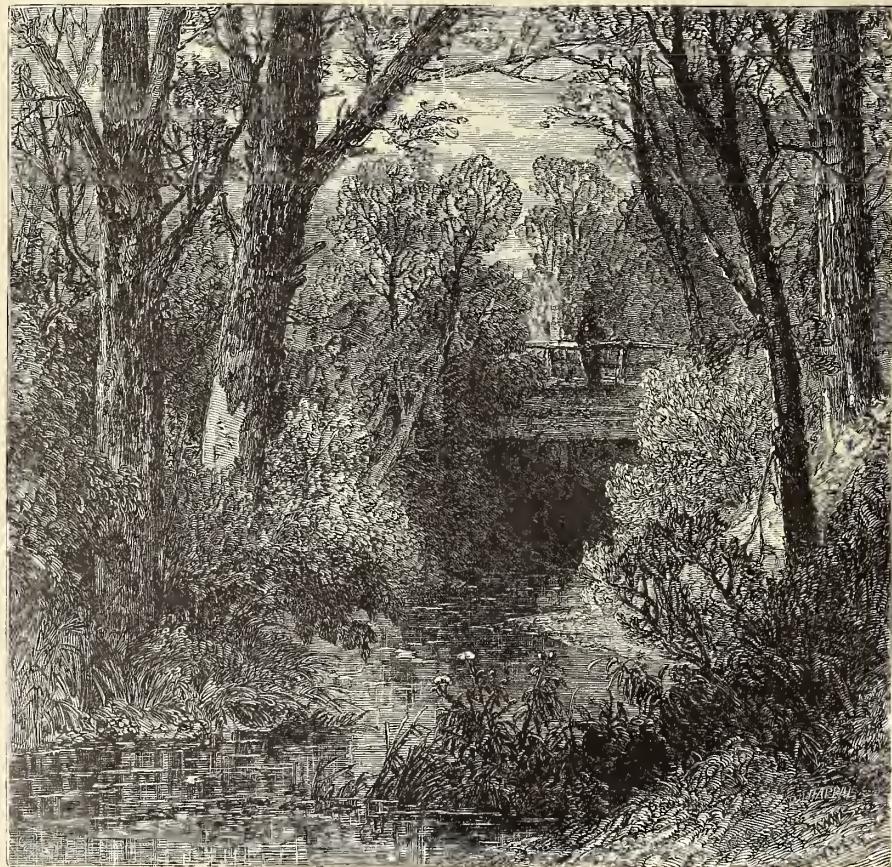
ant village of Fairhaven is an outgrowth of the oyster business. The river here is broad and shallow; the oyster-beds abound in great numbers, and at the proper season whole fleets of boats are engaged, at one time in planting, at another in gathering the wealth of the river-bed. The oysters planted here are mostly brought from Virginia; and, as the Virginia oysters are notoriously among the finest in the world, this fact may account for the favor which the Shrewsbury product—we never hear of Neversink oysters—enjoys in our market. Not only oystermen, but fishermen, are numerous here, for this estuary affords rare fishing-grounds; and everywhere are evidences that the river yields rich rewards to those who depend upon it. The houses, if rarely splendid, are in no instances poor or squalid, while the greater number are charming cottages surrounded by many evidences of thrift and taste. The shores here are interestingly varied by scenes of picturesque industry connected with the pursuits of the people; here may be seen a group of fishermen, mending their extended nets; there, a boat turned up on the beach, undergoing repairs; and these little insights into the occupations pursued amid these sylvan scenes are not without their charm.

We soon reach the most important town on the river. Red Bank lies at the head of navigation, and yet is situated on a water-course of wide expanse. It is probably the termination of the estuary, while the little stream that flows through narrow gorges and shadowy forests beyond, is all that may strictly be called a river. Red Bank is, in every sense, a pretty village, and, what perhaps is better, a thriving one. Without lifting so high as near the mouth of the river, the hills here are very charming, spreading away in flowing, undulating lines, and dipping to the water with many a sylvan grace. It is a town built up in the interests that pertain to a great metropolis, being a sort of entrepot for a large agricultural country, the products of which centre here for transportation to the city. In 1830, only two houses stood upon its present site; and now its avenues of cottages and villages extend for miles, while whole fleets of vessels are occupied in its commerce. It is a village without "slums," or unpleasant quarters; poverty would seem to be unknown within its borders. Its streets are shaded with arching trees, and lined with neat cottages; and all the prospects from the place are full of pleasantness. Handsome villas front the main avenues, the rear windows of which overlook the river and the green shores of its opposite boundary. Rarely do we find, in an American town, this union of thrift and beauty; for usually, where enterprise consents to inspire a people, its energy leaves rude gashes upon the landscape.

This section has little legendary or historical interest. It is included in Monmouth County, and hence it is near the scene of the famous battle of Monmouth, of the Revolution; and it was infested, during that momentous struggle, with predatory bands, who made general warfare upon the people. Its best legendary interest is derived from the pages of Fenimore Cooper's "*Water Witch*," many of the scenes of which were laid in Sandy-Hook Bay and upon the adjacent Neversink Hills. The reader of this delightful

romance—the most truly imaginative that came from the pen of Cooper—will recall the strangely-named villa “Lust in Rust,” built by the smuggling Dutch alderman upon one of these elevations, and the strange adventures of the Water-witch, guided by the mysterious sea-green lady, which glided in and out of a secret inlet then existing near the Hook, to the vast mystification of its pursuers. We learn that several times the sea has broken through the sandy stretch of land, making the Hook an island; such an inlet existed in 1798, which closed in 1800, and opened again in 1830.

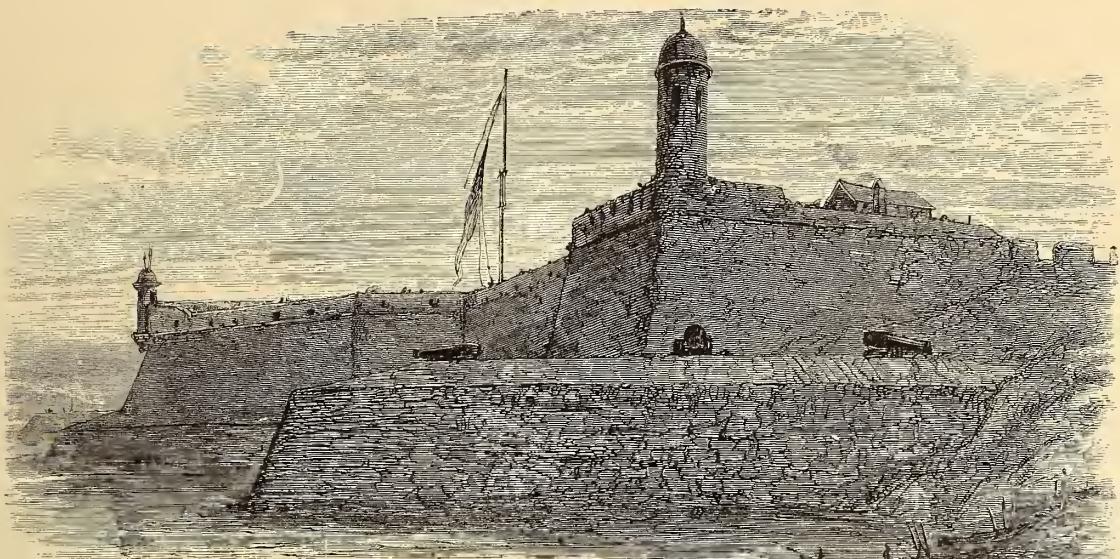
In regard to the designation of these hills, there exists a fearful orthographical confusion. The word is sometimes spelled *Navasink*, sometimes *Navisink*, then again as *Nevisink*, and lastly as *NeverSink*. The correct method can be determined only by a knowledge of its origin, and of this there appears to be some doubt. *Navasink* is supposed to be an Indian word, meaning “fishing-place,” and, of course, applied to the river; but others claim that this is simply a common instance of a natural desire to find an aboriginal root for our nomenclature, and that the term is really *NeverSink*, having been bestowed by the sailors, as expressive of the long time which these hills remain in view to the outward voyager. There is more romance and originality in the Indian term, but, so far, the weight of authority does not appear to be in its favor.



Old Bridge, near Red Bank.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



St. Mark's Castle, St. Augustine.

THE quaint little city of St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest European settlement in the United States, is situated on the Atlantic coast, in a narrow peninsula formed by the Sebastian and Matanzas Rivers, on the west side of a harbor which is separated from the ocean by the low and narrow island of Anastasia. It lies about forty miles south of the mouth of the great river St. John's, and about one hundred and sixty miles south from Savannah, in Georgia.

St. Augustine was founded by the Spaniards in 1565, more than half a century before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and was from the start a place of note, and the scene of interesting historical events. Its founder, Don Pedro Menendez, was one of the most eminent men of Spain, and a famous commander during the reign of Philip II., by whom he was sent to Florida at the head of an expedition comprising thirty-four vessels and two thousand six hundred persons, to colonize the country and suppress a Huguenot settlement made in 1564 near the mouth of the St. John's. He landed at St. Augustine on August 28, 1565, established his colony, and then marched



to exterminate the Huguenots, which he effected with great vigor and cruelty, putting to death all his prisoners, "not because they are Frenchmen, but because they are heretics and enemies of God." Two years later, this massacre was avenged by a French adventurer, Dominique de Gourgues, who, with a small force of volunteers, attacked and captured the Spanish forts on the St. John's, and hanged his prisoners, "not because they are Spaniards, but because they are traitors, robbers, and murderers." De Gourgues, however, made no attempt to retain his conquest, but, after his deed of retribution was accomplished, sailed back to France.

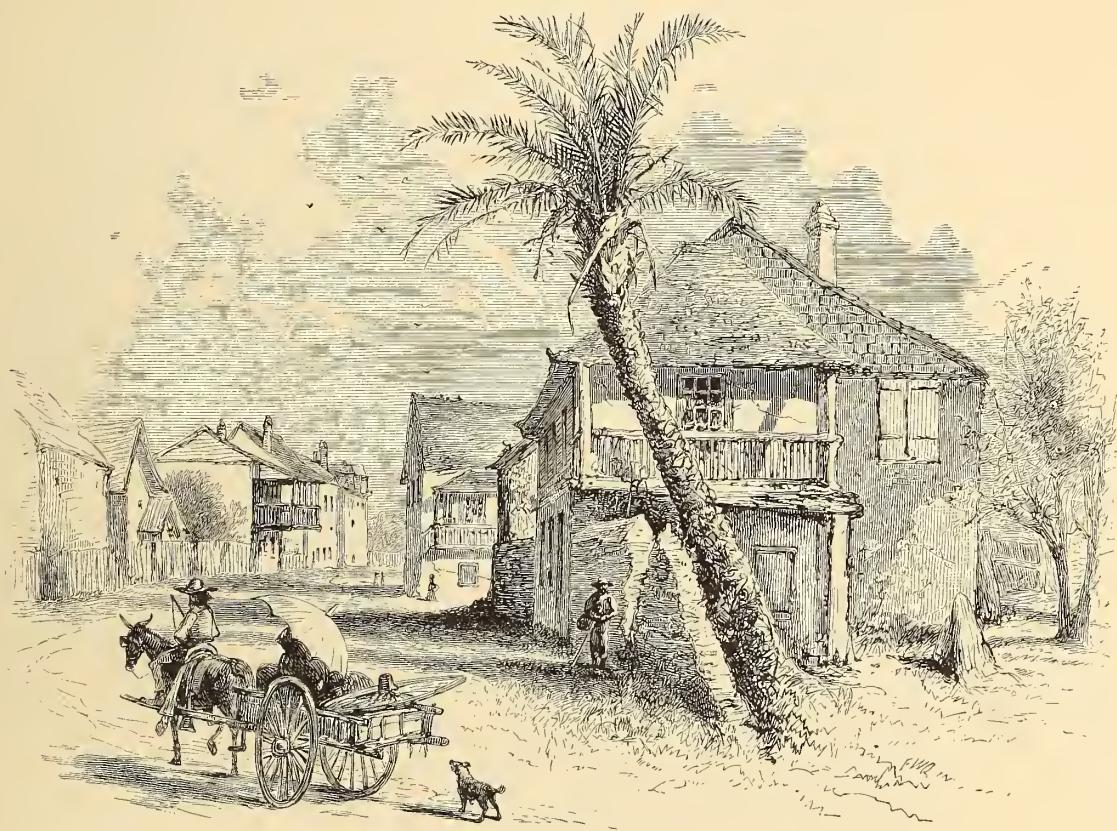
Menendez was absent in Spain during this attack by De Gourgues, and did not return until the affair was over. He continued for some years longer to rule the colony, but finally returned to Spain, where his reputation for ability was so high that he was made captain-general of the navy, soon after which he died, at the age of fifty-five. His career in Florida, though stained with cruelty, was distinguished for energy and perseverance, and to him, undoubtedly, is due the credit of establishing the first permanent settlement in the United States. His selection of St. Augustine as a site for his chief town showed his good judgment. The situation was peculiarly favorable. The harbor, while affording ample accommodation for vessels bringing in supplies for the garrison, was inaccessible to those of a larger class, and was thus tolerably protected from the attack of a hostile fleet; while landward the estuaries and marshes defended it from the Indians. A still more favorable feature in the location of Menendez's garrison was its great healthiness. Surrounded by salt marshes, free from miasmatic exhalations, the pure and balmy sea-air preserved the colonists from those fevers so fatal to the first settlers on our Southern coasts.

In 1586, Sir Francis Drake, the famous English fillibuster, returning from an expedition against the Spanish West Indies, appeared off St. Augustine, and so terrified the Spaniards that they abandoned the fort and the town to him without any attempt at resistance, and fled to the shelter of the forts on the St. John's. Drake took possession, and pillaged and burnt the town, carrying away considerable booty. The principal public buildings of the place at that time were a court-house, a church, and a monastery. After the departure of Drake, the Spaniards returned and rebuilt the town, which, however, grew so slowly that in 1647 there were within its walls only three hundred families, or fifteen hundred inhabitants, including fifty monks of the order of St. Francis.

In 1665, a party of English buccaneers, commanded by Captain John Davis, made a descent upon St. Augustine with seven small vessels, and pillaged the town. The garrison, though consisting of two hundred men, do not appear to have resisted the attack, which, it is probable, was made from the south by boats.

In 1702, Spain and England being at war, an expedition against St. Augustine was organized in South Carolina, by Governor Moore, of that colony. It consisted of six

hundred whites, and as many Indian allies, and its plan of operations comprised a march by land of one portion of the force, and an attack by sea of the other. The land force was commanded by Colonel Daniel, the naval force by Governor Moore himself. The forces under Colonel Daniel reached St. Augustine before the naval part of the expedition appeared, and easily captured the town, the governor, Don Joseph Cuniga, and the inhabitants, taking refuge in the castle, which was well supplied with provisions, and contained a considerable garrison. Governor Moore, with the fleet, soon after arrived, and invested the fortifications, but, not having siege-guns of sufficient calibre,



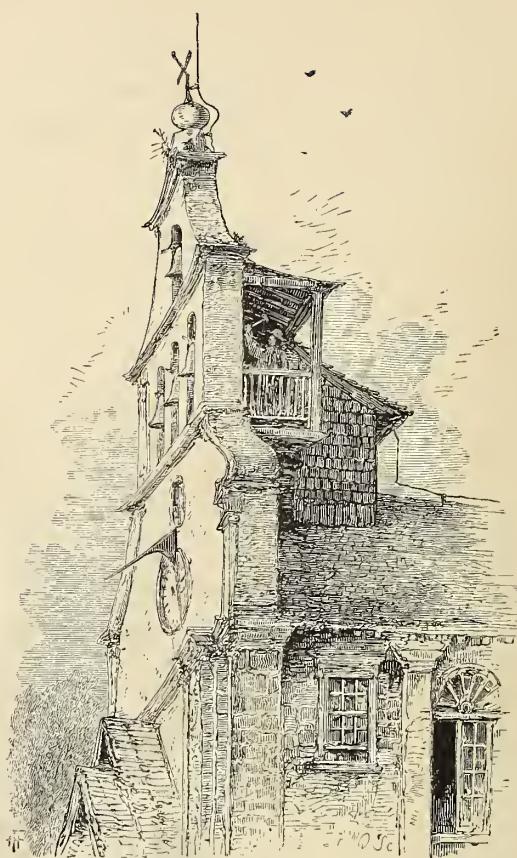
St. Francis Street, St. Augustine.

could make no impression on the walls of the fort. Colonel Daniel was sent to Jamaica to procure heavier guns. While he was yet absent, two Spanish vessels appeared off the harbor. Governor Moore, fearing that he was about to be attacked by a superior force and his retreat cut off, hastily raised the siege, destroying such of his munitions as he could not remove, and barbarously burning the town. He retreated by land, abandoning his vessels from fear of the Spanish squadron, whose appearance had alarmed him. Shortly afterward, Colonel Daniel returned from Jamaica with mortars and heavy guns, but found Moore gone, and was himself nearly captured. The expedition returned to Carolina in disgrace, but without the loss of a man. It cost the colony of

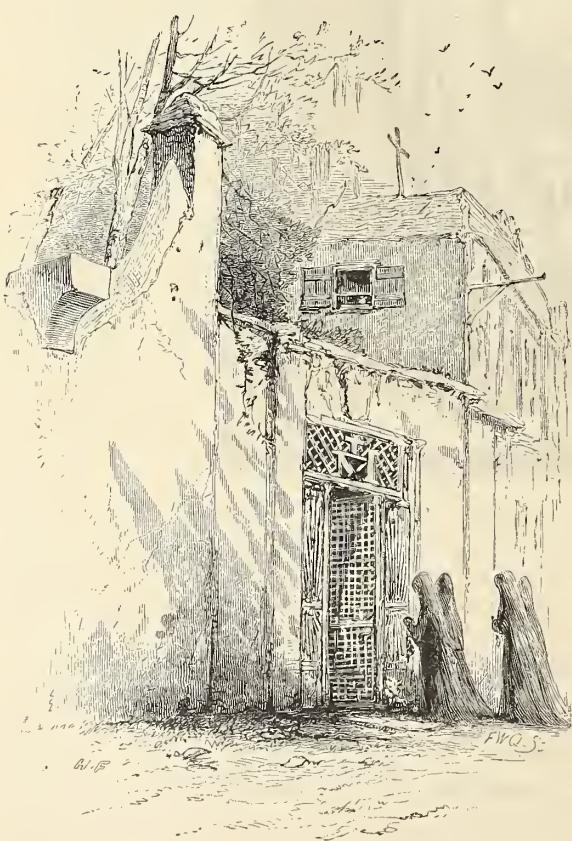
South Carolina six thousand pounds, and led to the issue of the first paper money ever circulated in America.

In 1727, Colonel Palmer, an energetic officer, made a raid into Florida with about three hundred Carolina militia, and carried destruction by fire and sword to the very gates of St. Augustine, which, however, he dared not attack, though he sacked a Yemassee village about a mile north of the city.

In 1740, war again existing between Spain and England, an expedition against St. Augustine was organized by the famous General Oglethorpe, then Governor of Georgia. He obtained assistance from South Carolina, and from England a naval force of six ships. About the first of June his forces reached



St. Augustine Cathedral.

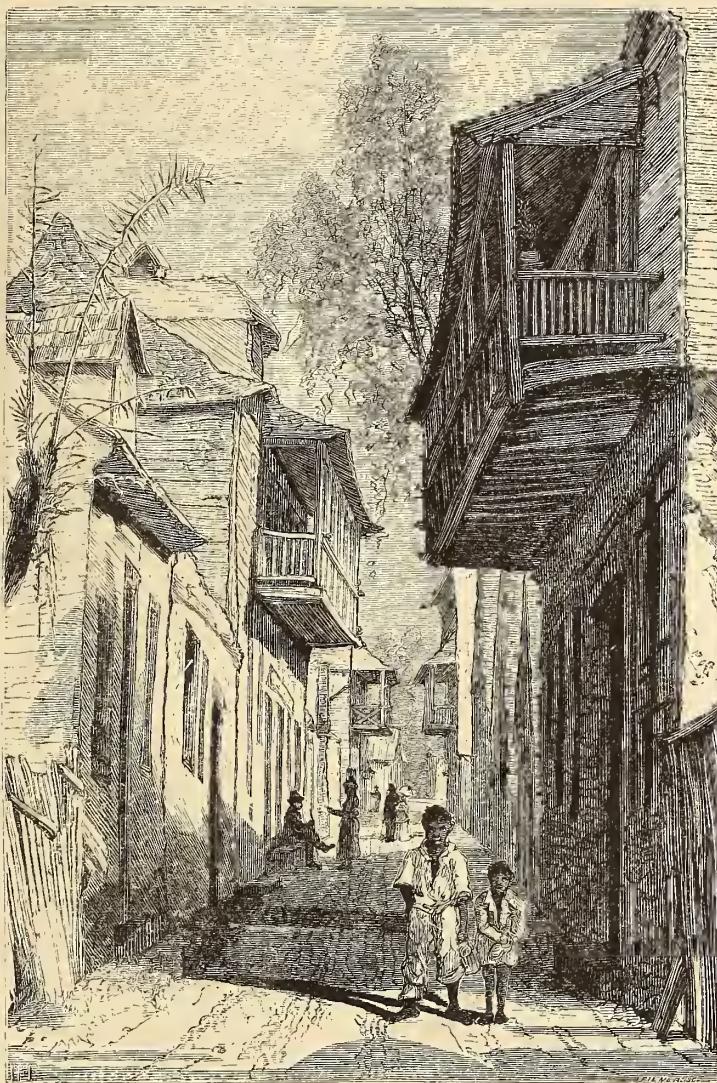


The Convent-Gate.

St. Augustine, which was defended by a not very numerous garrison commanded by Don Manuel de Monteano, the Governor of Florida, a man of energy and resolution. After a siege of five or six weeks, carried on chiefly by bombardment from Anastasia Island, Oglethorpe became satisfied that he could not take the place, especially as his fleet had withdrawn in apprehension of bad weather, and he accordingly embarked his troops and sailed away on July 9th.

Two years later, the Spanish Governor of Florida, the energetic Monteano, having received reinforcements from Cuba, sailed from St. Augustine with thirty-six vessels and three thousand men to

attack the English settlements in Georgia. He met with some success at first, but was finally baffled, partly by the force and partly by the *finesse* of Oglethorpe, and returned to Florida. In the following year, 1743, Oglethorpe made a raid into the Spanish dominions to the gates of St. Augustine, advancing with such celerity and secrecy that



A Street in St. Augustine.

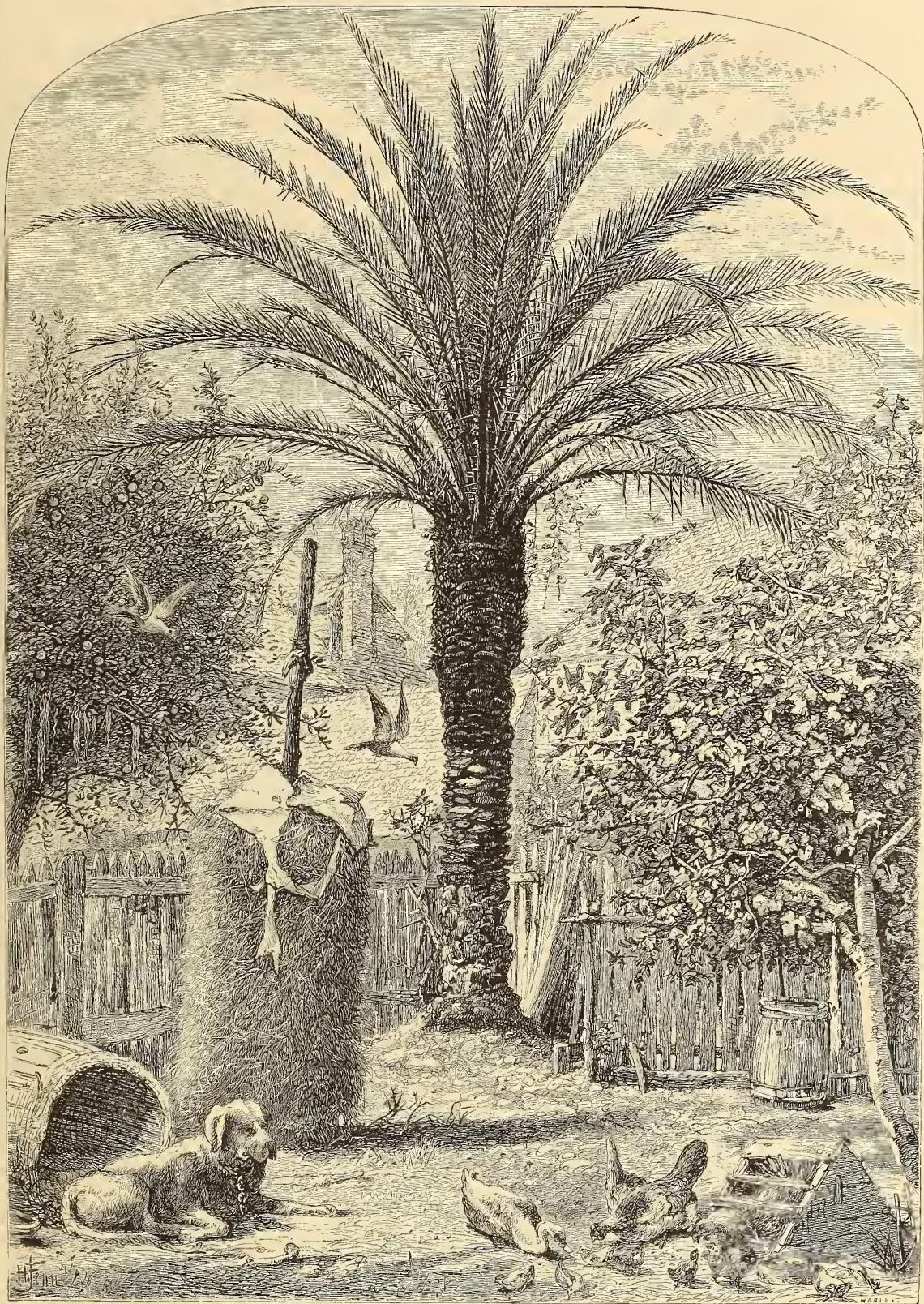
the Indians attached to his force captured and scalped forty of the Spanish troops under the very walls of Fort St. Mark's, the chief defence of the city.

By the Treaty of 1763, which established peace between Spain and England, Florida was ceded to the English in exchange for Havana, which had been taken by an English fleet during the war. This cession was very distasteful to the Floridians, and nearly all of them removed at once to Mexico and the West Indies. To offset this depopulation, great efforts were made in England to promote emigration to the newly-acquired terri-

tory, the fertility and salubrity of which were highly lauded in pamphlets, books, and newspaper articles. An association was formed in London, at the head of which was Dr. Andrew Turnbull, a Scotch gentleman, having in view the settlement of the large and very valuable body of land lying near Mosquito Inlet. They proposed to accomplish this purpose by procuring settlers from the south of Europe and the Mediterranean islands, especially from Minorca, who, living in a similar climate, might successfully transplant and cultivate the productions of that region on the rich lands of Florida. Accordingly, in 1767, fifteen hundred Greeks, Italians, and Minorcans, were brought over and settled at New Smyrna, on the Mosquito Inlet, ninety miles south of St. Augustine. There they remained till 1776, when their number was reduced by sickness to about six hundred, and this remnant, complaining of ill-usage on the part of the proprietors of the colony, abandoned New Smyrna in a body and made their way to St. Augustine, where lots were assigned to them in the northern part of the city, where their descendants still reside, and constitute an important and very interesting part of the population.

The British kept possession of Florida about twenty years, and then, in 1783, receded it to Spain in exchange for the Bahama Islands. St. Augustine, at that time, contained three thousand inhabitants, a description of which we copy from a "History of Florida," by Mr. Geo. R. Fairbanks—the latest and the best work on this section of our country :

"All the gardens in the town were well stocked with fruit-trees, such as figs, guavas, plantains, pomegranates, lemons, limes, citrons, shaddock, bergamot, China and Seville oranges. The city was three-quarters of a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile in width. It had four churches, ornamentally built of stone (*coquina?*) in the Spanish style. One was pulled down during the English occupation, the steeple of which was preserved as an ornament to the town. One of the churches was attached to the Convent of St. Francis. Their houses were all built of stone, their entrances shaded by piazzas supported by Tuscan pillars or pilasters. Upon the east the windows projected eighteen inches into the street, and were very wide and proportionably high. On the west side the windows were commonly very small, and there was no opening of any kind to the north, upon which side they had double walls, six or eight feet asunder, forming a kind of hall for cellars and pantries. Before most of the entrances, which were from an inner court, were arbors of vines, producing fine and luscious grapes. None of the houses were supplied with chimneys or fireplaces. For the purposes of warmth, stone urns were filled with coals, and placed in the rooms in the afternoon to moderate the temperature in weather sufficiently cool to require it. The governor's residence had piazzas on both sides, also a belvedere and grand portico, decorated with Doric pillars and entablatures. At the north end of the town was the castle, a casemated fort, with four bastions, a ravelin counterscarp, and a glacis, built with quarried stone, and constructed according to



SCENE IN ST. AUGUSTINE.—THE DATE PALM.

the system of Vauban. Half a mile to the north was a line, with a broad ditch and bastions, running from the Sebastian Creek to St. Mark's River; a mile from that was another fortified line, with some redoubts, forming a second line of communication between a staccata fort upon St. Sebastian River, and Fort Moosa, upon the St. Mark's River. Within the first line, near the town, was a small settlement of Germans, who had a church of their own. Upon the St. Mark's River, within the second line, was also an Indian town, with a stone church built by the Indians themselves, and in very good taste. These lines may be still distinctly traced. The churches spoken of, outside



The City Gate.

the city, as well as Forts Moosa and Staccata, have long since disappeared, but their sites are known.

"During the English occupation, large buildings were erected for barracks, of sufficient extent to quarter five regiments of troops. The brick of which they were built was brought from New York, although the island opposite the city afforded a much better building-material in the coquina stone. The lower story only of the British barracks was built of brick, the upper story being of wood. These barracks stood at the southern extremity of the town, to the south of the present barracks, and the length and great extent of the buildings fronting on the bay added greatly to the appearance

of the city as viewed from the harbor. The city, in English times, contained many gentlemen of distinction, among whom were Sir Charles Burdett, Chief-Judge Drayton, Rev. John Forbes, the Admiralty Judge, General James Grant, Lieutenant-Governor Moultrie, William Stark, Esq., the historian, Rev. N. Frazer, Dr. Andrew Turnbull, Bernard Romans, Esq., civil-engineer, James Moultrie, Esq., and William Bartram, the naturalist.

"Some few English families remained after the evacuation by the British in 1784, and the entire settlement of Greeks and Minorcans, who had come up from Mosquito from Dr. Turnbull's colony. As they were all Roman Catholics, and were accustomed to a language resembling the Spanish, they were not affected to any great degree by the change of rulers.

"It is a sad thing for an entire people to be forced to give up their homes and seek an asylum in some foreign land; and melancholy was the spectacle presented on all the routes leading to the harbor designated for the embarkation of the English inhabitants of Florida—families separating perhaps forever, long adieu between neighbors and friends who had together shared the privations and pleasures of the past, leaving behind them places endeared by the most sacred associations, and containing, perchance, the precious dust of the departed. Homes embowered among the orange-groves, and made pleasant by the fragrant blossoms of the honeysuckle, the rose, and the acacia; a land where Nature had lavished her choicest beauties, and created a perpetual summer—such was the land upon which the unfortunate residents of Florida were obliged to turn their backs forever."

In 1821 Florida passed by treaty from the dominion of Spain to that of the United States, and since then there is little in the history of St. Augustine that demands particular notice.

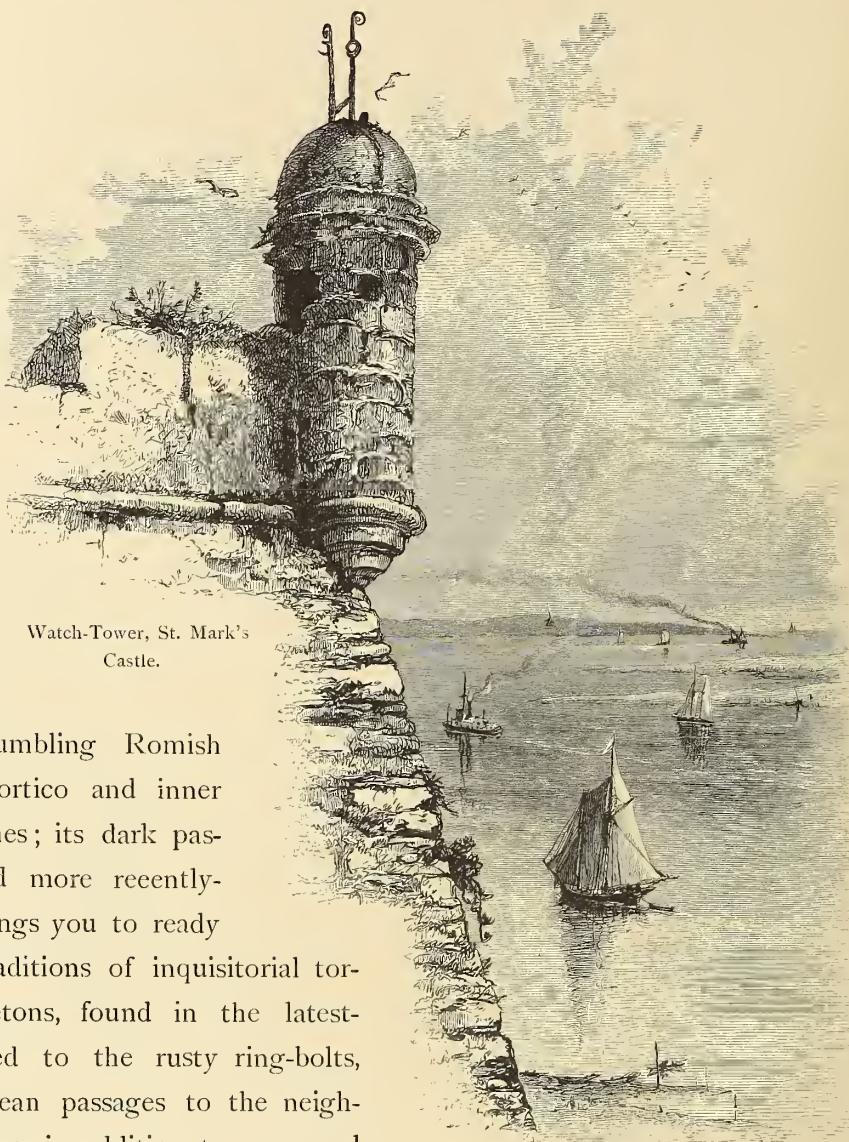
The most conspicuous feature in the town is the old fort of St. Mark's, or San Marco, which is built of coquina, a unique conglomerate of fine shells and sand, found in large quantities on Anastasia Island, at the entrance of the harbor, and quarried with great ease, though it becomes hard by exposure to the air. It is quarried in large blocks, and forms a wall well calculated to resist cannon-shot, because it does not splinter when struck.

The fort stands on the sea-front at one end of the town. It was a hundred years in building, and was completed in 1756, as is attested by the following inscription, which may still be seen over the gateway, together with the arms of Spain, handsomely carved in stone: "Don Fernando being King of Spain, and the Field-Marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Herida being governor and captain-general of this place, St. Augustine of Florida and its provinces, this fort was finished in the year 1756. The works were directed by the Captain-Engineer Don Pedro de Brazos y Gareny."

While owned by the British, this was said to be the prettiest fort in the king's dominions. Its castellated battlements; its formidable bastions, with their frowning guns

its lofty and imposing sally-port, surrounded by the royal Spanish arms; its portcullis, moat, draw-bridge; its circular and ornate sentry-boxes at each principal parapet-angle; its commanding lookout tower; and its stained and moss-grown massive walls—impress the external observer as a relic of the distant past: while a ramble through its heavy casemates—its crumbling Romish chapel, with elaborate portico and inner altar and holy-water niches; its dark passages, gloomy vaults, and more recently-discovered dungeons—brings you to ready credence of its many traditions of inquisitorial tortures; of decaying skeletons, found in the latest-opened chambers, chained to the rusty ring-bolts, and of alleged subterranean passages to the neighboring convent. We give, in addition to a general view of this fort, at the head of our article, an illustration of the quaint old watch-tower, overlooking the sea, and a glimpse of the interior, showing a stairway crumbled away out of almost all resemblance to its original form, and beneath an elliptical arch the entrance to the dungeons we have referred to. Here only a few years since, in a cavity revealed by the sinking of the parapet above, were found two skeletons hermetically walled in. The traveller curious in these old fortifications will be disposed to visit the ruins of a fort about twenty miles south of St. Augustine, on Matanzas Inlet. Of the history of this structure nothing is known. It is entirely different in form of construction from St. Mark's, and was probably erected about the same time.

Several other buildings in the town are worthy of notice for their quaintness or antiquity. The cathedral is unique, with its belfry in the form of a section of a bell-shaped pyramid, its chime of four bells in separate niches, and its clock, together form-





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N.Y. 1850

The City of Detroit
(FROM CANADA SHORE.)

New York, D. Appleton & Co.

ing a cross. The oldest of these bells is marked 1682. The old Convent of St. Mary's is a suggestive relic of the days of papal rule. The new convent is a tasteful building of the ancient coquina. The United-States barracks, recently remodelled and improved, are said to have been built as a convent, or monastery. The old government-house, or palace, is now in use as the post-office and United-States court-rooms. At its rear is a well-preserved relic of what seems to have been a fortification to protect the town from an over-the-river or inland attack. An older house than this, formerly occupied by the attorney-general, was pulled down a few years ago. Its ruins are still a curiosity, and are called (though incorrectly) the governor's house.



Interior of St. Mark's Castle.

The "Plaza de la Constitucion" is a fine public square in the centre of the town, on which stand the ancient markets, and which is faced by the cathedral, the old palace, the convent, a modern Episcopal church, and other fine structures. In the centre of the plaza stands a monument erected in honor of the Spanish Liberal Constitution.

The old Huguenot burying-ground is a spot of much interest; so is the military burying-ground, where rest the remains of those who fell near here during the prolonged Seminole War. Under three pyramids of coquina, stuccoed and whitened, are the ashes of Major Dade and one hundred and seven men of his command, who were massacred by Osceola and his band. A fine sea-wall of nearly a mile in length, built of coquina,

with a coping of granite, protects the entire ocean-front of the city, and furnishes a delightful promenade of a moonlight evening. In full view of this is the old light-house on Anastasia Island, built more than a century ago, and now surmounted with a fine revolving lantern.

The appearance of St. Augustine to the visitor from other parts of the country is as quaint and peculiar as its history is bloody and varied. Nothing at all like it is to be seen in any part of the United States. It resembles some of the old towns of Spain and Italy. The streets are quite narrow; one, which is nearly a mile long, being but fifteen feet wide, and that on which a principal hotel stands being but twelve feet, while

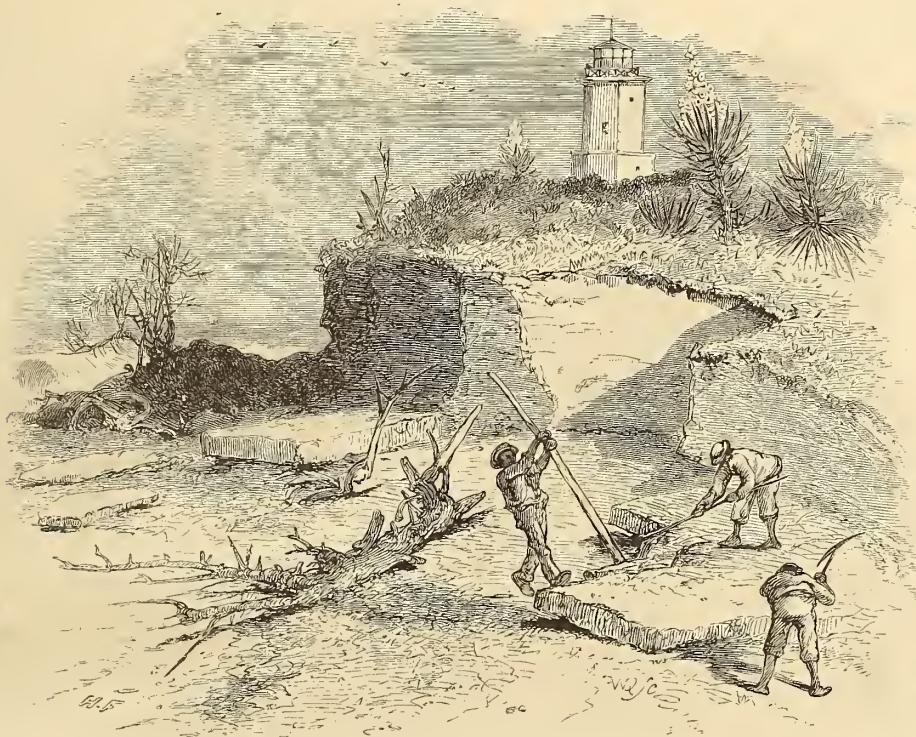


Ruins of a Spanish Fort at Matanzas Inlet.

the widest of all is but twenty-five feet. An advantage of these narrow streets in this warm climate is that they give shade, and increase the draught of air through them as through a flue. Indeed, some of the streets seem almost like a flue rather than an open way; for many of the houses, with high roof and dormer-windows, have hanging balconies along their second story, which seem almost to touch each other over the narrow street; and the families sitting in these of a warm evening can chat confidentially, or even shake hands with their over-the-way neighbors.

The street-walls of the houses are frequently extended in front of the side-garden—the house-roof, and perhaps a side-balcony, covering this extension—or the houses are

built around uncovered courts, so that, passing through the main door of a building, you find yourself still in the open air, instead of within the dwelling. These high and solid garden-walls are quite common along the principal streets; and an occasional latticed door gives you a peep into the attractive area beyond the massive structure, with perhaps a show of huge stone arches, or of a winding staircase between heavy stone columns, or of a profusion of tropical vegetation in the winter-garden, bringing to mind the stories in poem and romance of the loves of Spanish damsels, and of stolen interviews at the garden-gate, or elopements by means of the false key or the bribed porter. The



Coquina Quarry, Anastasia Island.

principal streets were formerly well paved or floored with shell-concrete, portions of which are still to be seen above the shifting sand; and this flooring was so carefully swept that the dark-eyed maidens of Old Castile, who then led in society here, could pass and repass without soiling their satin slippers. No rumbling wheels were permitted to crush the firm road-bed, or to whirl the dust into the airy verandas, where in undisturbed repose sat the Spanish dons and dames.

There are two convents in St. Augustine, whose nuns are mainly occupied in the education of young girls. There are among them a number of nuns brought over from France a few years since, who teach, besides their own language, the art of making lace,



A GARDEN IN FLORIDA.

and have also introduced the manufacture of hats from the palmetto and from the wire-grass, which is very strong and durable.

It must not be supposed, however, that St. Augustine is built wholly of coquina and in the Spanish style. There are many fine residences there in the American style. A profusion of tropical plants, and shrubs, and trees, ornament their grounds. Here the orange flourishes, and is abundant and delicious; several fine groves invite the visitor's inspection. The fig, and date, and palm, and banana, are all seen here, as also the lime and lemon, which grow to a great size, and the sweet and the wild olive; the citron, the guava, and the pomegranate, are all indigenous. The grape, and the peach, and the water-melon, also grow here with great luxuriance.

Among our illustrations the reader will find a garden-scene (see page 189), which, eminently characteristic of St. Augustine in many of its features, is specially noticeable on account of a splendid specimen of a date-palm, flanked on one side by a fig and on the other by a lemon tree. To Northern eyes the picture is rendered amusing by the Liliputian proportions of a Florida hay-stack, which, being too weak to stand alone, is wound around a stout bludgeon. The peculiarity of the trunk of the palm is, that it has the same diameter at the top as it has at the base. Its long shaft is ornamented with a capital about six feet high, clothed with branches some fifteen feet long, the leaves of which are arranged like the feather part of a quill. These palms, so essentially tropical in their character and appearance, vary from the vegetation of northern climates in every intrinsic quality as well as shape. The heart of the palm is pith; the heart of the northern tree is its most solid part. The age of the palm is legibly written upon its exterior surface; the age of the northern tree is concealed under a protecting bark. The northern tree, though native of a cold, inhospitable climate, is adapted to give shade; the palm, with its straight, unadorned trunk and meagre tuft of leafy limbs, gives no protection to the earth or to man from the burning tropical sun.

In "A Florida Garden" we have, with surroundings of a more refined character, other specimens of Southern vegetation. The cactus on the right of the picture is an exceptional development of this singular plant, which is usually a humble occupier of the soil. Its habit is to push a few leaves upward, and then shed them one after another, something after the fashion crabs dispose of an offending claw. Each discarded leaf, however, sets up growing for itself, and thus the cactus, in a modest way, usurps large tracts of favorable soil, forming an undergrowth more impenetrable to man and beast than walls of wood or iron. But our cactus in the garden has been led by the skilful hand of the cultivator upward, and, by removing every exuberant bud, developed into proportions quite foreign to its customary experience. At the left of the picture we have, in the banana, another phase of tropical horticulture, with its broad leaves, that unfold in a single night from a long, slender stem, and its pendent clusters of fruit.

CHARLESTON AND ITS SUBURBS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



A Garden in Charleston.

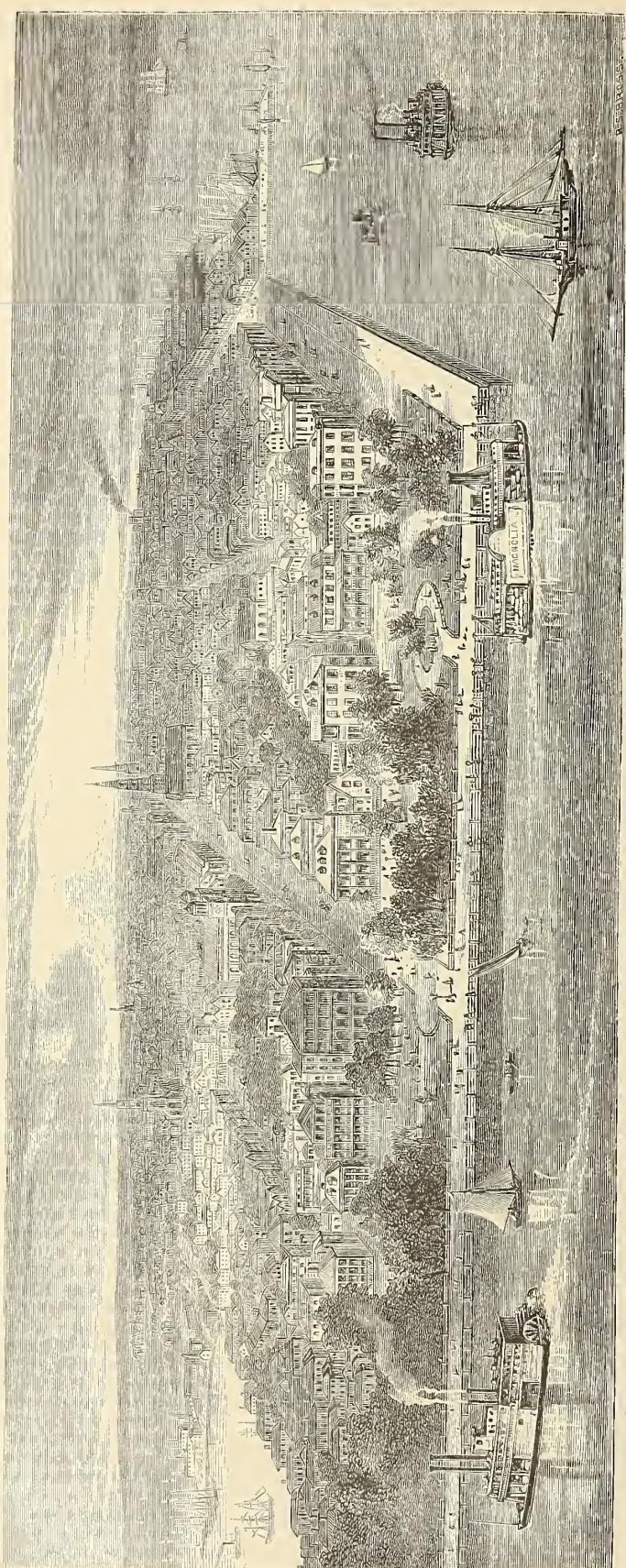
IF one go to Charleston from the North, let him go in the spring-time. The almost sudden change from wintry landscape and bleak winds to summer suns and summer foliage is a delightful surprise. If it chance with the traveller, as it chanced with Mr. Fenn and the writer, that the steamer sail away from the New-York wharf amid the rain and wind of a Northern March, that all the way southward cloud and storm surround and beset the vessel, and then at once come with the longed-for sun the wished-

for harbor, the sudden sweetness and beauty of the scene will seem to him a transition to a terrestrial paradise.

Because Charleston lies low, and seems to rise up out of the waters as one sails up to it, it has been called the American Venice. It may be doubted if one would think of this comparison if the guide-books did not suggest it. There are charms enough in the American city to please even an experienced traveller, but one would scarcely find his appreciation of them enhanced by recalling the wonders of the Bride of the Adriatic. If in no true sense a Venice, Charleston yet rises with charming effect from the sea. The long, palm-studded shores of the bay, the islands and forts that dot its surface, the mansions that front the waters, and the spires that lift to the skies, all make up a very pretty picture.

The first impression the streets of Charleston give is that of retiring respectability. There are no splendid avenues, no imposing public structures; but a few fine old churches, and many noble private mansions standing in a sort of dingy stateliness amid their embowering magnolias, command your attention. Our New-York custom, derived from our Dutch ancestors, of painting our brick fronts, is not in vogue here, where the houses have the sombre but rich toning that age alone can give when its slow pencilings are never disturbed by the rude intrusion of the painter's brush. The Charleston mansions are nearly always built with gable-end to the street. At one side rises a tier of open verandas, into the lower of which the main entrance to the building is placed. Usually, after the English fashion, a high brick wall encloses the grounds of the house, and it is only through an open gate-way that one catches a glimpse of flowers, and shrubs, and vines, that bloom and expand within the enclosure. But the rich dark green of the magnolia half screens the unsmoothed brick walls far above, and seems to hold the ancient structure in the hush of venerable repose.

It is quite possible the somewhat rude surface and antique color of the brick houses in Charleston would fail to please the taste of Northerners reared amid the supreme newness of our always reconstructing cities. But every one ought to travel in the company of an artist. It is only when associated with one of this instructed class that a man discovers the use of his eyes, and begins to understand fully the beauties, and harmonies, and rich effects that pertain to many things neglected by ordinary observers. These time-tinted mansions of Charleston, to the eye of an artist, have many charms. In the writer's own case he found it a good training to hear enthusiastic Mr. Fenn dilate upon this bit of color, that glimpse of rich toning, this new and surprising effect. It was even a revelation sometimes to see him extract a picture out of apparently the most unfavorable material. Nothing, indeed, seemed foreign to him but the merely pretty. Sweet, new houses of a respectable primness have no attraction for his artistic longings. Fresh paint is his abomination. The glare of the new enters like iron into his soul. But a fine bit of dilapidation, a ruin with a vine clambering over it, a hut all



Charleston, from the Bay.

awry, with a group of negroes in their flaring turbans set against the gaping walls, old chimneys and old roofs, the dark grays and browns that form into such rich pictures in an old town, these things would be sure to catch his eye and delight his fancy. In these semi-tropical places there are a hundred bits that would be admirable for a sketch in oil or water colors, that would lose their value in black and white. It is a pity that divine color cannot enter into engraving.

The search for the picturesque that would meet the necessities of our purpose was not expeditious. It is only after walking around a place, and surveying it from different situations, that an artist can settle upon his point of view. We were three days in Charleston ere Mr. Fenn discovered the prospect from St. Michael's belfry, and to this the reader's attention is solicited. If he does not think it very good, we shall be tempted to denounce his artistic appreciation. Note the far stretch of sea and the long, low shores; there is Fort Sumter far down the bay, and nearer the famous Castle Pinckney, a fortress that stands guard in the direct approach to the town. The por-



A GLIMPSE OF CHARLESTON AND BAY, FROM ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

tion of the city which this view commands is its most ancient quarter. Many of the buildings were erected in colonial times, and up to the period of the Revolution this comprised nearly the entire city. The chimneys are of a quaint fashion, and the roofs are mostly of grooved red tiles. The wide street to the left of the picture is the Charleston Wall Street, where congregate all the banks and banking-houses, brokers' offices, and law-offices. Here assemble the merchants and brokers; here are effected those transactions in commerce and finance so dear to the heart of the money-making world. The building at the foot of the street is the ancient custom-house, which, during the recent war, was rudely hustled by many an irreverent shell, unceremoniously battered by ball and petard, and now stands a broken and shattered reminiscence of by-gone belligerency. This structure, which dates back before the independence of the colony, is dear to the Charlestonians. It has always excited their patriotic sympathies, for here during the Revolution the patriot prisoners were confined, and from its portals the heroic martyr Hayne was led to execution.

The old buildings that the church looks down upon are not more ancient than the church itself. St. Michael's was built in 1752—it is said from designs by a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. The tower is considered very fine, and the situation of the church makes the spire a conspicuous object far out at sea. During the siege of Charleston in the late war, it was a mark for the Federal artillerymen; but, though persistently shelled, it was struck but a few times, and then only with slight injury.

Another of the ancient churches in Charleston is St. Philip's. This was the first church establishment in Charleston; but the present structure, which is the third erected by the parish, although of venerable age, is yet not quite so old as St. Michael's. The view from the spire is fine; but there is a keener interest in the graveyard than even in the old church itself, for here are met with at every turn those family names that have so long been associated in honor, not only with Charleston, but with the whole country—Gadsden, Rutledge, and Pinckney. In the portion of the graveyard that lies across the roadway is the tomb of Calhoun. It consists of a plain granite slab, supported by walls of brick, and for inscription has simply the name of "CALHOUN." The remains of the statesman were removed during the war, when Charleston was threatened with capture, under a most misjudged apprehension that the Union soldiers would disturb them. They were replaced in the spring of 1871. St. Philip's, with its embowering trees, its ancient gravestones, its scarred and broken walls, its marks of hostile shells, its surroundings of old buildings, the tiled roofs of which show quaintly through the green of the trees, affords a picture that is picturesque and pleasing.

Charleston has been accused of not having a public park; but the promenade known as the Battery is an enclosure which, if small, has some advantages that very few parks can supply. Like the New-York Battery, it is on the water's edge; it commands a view of the extensive bay, and is fanned by winds that come laden with the salt

odors of the ocean. It is surrounded by fine private mansions, and at early morning, at twilight, or on moonlit nights, is thronged with people seeking rest and recreation.

After one, in Charleston, has promenaded on the Battery; has visited the churches; has seen all the ruins effected by war and by fire; has examined the handsome new custom-house, now erecting; has admired all the stately old residences; has visited the fine



A Road-side Scene near Charleston.

military academy; has watched the various aspects of negro character, which in these Southern cities is an endless source of amusement—he must sail down the bay, and he must visit the rich lowland scenery of the suburbs.

Down the bay are many points of historic interest; but Fort Sumter crowns them all. On Sullivan's Island, at the sea-line, is the famous Fort Moultrie of Revolutionary fame. Here, before the war, was the Moultrie House, a watering-place resort for the

Charlestonians. On another island is, or was, the Mount Pleasant Hotel, where there is good bathing, and also forests that afford fine drives and pleasant rambles. Our own

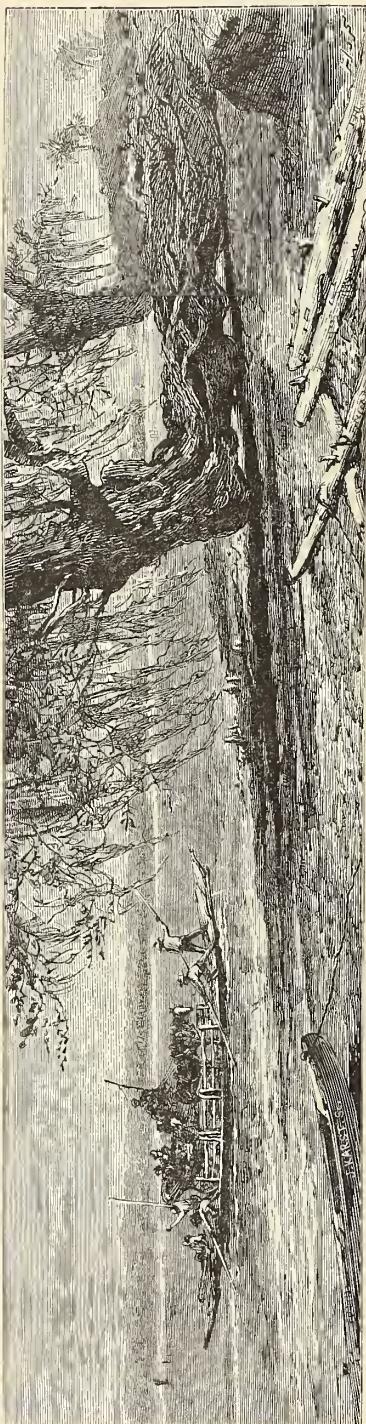
expedition down the bay terminated at Fort Sumter. To this place there is a daily ferry, consisting of a capacious yacht, the commander of which is an Athenian Greek. There was to our minds something of the Mediterranean in the whole aspect of the vessel, crew, and passengers, which a lateen-sail would have rendered complete. The passengers, that came in little groups to the vessel, were motley and picturesque: the buxom and turbaned negro "aunties," the solemn but ragged negro "uncles," the gay and chattering negro young folk, the varied complexions and costumes of poor whites and rich whites—these elements seemed well fitted for the presiding genius of a mariner from the Archipelago.

The wind was brisk, and so we ran down to the fort swiftly. Sumter is a ruin, as all the world knows; but possibly all the world does not know that on the highest point of its walls a light-house has been erected, thus utilizing the historic ground. One experiences something of a sensation, as he picks his way over the broken bricks and stones of this fort, and, if alone, would be apt to drift away into far reaches of meditation. On the piled-up rocks without the walls, amid the *débris* of masonry, surrounded by remains of cannon, shell, and round shot, we picnicked—a party, one moiety of which represented those who assailed, and the other moiety those who defended, the walls.

After clambering over the ruins, penetrating the dark underground passages, visiting the casemates that still remain, we returned, a high wind giving animation and expedition to the sail.

Perhaps the greatest charm to the Charleston visitor is the lowland scenery of its suburbs. The city is situated at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper

Rivers, and the banks of these streams have all the characteristics of Southern landscapes. Oaks, magnolias, myrtles, and jasmines, give splendor and profusion to the picture, while rice-fields and cotton-fields vary and enrich the scene. Here once resided,



Ashley River.

during a part of the year, a wealthy aristocracy; but, alas! nearly every mansion is in ruins. The destructive arm of War fell upon this paradise with all its force, nearly every one of the fine old houses having been fired (so it is here reported) by Federal soldiers.

Our expedition to the Ashley we shall long remember. It was by the invitation of Charleston friends, whose hospitality justified the social reputation of the city. The political elements composing the party were as antagonistic as possible; but, regardless of North or South, the Ku-klux, or the fifteenth amendment, we gathered in peace. There were in our small company a Northerner, who had fought under the Union flag, a descendant of one of the proudest names of Revolutionary fame; a Virginian, also of a



A Live-Oak on the Ashley.

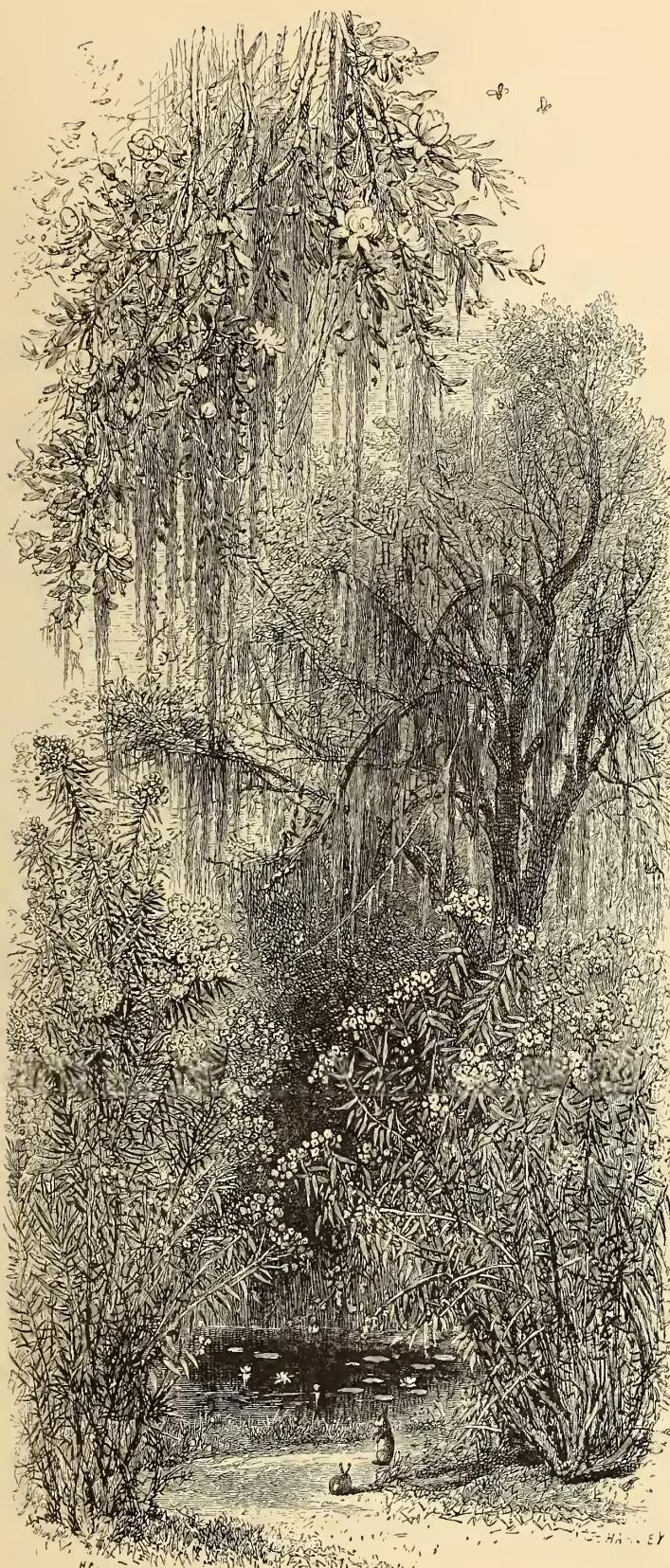
family of renown, whose love of daring and danger had led him into many a strange adventure under Mosby; an Englishman, whose enthusiasm for the Confederate cause had brought him all the way from London to do battle under Lee; another Englishman, whose sympathies for the Federal cause had been marked all during the war; a son of a distinguished journalist of New York, whose name has been notably identified with the Republican party; and, lastly, the writer, of whose political complexion it is not necessary to speak. But, in the face of all these elements of difference, the company was supremely harmonious; and the day, in the estimation of at least some of us, must be marked with a white stone.

The main road from Charleston into the country has been frequently highly praised, and, although some of the fine trees that bordered it have been destroyed, it is still an avenue of singular beauty. The road emerges from Charleston almost immediately into a green wilderness, and for a long distance it is canopied by the boughs of pines, and oaks, and magnolias, with rich effect. There are no signs along the road, as would be the case in our Northern section, of the proximity of a great city. No houses or villas line the way; you seem a hundred miles from a town. You meet occasionally a queer, slight cart, drawn by an ox or a donkey; you pass a group of sportsmen; you encounter now and then on the road-side a group of negroes. An illustration, by Mr. Fenn, catches the spirit of the scene with great fidelity. The extemporized covering of boughs shelters a "sweet-tater" woman, one who dispenses to hungry wayfarers of African hue the edible baked potato of the South.

We reached Ashley River by a sort of by-road. Here a bridge once spanned the stream, but it was destroyed during the war, and now there is a boat propelled by the lusty arms of negro ferrymen. A rope would aid the passage greatly; but our Southern Africans take usually the most troublesome means possible to accomplish their ends. They are proficient in the art of how not to do a thing. When we reached the bank, the boat was on the opposite shore. The current was swift; it took fully half an hour to get the boat over to us, and then the vessel could only accommodate one of our two vehicles. We were nearly two hours getting our forces to the opposite side of the stream.

Once on the opposite side, we were driven through a striking scene—a narrow road winding through a superb Southern forest, where the mammoth live-oak, and the tall pine, and the princely magnolia (*Magnolia grandiflora*) unite to form vistas of rare beauty.

The live-oak of the Southern lowlands is the most picturesque of trees. The famous California trees are of interest solely on account of their magnitude. Their gigantic proportions impose upon the imagination, it is true; but they lack altogether the quaint, fantastic, and picturesque form of the live-oak. An artist could make a series of studies of these trees in which every one would be essentially peculiar in form. In the illustration of the banks of the Ashley, Mr. Fenn has shown two of these trees, comparatively small in size, whose trunks stretch out for a distance almost horizontally; elsewhere the reader will find an illustration of a monstrous trunk standing near the Ashley, which in diameter almost rivals the "big trees" of the Pacific, and which in form has far more novelty and beauty. We saw one of these trees, of magnificent proportions and nearly symmetrical in form. We lifted the low branches, that nearly swept the ground, and entered what seemed a vast forest cathedral. The quaint trunk was covered with knobbed protuberances, and scarred and seamed as if with the marks of many centuries. Its branches, mammoth trees of themselves, shot out at a low elevation



"Magnolia."

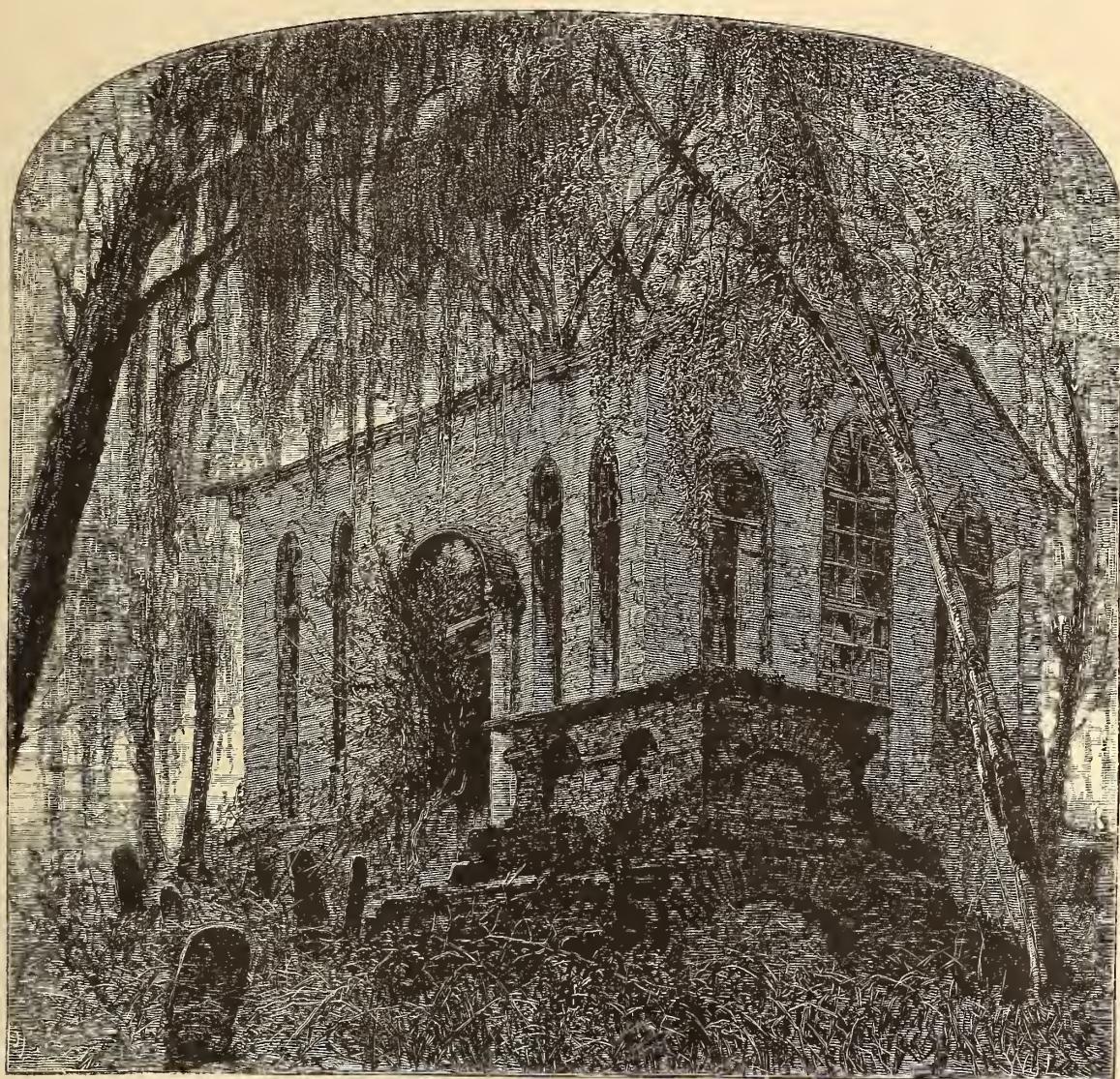
in a nearly horizontal line, extending probably a hundred feet, dipping at their extremities to the ground. The pendent moss from every bough hung in long, sweeping lines, and the sun flickered through the upper branches, touching up moss, bough, and trunk, and relieving the gloom of the interior with bright flashes of light. We were shown an avenue of live-oaks, standing in the very heart of the forest, that would make a superb approach to the finest palace in Europe. But, alas! here it leads only to a ruined waste. A romantic story is connected with this avenue, which some poet should put in verse. The young owner of the estate—this was many years ago—had brought a fair bride from foreign lands. A bridal cavalcade swept out of Charleston to escort groom and bride to the manorial mansion on the Ashley. The proud and eager groom, anxious to show his young wife the charms of her new home, urged her steed ahead of the rest, and, when they reached the avenue of oaks, called upon her to look and admire. Almost as they spoke, a cloud of smoke appeared at the other end of the avenue, and instantly flames

of fire shot up among the tree-tops. The old manor was in a blaze, and the bride arrived only in time to see the destruction of her promised paradise. The young husband was so cast down by this calamity that he carried his wife abroad, and never returned to his American estate. Trees and bushes have grown up around the old oaks, but the avenue retains all its distinct majesty amid the encroaching growths of the forest.

Of all the planters' houses that stood along the Ashley, but one remains, and this is abandoned. "Drayton Hall" is a large brick mansion, standing in the centre of grounds of a park-like character. The rooms are wainscoted from floor to ceiling, the fireplaces are lined with old-fashioned colored tiles, and the mantels are richly carved, but the building was never entirely finished. The story goes that it was erected in exact copy of an English mansion, in order to gratify the taste of the lady to whom the owner was betrothed. The wainscot, the tiles, the carved mantels, and marble columns, were all imported from England; but, ere the chivalrous lover had reproduced on the Ashley a full copy of the house which had charmed his betrothed on the Thames, the lady died; and, since then, the unfinished manor, like a broken monumental column, stands in its incompleteness a memorial of his loss.

Our destination was the estate known by the name of "Magnolia," on the grounds of which we were to lunch. This place is almost a paradise, but a paradise in ruins. The abundance of magnolias gives it its name, but these are interspersed with immense oaks, and at the time we were there, under the trees a splendid display of oleanders and azaleas filled the spaces with an array of color such as we had never seen approached. These low-country plantations were not usually occupied by their owners in midsummer; then fevers, heat, and insects, made them far from safe or agreeable, and so the white members of the family went into town or northward to upland habitations. This accounts for the special culture of spring blossoms which we noticed at "Magnolia." The planter had given devoted attention to azaleas, grouping the different shades of color from white to deep scarlet in delicate contrasts; and this flower, blooming on bushes from three to a dozen feet in height, lined all the winding avenues, and flashed under the shadows of the magnolias a tropical splendor of bloom that filled us all with admiration. And all this in the midst of desolation and neglect, with overgrown pathways, unweeded beds, and the blackened walls of the homestead looking down upon the scene! A few negroes were in possession, and one tall, melancholy, gray-haired mulatto, with all the dignity and deportment of the old school, lifted his hat, and said: "Welcome, gentlemen, to Magnolia!" On the border of a small lake within the grounds, shadowed by the moss-hung boughs of the oak, we lunched, and then bade adieu to the place. A pathetic story is told of the ruined proprietor, who comes often to his old favorite grounds, and wanders about them with profound melancholy, or sits for hours with his face in his hands, brooding over his desolated home.

The day after our visit to Ashley River we drove to a very old church on Goose Creek, near Cooper River, and about seventeen miles from Charleston. This church was built in 1711. It is situated in the very heart of a forest, is approached by a road scarcely better than a bridle-path, and is entirely isolated from habitations of any sort. A deep ditch surrounds the building, dug as a means of protecting the graves within.



St. James's Church, Goose Creek.

it from wild animals. The church was saved from destruction by the Tories during the Revolutionary War on account of the British arms that are emblazoned on the wall just above the pulpit. The interior is very odd. Seventeen square pews fill up the ground-floor, which, like all old English churches, is of stone. A gallery at one end has three or four rows of benches, and under this gallery are a few more benches designed

for the negro servants. The altar, the reading-desk, and the pulpit, are so small, and crowded in a space so narrow, that they seem almost miniatures of those church fixtures. The monumental tablets on the side of the altar are very oddly ornamented in form, and, what is still more singular, are highly emblazoned in color. Although these tablets have been in their places over one hundred and fifty years, the colors retain apparently all their original brilliancy. The lion and the unicorn over the pulpit also preserve their original tints. These specimens of old-time fresco gave us unexpected proof of the duration of this method of color-painting; and the whole chaneel in its gay tints and ornamental carving seemed queerly out of place in the otherwise plain and rude structure. This church was once the centre of flourishing settlements, but, with the decadence that has come over the old Commonwealth, the plantations are forsaken, and this historical vestige stands, in the midst of a wilderness, neglected and almost unknown. Trees and bushes have overgrown and hid the gravestones, and the native forest threatens in time to obscure the very foundations of the building.

Magnolia Cemetery is one of the places in Charleston to which strangers are directed. It is a new cemetery, and its name is rather derived from what is expected of it than what it exhibits. So far, very few magnolias adorn it, but there are some live-oaks exceptionally fantastic and queer in form. In this cemetery is a monument to Colonel William Washington, whose exploits in the Revolution are well known; to Hugh Swinton Legaré, one of the ripest scholars South Carolina has produced; and in a vault repose the remains of Commodore Vanderhorst, whose coffin, shrouded with the Union Jack, may be seen through the latticed door of the tomb.

We may here, before closing our article, give a brief glanee at the historical record of the city. It was originally settled about 1679—over fifty years before the city of Savannah on the same coast—by an English colony under William Sayle, who became first governor. Its name was obviously given in honor of Charles II, who then was King of England. Its early history was one of conflicts with Indians, devastations by storm and fire, and civil commotions with the lords proprietors, whose authority was eventually deposed in favor of the crown. It was one of the first of the chief places of the South to extend its sympathy to the Northern colonies in their struggle with the mother-country, and led the way in asserting its own independence. Its history during the Revolution was of struggle and misfortune. It was three times assaulted by the enemy: first, in the memorable attack on the palmetto fort at Sullivan's Island, when the British fleet and army were beaten off; next, by the attempted *coup de main* of General Prevost; and, thirdly, by Sir Henry Clinton, when it stood a siege of six weeks, and succumbed at last to famine. Of its strange and often brilliant history since the formation of the Union, of its position as the leader of Southern sentiment and polities, we need not speak; nor is it necessary to recount the severe vicissitudes through which it passed in the late unhappy struggle. We must recall, however, the

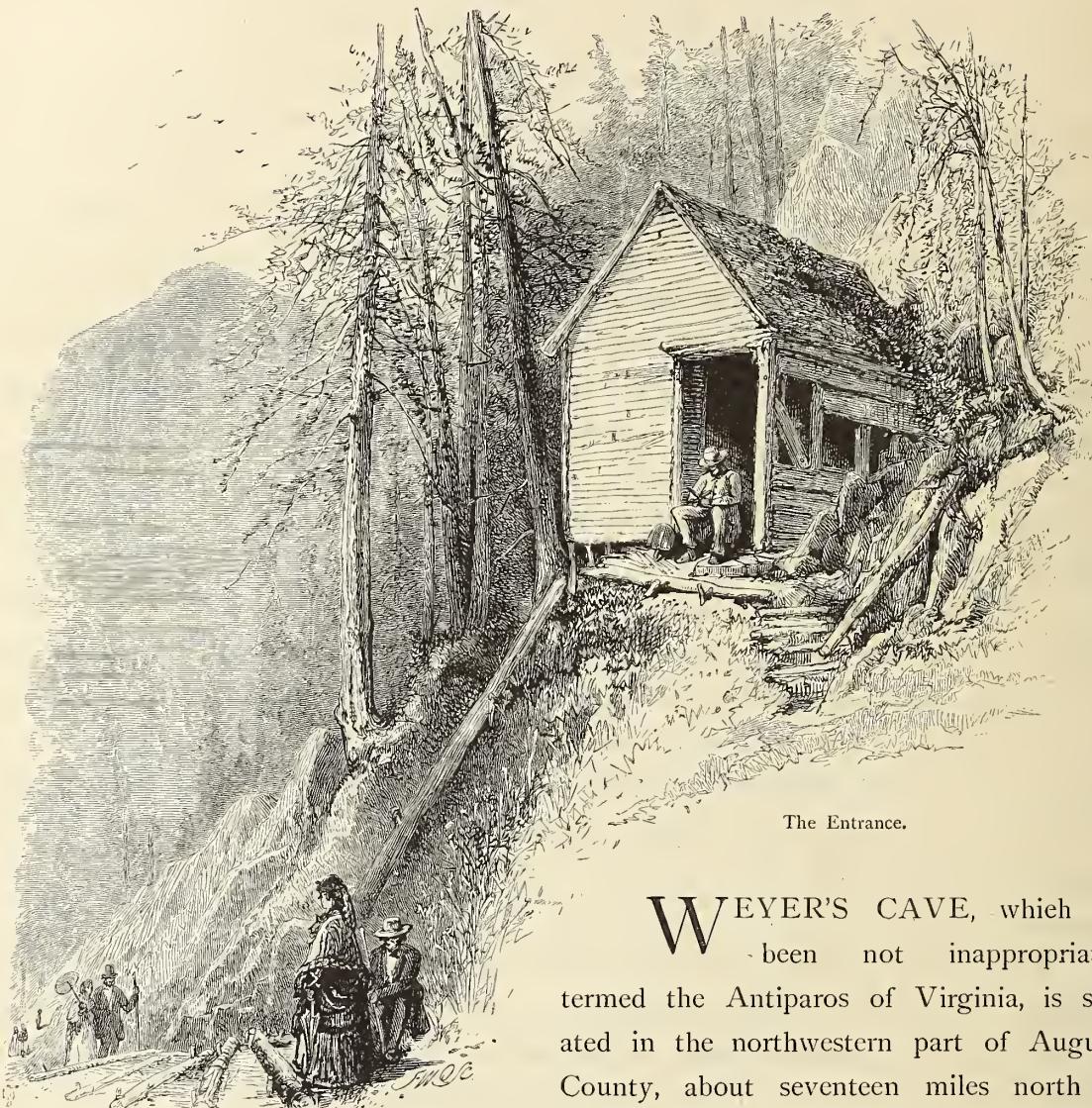
days when it was at the height of its glory—when it was the centre of a far-extending circle of brilliant homes, and its old mansions echoed to the tread of famous statesmen and renowned women. We recollect the report of the noted Elkanah Watson, who, just after the Revolution, travelled from Providence to Charleston in a buggy, and whose descriptions of the towns and cities he visited are usually accepted as trustworthy. The wealth and luxury of Charleston surprised the Rhode-Islander, and he speaks of the almost “Asiatic splendor” in which the citizens lived. Charleston was the centre of a somewhat peculiar civilization, and one highly favorable to the cultivation of the few. It was resorted to in summer as a watering-place by the people of the country. The planters brought with them wealth and leisure, and these naturally led to luxurious tastes and habits. We doubt if any community of the same number has produced so many men of distinguished merit. Pinckney, Rutledge, Gadsden, Legaré, are but the leading names of a host of worthies who shed bright lustre on the place. We may hope yet to see the old plantations on the Cooper and the Ashley attain a prosperity under the new dispensation as brilliant as that they enjoyed under the old; we may trust that the old mansions within the city shall renew the social triumphs of their brilliant past; and we may believe that statesmen and men of letters will not fail to perpetuate that renown the famous city once so fairly won and so fully enjoyed.



Magnolia Cemetery.

WEYER'S CAVE, VIRGINIA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



The Entrance.

Blue-Ridge Mountains. It is located in a large hill, or rather a spur of a range of small mountains, branching out southwesterly from this spine of the Atlantic watershed, and for many miles overhanging its uppermost tributaries.

This cavern derives its name from one Bernard Weyer, a dweller in the neighborhood, who discovered it while hunting an opossum, ferreting out the little animal to its retreat within the mouth. It is approached from the rustic inn, half a mile distant, by a broad carriage-road to the foot of the hill, and thence by a zigzag, precipitous foot-path to the opening near the crest of the summit.

WEYER'S CAVE, which has been not inappropriately termed the Antiparos of Virginia, is situated in the northwestern part of Augusta County, about seventeen miles north of Staunton, and a few miles west of the

The entrance, when discovered, was scarcely large enough for Mr. Weyer to enter on his hands and knees; and his astonishment and terror may be imagined when on and on he groped in the darkness, without finding the cunning little quadruped which had secured such commodious and gorgeous quarters. Since then the entrance has been enlarged, so as to be about seven feet in height, and is covered over by a rustic shed, to which is affixed a strong wooden gate, secured by a heavy lock.

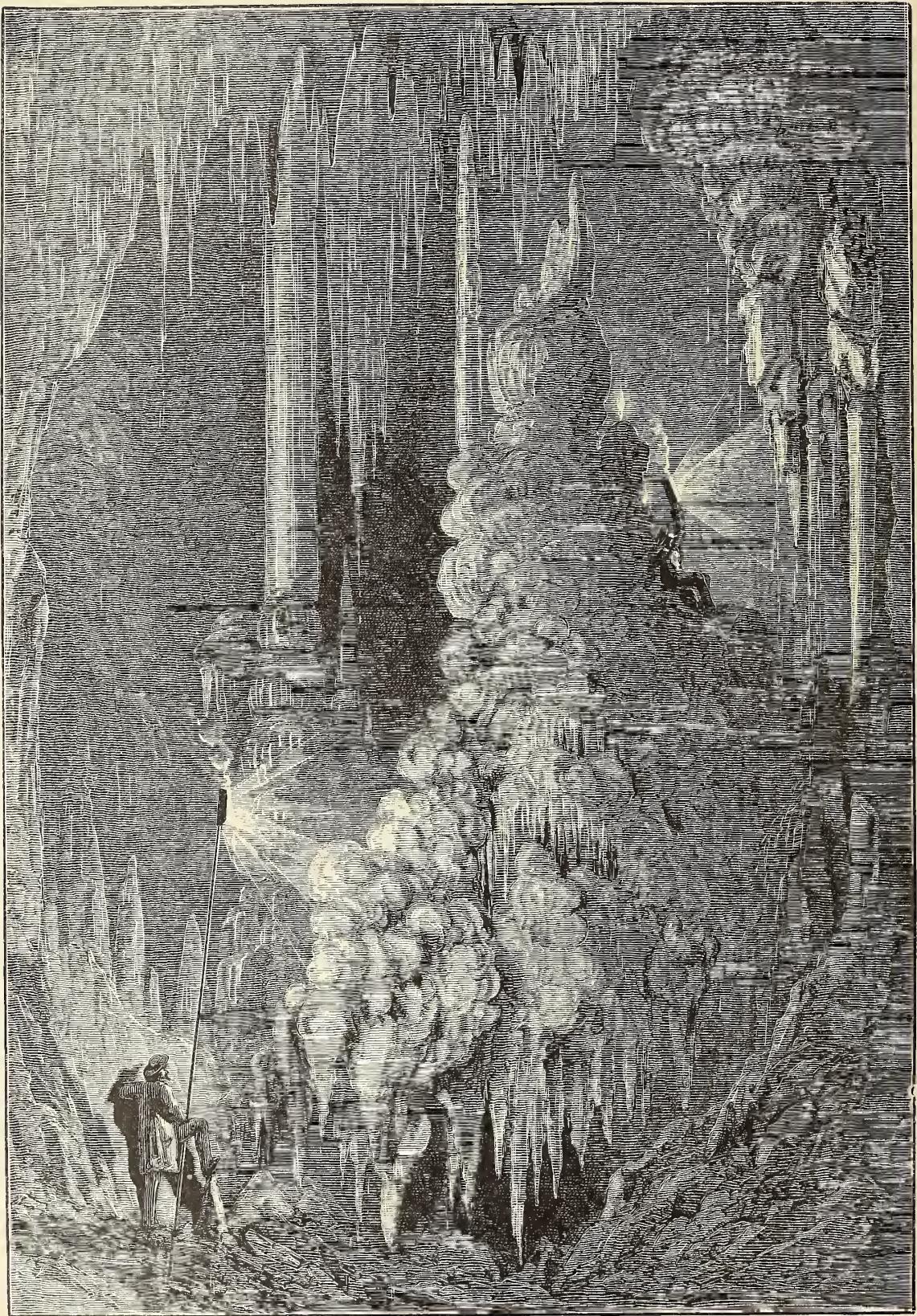
A chill creeps over one upon entering, and he feels an intensity of awe as he looks forward, beyond the dim, flickering lights in the scenes, to the profound darkness which spreads its impenetrable gloom in the distance. But the guide is master of his business; he is cheerful, facetious, loquacious; and, winding a yarn of some adventurous explorer before his visitor (perhaps some illustrious personage—the Duke of Buckingham, who sadly offended a liege lord of America; Frederika Bremer, who, in her geological researches here, was taken by a neighboring husbandman to be an escaped unfortunate from the Staunton Lunatic Asylum), or eraeking some wily joke, leads on until dusky, indefinable figures loom up in the midnight, when by a skilful shifting of his lights are discovered all around grim, grotesque stalagmites, and opening out is a long gallery, at the nether end of which a single mute, stark-white figure gives to this apartment its significant title, the Ghost-Chamber.

From this the Hall of Statuary is entered, when imagination readily conjures up the galleries of the Vatican by moonlight, or rather by torchlight. Above, in the ceiling, is a circular opening, about fifteen feet in diameter, fringed around with white, sparkling stalactites. Through this opening is seen the interior of a dome many feet higher, draped and columned as by the deft hand of some fantastic architect. Upon one side of this hall is the similitude of an altar, with curtains and candlesticks on the top; and, on the other, fancy brings out a cathedral-organ, with its rows of pipes and pendent cornices.

A few paces forward, and down a rude flight of some twenty steps, we reach the Cataract, seemingly a water-fall petrified in its leap, affording one of the finest spectacles in the cave. The sullen stillness of this hushed Niagara is very impressive, and instinctively leads the imagination to the roaring and rushing green waters of the true cataract after which it is named.

A little farther on is the Senate-Chamber, with the speaker's chair at one end, in front of which are rude representations of the desks of the honorable members; and above, at one side, is an unmistakable gallery, fenced around by a fanciful balustrade, over which seemingly peer the heads of waiting visitors.

Next in order comes the Cathedral, from the centre of which hangs the fancied resemblance to a chandelier; and beyond it rises the pulpit, an elevated circular desk, covered with the most graceful folds of white drapery. On the opposite side is a baldachin fringed with glittering crystals, the whole ceiling being hung with stalactites,



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AND ANTHONY'S PILLAR.

dropping in long points and broad, wavy sheets, some of milky whiteness, others of a muddy red bordered with white, or with the darker cornelian shades of the Picdmont brown. This apartment has also been vulgarly termed the Tan-Yard, the broad sheets of yellow spar suggesting a striking resemblance to hides hung to dry. These stone draperies are translucent, faintly emitting the rays of light when a candle is held behind them; and also sonorous, yielding soft musical tones, like the gently-touched keys of an organ, on being struck, while all the notes of the gamut may be produced by skilful blows, the side-walls responding to blows of the hand or foot with the echoing notes of "deep-toned bells."

In this vicinity a huge pyramidal heap of cornelian-tinted stalagmite, veined and spotted with white, as is the Swiss stone, sustains on one side a tall, slender, towering column, which has received the name of Cleopatra's Needle; and on the right a more massive and taller shaft, bearing the appellation of Anthony's Pillar, rears its pointed head until it touches the sparkling stalactites that stud the dark ceiling; and all around are formations more or less resembling objects in Nature, or as wild and weird as the most imaginative brain could conjure out for fiction.

From this section of the cavern, a natural stairway, with natural supports on the left hand, is descended, called Jacob's Ladder; and, beyond, a square rock covered with a white incrustation, resembling a table-cloth, is called Jacob's Tea-Table; and near by is an ominous-looking cavity, bearing the name of Jacob's Ice-House, or the Bottomless Pit. Whether bottomless or not, has never yet been fully ascertained; but, it is certain, a torch dropped in seems to twinkle away into infinite nothingness, and a stone let fall returns no sound to the waiting listener.

In this part of Weyer's Cave is what, for want of a more appropriate term, must be called the Geyser, an immense stalagmitic accretion, with streaks and sparkles of white, lighting the waves of the cumuli as the play of sunlight the turbulent volumes of one of Nature's boiling springs.

Farther on is Washington's Hall, otherwise called the Gnome-King's Palace, rising into a vaulted roof, upward of *ninety feet* in height and *two hundred and fifty* in length. An intelligent traveller, who once visited Weyer's Cave at an annual illumination, has thus finely described this magnificent apartment :

"There is a fine sheet of rock-work running up the centre of this room, and giving it the aspect of two separate and noble galleries, till you look above, where you observe the partition rises only about twenty feet toward the roof, and leaves the fine arch expanding over your head. There is a beautiful concretion here, standing out in the room, which certainly has the form and drapery of a gigantic statue. It bears the name of the nation's hero; and the whole place is filled with these projections —appearances which excite the imagination by suggesting resemblances and leaving them unfinished. The general effect, too, was perhaps indescribable. The fine per-



THE GEYSER



Cumberland Gap

From J. W. Evans, "The American Naturalist," Vol. 12, No. 1, 1875.

spective of this room, four times the length of an ordinary church; the numerous tapers, when near you so encumbered by deep shadows as to give only a dim, religious light, and, when at a distance, appearing in their various attitudes like twinkling stars on a deep-dark heaven; the amazing vaulted roof spread over you, with its carved and knotted surface, to which the streaming lights below in vain endeavored to convey their radiance; together with the impression that you had made so deep an entrance, and were so entirely cut off from the living world and ordinary things—produce an effect which, perhaps, the mind can conceive but once, and will retain forever."

It is a trick of the guide to extinguish the tapers when in this hall, and leave the visitors for a few moments to experience the Cimmerian darkness—darkness which can almost be felt—the utter abstraction of what gives life and beauty to the outer world.

Near this apartment is Lady Washington's Bedchamber, on one side of which is a rude resemblance to a couch, with a milk-white canopy, richly fluted around; while on the other side of the beautiful little room is a toilet-table, with snowy drapery, overhung by an imaginary mirror, and scattered over with the usual paraphernalia of a lady's dressing-room.

In this vicinity is the Bridal Veil, a splendid sheet of white, glittering, translucent spar, which seems thrown over a hat, or, as has been suggested by others, the shelving back of an immense Spanish comb, and hangs in full, classic folds or heavy volutes almost to the clay-red flooring of the little chamber.

And, on and on, one is conducted, through narrow passages and more commodious arches; up and down precipices; among tumbling heaps of pilasters, columns, and friezes, divided by strata at regular or irregular intervals, and pillared with the skill of the architect and mathematician, like the ruins of some vast Old-World temple; before the Diamond Mountain, flashing with its buried gems, and stalked over by the gigantic and ghostly Crane, which looks inquiringly toward the Rising Moon that throws its silvery light out in the voiceless midnight; and on and on, until we arrive at the end of the cavern, and are refreshed by a glass of as sparkling water as ever gushed from upper-world fountain and made merry music in the glad sunlight.

This subterranean spring is perfectly incrusted with stalactites and stalagmites; and an earthen jar kept in this part of the grotto, where the water is constantly dripping from the ceiling, is incrusted with younger but similar concretions.

The egress is somewhat varied from the ingress; and, in returning, the visitor is conducted to the Tower of Babel, or Magic Tower, a huge, columnar accretion, rising to the height of thirty feet or more, irregularly divided by strata at distances of ten or twelve inches, and fluted around by pillars an inch or more in diameter.

The Tower of Babel is perhaps the most regular and symmetrical formation in all this wonderful grotto, and most readily suggests the title it bears. It occupies the



SCENES IN WEYER'S CAVE

centre of an apartment filled with indefinable figures, which may suggest statues, ghosts, goblins, or whatever will best please the fancy.

Near this is the Oyster-Shell, consisting of two huge, shelving pieces of spar, of a peculiar grayish white, and absurdly resembling the late home of a defunct monster bivalve. And Nature, to vindicate her providence, in close proximity to this fanciful concretion, has placed Solomon's Meat-House, from the fretted and groined roof of which is suspended a Leg of Mutton—a single instance of the old king's gastronomic propensities. In prudent nearness to the Meat-House is Solomon's Temple, or, as it is better known, the Shell-Room. In the centre of this apartment rises a massive column of dazzling white, as rich with grooves and flutings as if chiselled out to fill an artistic design; and this reaches the ceiling, which is thickly studded with sparkling stalactites, reflecting, as the tapers are held underneath them, the hue and lustre of every gem that holds light imprisoned. The Shell-Room, from the radish-like shape of the stalactites that hang from the ceiling, has also been called the Radish-Room; while almost every intelligent visitor finds some suggestive title to this magnificent hall.

And this, with the 'Possum-up-the-Gum-Tree'—doubtless, Weyer's opossum, upon the final capture of which tradition is silent—completes a list of the most noticeable of the many noticeable freaks in which Nature indulges in these subterranean retreats.

Out of the usual route of exploration, but to be visited by special request, is a most beautiful pond, over which is the shelving sheet of spar from which the specimens usually sold are obtained. As a visit to this lake is very fatiguing and somewhat dangerous, it is not generally attempted, but well repays all fatigue or danger incurred.

A few moments after leaving the Shell-Room, the visitor grows sensible that the dim candles emit a dimmer light; if in summer, a warmer, and, if in winter, a colder, atmosphere greets one; and, climbing a slight ascent, he is once more in the face of day, and listening to other sounds than that of the human voice alone.

"Weyer's Cave," says the writer quoted, "is, in my judgment, one of the great natural wonders of the New World, and, for its eminence in its own class, deserves to be ranked with the Natural Bridge and Niagara, while it is far less known than either. Its dimensions, by the most direct course, are more than sixteen hundred feet, and, by the more winding paths, twice that length; and its objects are remarkable for their variety, formation, and beauty. In both respects, it will, I think, compare without injury to itself with the celebrated grotto of Antiparos."

Within a few hundred yards of Weyer's Cave is Madison's Cave, described by Mr. Jefferson; but it is less interesting than the former. Indeed, it is supposed that the entire mountain is a cavern, and, it is hoped, in time will be fully explored.

SCENES ON THE BRANDYWINE.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.

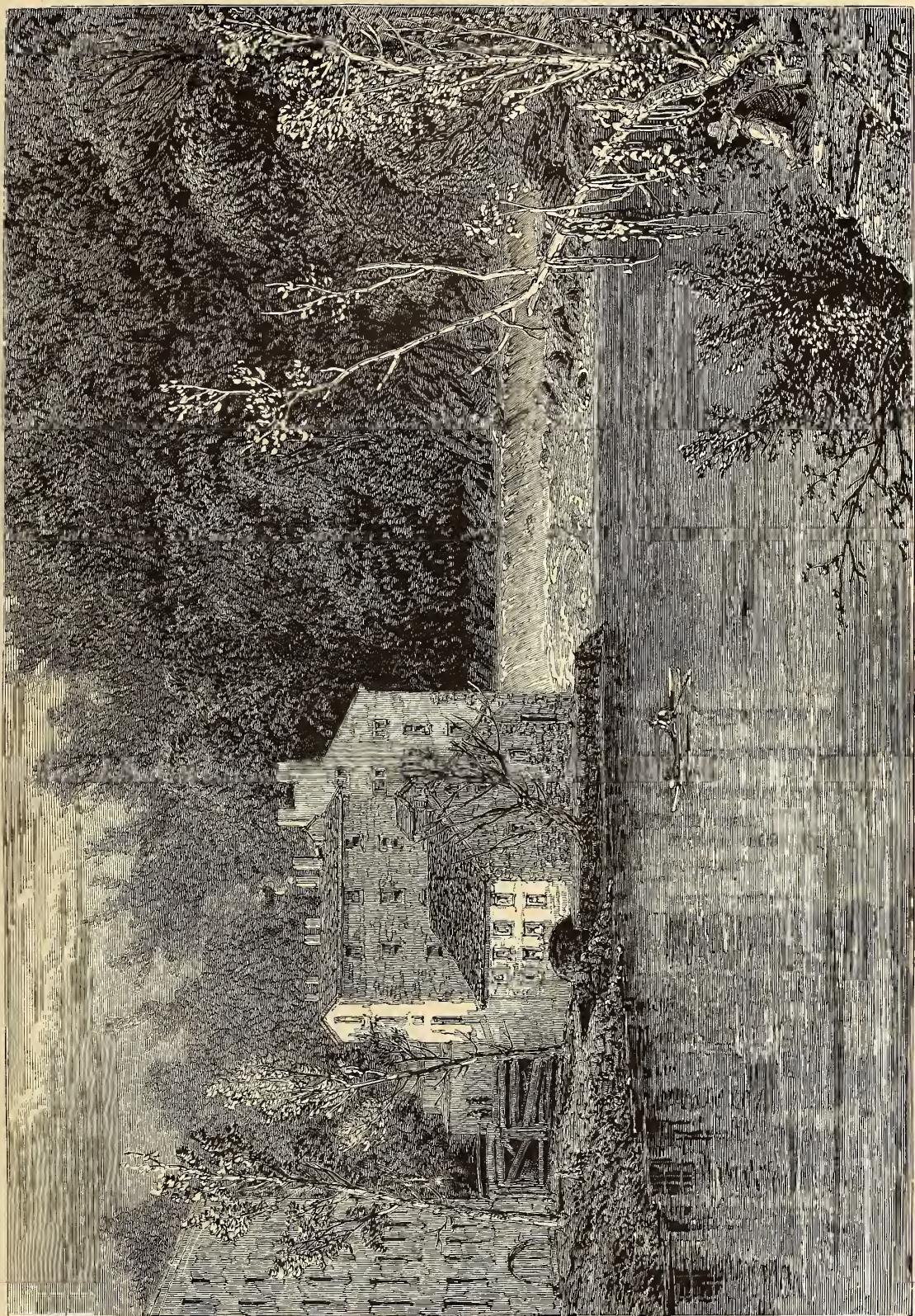


NO minor stream in our country enjoys a wider reputation than the Brandywine. Its identification with our early history renders its queer title familiar to students in all parts of the land, while its rare beauties have been delineated by painters, praised by poets, and described by tourists, until few of us have not some pleasant recollection or anticipation connected with its wooded shores. It possesses attractions for the lover of the picturesque that are distinctively its own. Other streams are perhaps as beautiful as the Brandywine, but no other unites the beauty of wooded heights and tumbling water-falls with structures of art that give rare charm and even quaintness to the picture. What is there in an old mill by a brook that fascinates so quickly the eye of an artist and the heart of a poet? Long before Rogers told us of his earnest wish—

“Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive’s hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near”—

all lovers of the picturesque delighted in brook-side mills. Probably no object in Na-

COTTON-MILLS, RIDELE'S BANK.



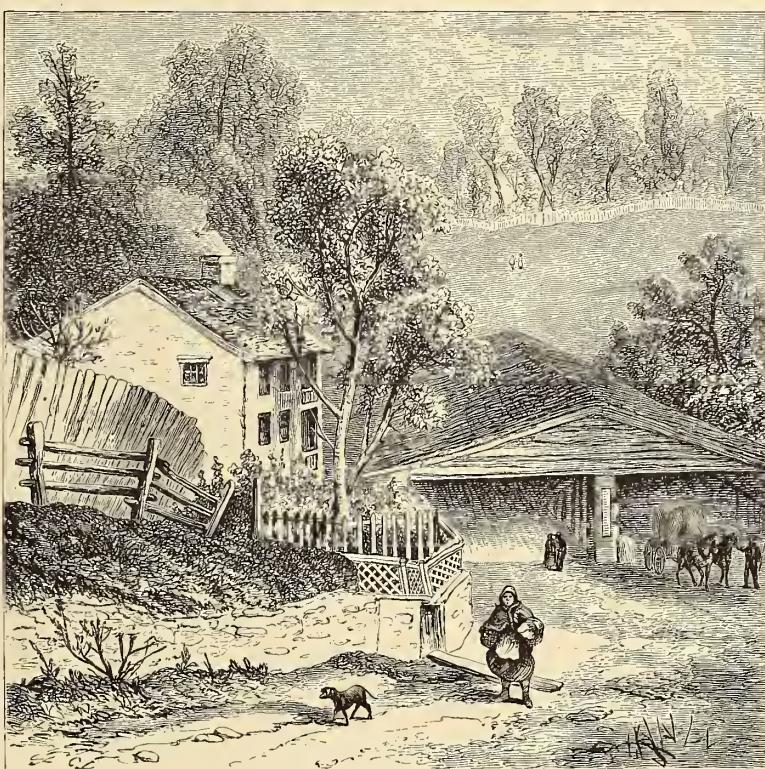
ture or art has been so often drawn and painted. And yet, familiar as we are with old mills nestling quaintly amid summer foliage, we always discover a fresh fascination in each new example. Was there ever an artist who could resist the desire to add a new sketch of a subject of this kind to his portfolio? Whether the mill be one quaint and fantastic by virtue of its decay and ruin, or one that lifts its walls from the river-edge in large pretension, there is always a strange pleasure in this combination of the beautiful and the useful. The brook-side mill affords us almost the only instance of labor that is graceful, picturesque, and seductive. We can imagine a life of labor under the sweet and inspiring conditions of musical water-falls, shadowy forests, soft airs ladened with the perfume of wild-flowers, that would possess a certain rich and munificent poetic calm. Too often labor mars the landscape it enters, but the mill seems to partake of the spirit of its surroundings, to gain a charm from woods and waters, and to give one. This is peculiarly true of the factories along the Brandywine. They are of sufficient age to have mellowness and tone; glaring red brick does not enter into their composition; and they greatly vary and brighten the beauty of each woodland picture.

The Brandywine was called by the first settlers, who were Swedes, "Fish-kiln," a prosaic designation that fortunately did not cling to it. Its present title, while euphonious and distinctive, is somewhat difficult to explain. It is ascribed by tradition to the loss of a Dutch vessel laden with brandy, or *brand-wijn*. The wreck occurred in 1665, in the river just above its junction with the Christiana, and the shattered remains lay long in the waters, serving as a memento to keep alive in the heart of the community ceaseless regret for the loss of such good liquor, until the mourning Dutch sought to soothe their sorrow by naming the stream *in memoriam*, hoping, like Dogberry, to draw comfort from their losses. Many a greater river has been named for a smaller cause, as is sadly witnessed by the Big Horns and Little Horns, the Snakes and the Otter-tails; and the alleged reason may well be accepted; yet a few dissatisfied historians have sought to ascribe the name to the supposition that a slough on the East Branch, above the present borough of Downingtown, formerly discharged into the current a muddy stream that tinted it into the color of brandy-and-water. Such a libel upon the clear complexion of the creek must be instantly disavowed.

The Brandywine finds its head in the brooks issuing from the eastern declivity of the line of hills that form part of the boundary between the counties of Chester and Lancaster, in Pennsylvania. These hills are fairly entitled to their name of the Welsh Mountain, as their height makes them the water-shed from which streamlets tend eastward to the Schuylkill, and westward to the Susquehanna. The summit, possessing all the characteristics of a true mountain-top in its stunted growths and cool breezes, reveals an extended view of the adjacent country, while the range marks the climatic limit which makes Chester County display the green banners of approaching summer in advance of her fertile but more tardy sister of Lancaster.

Although rising in close proximity, the two branches of the Brandywine immediately diverge—the East Branch to flow eastwardly and then south; the West Branch to flow south and then east, until they meet again, after a very winding course of about twenty miles. Thence, as the Brandywine proper, the creek flows in a southeasterly direction through Chester County, forming part of the line of division between it and Delaware County, in Pennsylvania, and afterward passing through the State of Delaware until it unites with Christiana Creek, a little above its entrance into the Delaware River.

An endless series of pictures marks the course of the stream, and all its affluent brooklets partake of the same romantic grace as they flow among the verdant hills



Bridge over the Brandywine.

through the flower-decked plains and rocky dells that distinguish the region which it irrigates. Rock, woods, and water, mingle in scores of scenes of varied beauty, which, although differing in the lavish prodigality of Nature's handiwork, yet resemble in general characteristics the scenery shown in our initial illustration.

The channel is frequently narrowed by rocky and precipitous banks until the creek—as the Brandywine is often ignominiously termed—becomes a rippling rapid, and its force and value are proved by the innumerable mills that are built upon it. The rapid descent of the stream for a few miles above its mouth furnishes the power to the mills for which the city of Wilmington is so famous, and the multitude of smaller ones erected

on the upper waters of the creek bear witness to the fertility of Chester County, to which William Penn gave a plough as an armorial bearing.

Yet, to those familiar with its wandering course, the Brandywine must ever seem in memory—

“A silver thread with sunsets strung upon it thick, like pearls.”

Despite its services in the gigantic flouring-mills, or even its dark deeds in the manufacture of gunpowder, it is throughout a great part of its course a peaceful woodland-rivulet, softly washing verdant banks, or lapsing gently around mossy rocks. Being

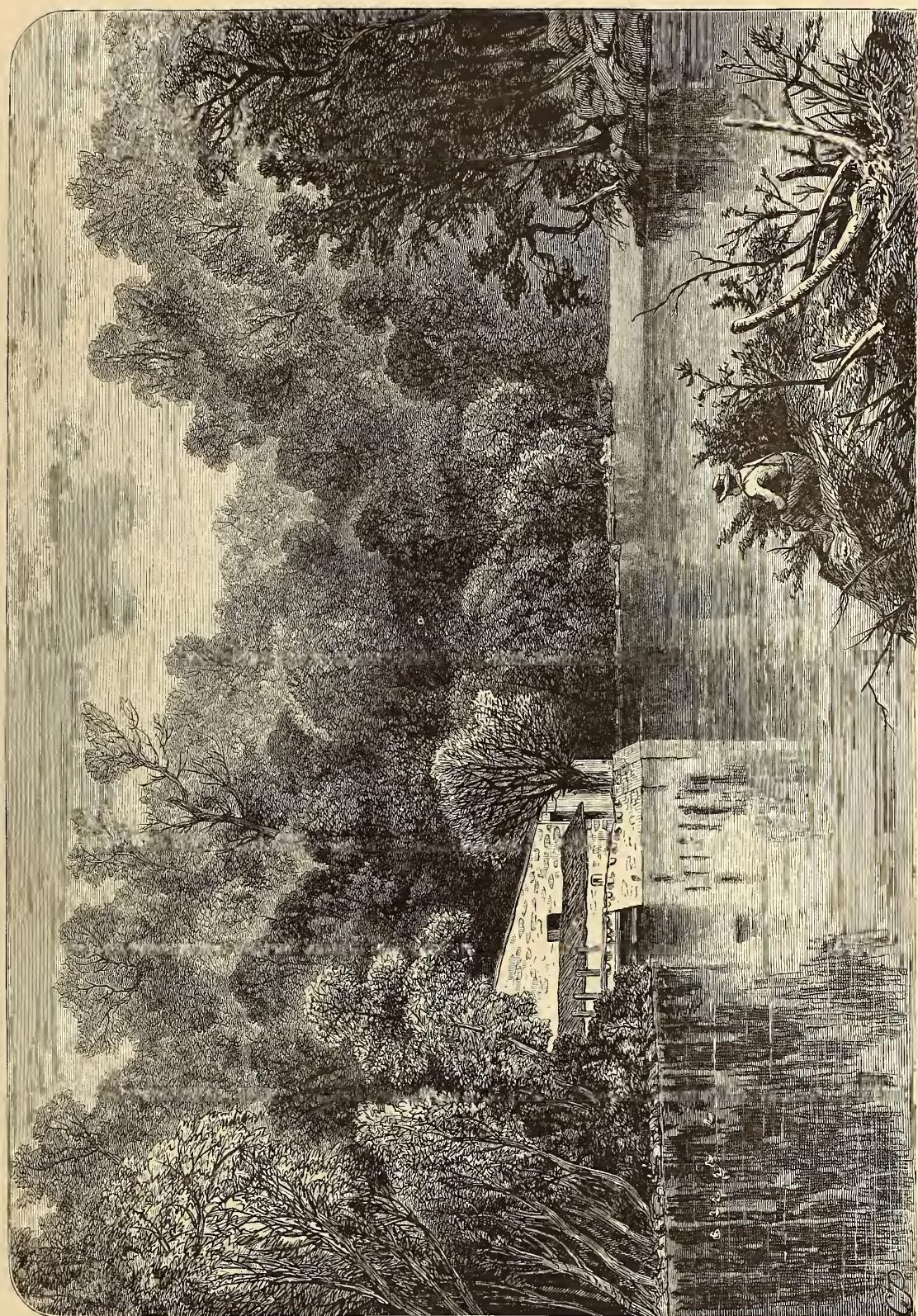


“Rising Sun.”

navigable for only a short distance above the mouth, its very uselessness to the voyager has screened it from many of the injuries of “improvements,” and the great rocks stand untouched, while fern and laurel nestle about them, softening their ruggedness into beauty; and mosses, the growth of centuries, steal the echo from intrusive feet. Even the tributary streams that wander through the more open valleys are usually fringed with foliage, and the green, waving plumes of the cultivated weeping-willow and the silvery-gray wands of the water-willow mingle in the wind with the white, feathery branches of the blossoming chestnut-trees, which grow to such rare beauty in this region.

Having its source in high lands, the creek is remarkably subject to changes, the

POWDER-MILLS.



water sometimes creeping sluggishly as a narrowing thread amid exposed rocks, and anon with terrifying rapidity rising eight, ten, or even twenty feet above its usual height. Green meadows, embroidered with the delicate, faint blossoms of the Quaker-lady, the lovely wind-flower, and the sweet violet, and laced with a broad band of silvery water rippling gently over the stones, will be changed in a few hours into a tempest-tossed



Upper Powder-Works.

lake, upon which wrecked bridges and floating timbers are dashing frantically together, while the grunts of a protesting pig, pleading for rescue from an involuntary voyage, mingle with the clamor from an eddying hen-coop, whose clucking inmates are clinging to their own roof-tree in horror at the havoc.

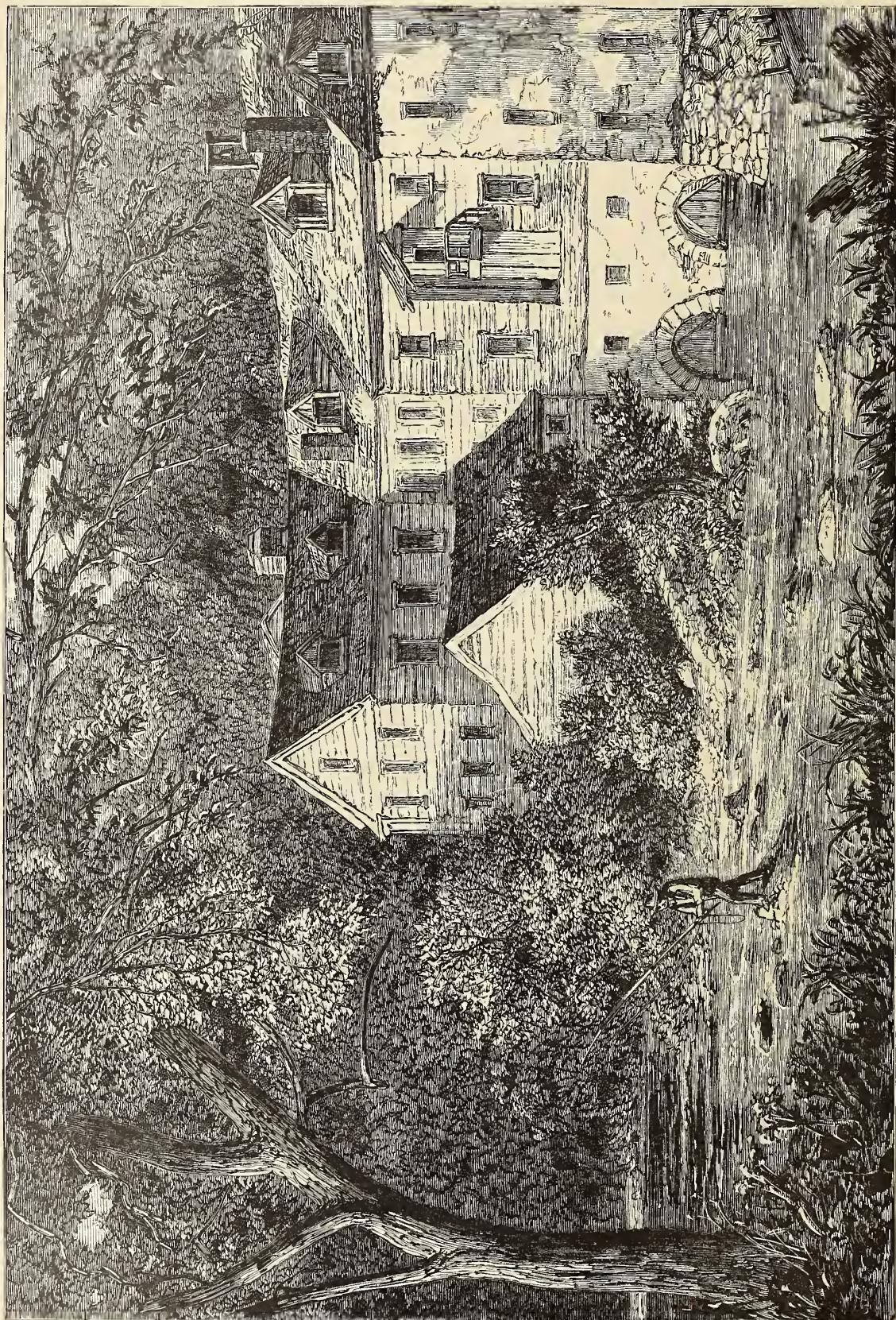
The Brandywine, which, flowing through meadow and mead as it nears the Dela-

ware, forms, with the Christiana, two outstretched arms, between which lies the city of Wilmington, exhibits some of its greatest charms in the hill-region just behind the city. Its banks are a great natural park for the denizens of the busy town, who are never tired of resorting to them for rest and recreation. The shores are steep on either side; the trees are of splendid growth, often interlocking above the stream in fraternal embrace, letting the sunshine in upon the swift current in shimmers of glancing light. There is a superb drive along the stream, dense with shadow at the very height of noon, and affording, through the ever-fresh verdure, delightful glimpses of the river. But the charms of the stream are best appreciated by the foot-path along the edge of the water, over which the lofty trees hang superbly, while the swift current now flashes and gurgles over a shallow bed, now deepens and widens into calm and lovely lakes, now leaps, a miniature Niagara, over a rocky declivity. Pedestrians clamber the precipitous rocks, under rich forest-shades, to pluck fern, sweet-brier, and honeysuckle; while the romance of the adventure is heightened by the proximity of powder-mills, built expressly to burst out upon the water.

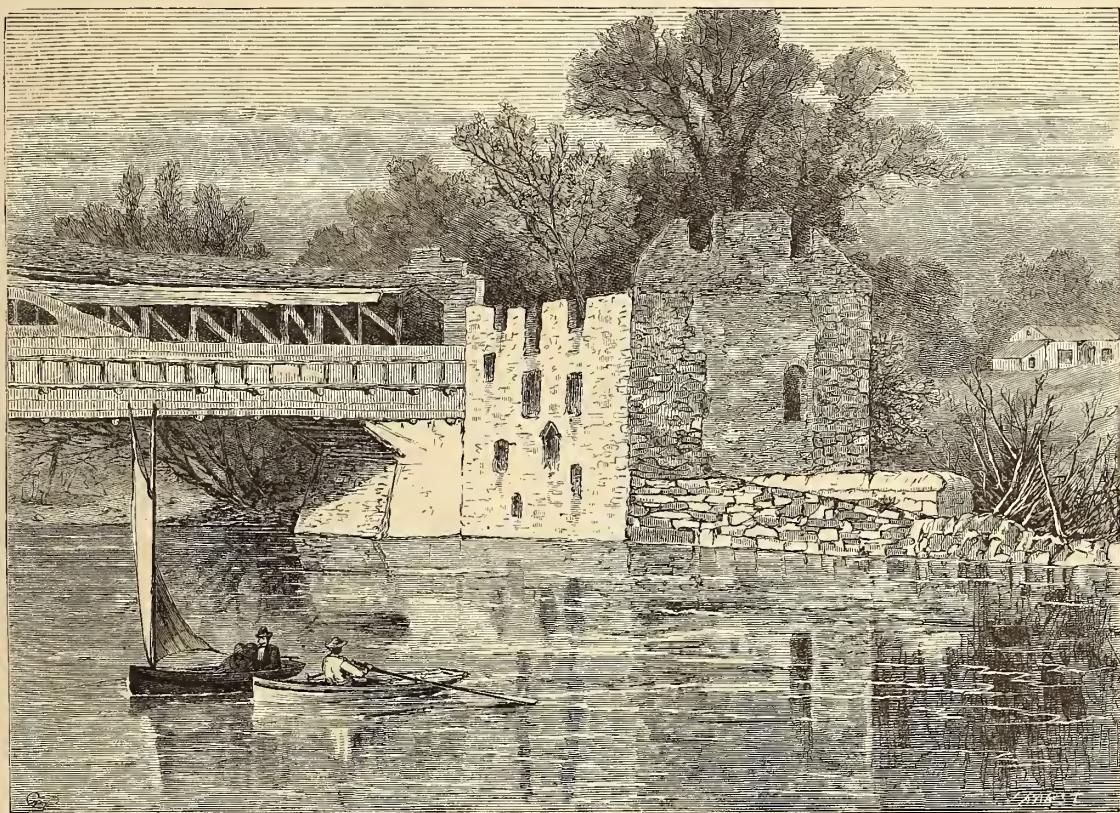
Some very old and picturesque flour-mills stand not far from the mouth of the river, where it is crossed by a bridge near the city, and close by is the ruin of a grist-mill, which, tradition declares, was in operation at the time of the Revolution, and rendered immediate service to the patriotic cause by grinding corn for the use of Washington's army when at Valley Forge. This is an object of no little interest, whether considered historically or with a view to the picturesque, and our artist has given a view of it. A very little way up the stream, in the heart of its sylvan beauties, at a location known as Ridele's bank, are cotton-mills of large extent and eminently picturesque setting. The scene here is delicious. One lingers in the dense shadows of the forest-covered bank with delight, and discovers, in the mingled sounds of rushing water and buzzing wheels, a strange charm. Repose and activity, the hush of shadowy woods, and the hum of labor, seem to blend in delicious harmony; while the gray walls of the buildings have no harsh contrast with the magnificent masses of verdure in which they are placed.

For miles the river continues, with unbroken beauties of forest, until a beautiful hamlet is reached, which rejoices in the queer name of "Rising Sun." We cross the river, just before reaching this village, by an ancient bridge, drive through the hamlet of low stone cottages, and presently come to the famous Dupont powder-yards, where the beauties of Nature and the toils and dangers of industry strangely mingle. Long avenues of greenest willow-shade, and turf, soft as velvet and spangled with flowers, give to this enclosure an almost park-like appearance. Here grow the bluest violets of the spring-time, and, from the opposite woody shore, Autumn's gay banners droop glowing to the water's edge. Ferns, rivalling the choicest pets of the conservatory, are found in the mossy ravines, and the scarlet flame of the cardinal-flower lights up many a shady retreat. But, as a suggestive contrast to the surrounding beauty,

MILLS AT ROCKLAND.



throughout the length of this Eden run the iron lines of a horse-railroad, and here and there, crouching back against the hill-sides, like grim giants bracing themselves for a spring, stand structures of heaviest masonry—the powder-mills. These mills are erected close to the water's edge, and are scattered along the river-side for a distance of three miles. They are not so picturesque as the cotton- and grist-mills, but they obtrude very little upon the landscape; while the terrors of an explosion which they threaten add thrilling zest to the interest of the spectator. Scarcely a year passes that one of these mills does not startle the silent hills with the thunders of an explosion; but the grim



Old Grist-Mill of the Revolution.

horror thus imported by man into the scene is compensated for, so far as the attractions of the spot are considered, by animating pictures of the willow-peelers—the acid from willow-branches entering extensively into the manufacture of gunpowder. "The month of May," writes one describing the scene, "is the harvest of the willows. Coming from all directions toward the powder-works, wagons may then be seen piled high with willow-branches, some in their natural green state, and tufted here and there with leaves; others peeled, and looking at a little distance like huge masses of yellowish ivory. There is scarcely a farmer for miles around but has a group of willows shading his spring-house, or a line of their green boughs fringing the brook in his meadow-pasture. Every

three or four years the faithful trees are deprived of their branches, and left standing, like dejected Samsons, shorn of their locks. But it is not for long. Before the wild-roses of

June have vanished from the hedges, the ugly scars of the hatchet are hidden by a growth of fresh young twigs, which, when another summer comes round, will be well on their way toward a second harvest. Few crops are more remunerative—six dollars per cord being the price given for green branches, or eight dollars if the bark is removed. The greater part of the peeling, however, is done in the immediate vicinity of the works. Here and there along the river-side, scattered about in the glad May sunshine, are seen busy groups—old men whose white locks float in the gentle breeze, brisk matrons, and deft-handed children. It makes a pretty picture, especially when the little ones, grown tired of the monotonous task, run away for a chase after butterflies or to gather the golden dandelions by the margin of the stream.

"Two dollars per cord is the price given for peeling. When the branches are large, this pays excellently, but a load of slender boughs is a sore vexation. The bark is also the property of the peeler, and, throughout the summer, this aromatic fuel keeps the pot boiling in many a cottage-home. In the evening, when the bright sunshine has vanished, and the songs of the birds are stilled, when the glow of a lantern hung upon a tree above each band of workers reveals their whereabouts, and adds



Moonlight on the Brandywine.

to the festal appearance, the force is largely increased. Young men from the powder-yards, maidens from the factories, and servants from the neighboring farms, gather there

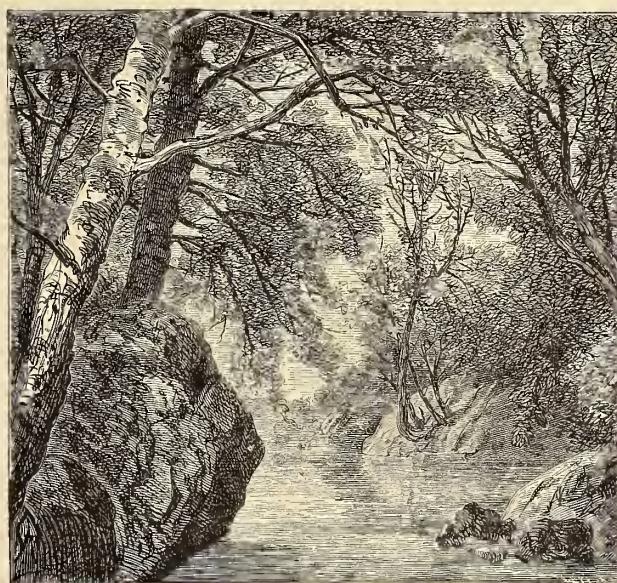
then for pastime and company. It is their *casino*. When Kate brushes the lint of her loom from her dark curls, she ties a bright ribbon around them; and Molly, hurrying through her dairy-work, dons a fresh, white apron. For who knows whom they may meet among the willows?—

“ ‘Mony lads’ and lassies’ fates
Are there o’ nights decided.’

“It is now that popular peelers prosper. An old man with a large fund of anecdote, or a shrewd woman who will promise the young folks a party when the season is over, gains much help from these merry amateurs, and the lagging cords of glistening branches are soon piled high by their dexterous fingers. Until a late hour their laughter echoes over the quiet river, and the lonely night-hand, going to ‘change his mill’ far down the yard, is cheered by the gay songs borne to him along the water.”

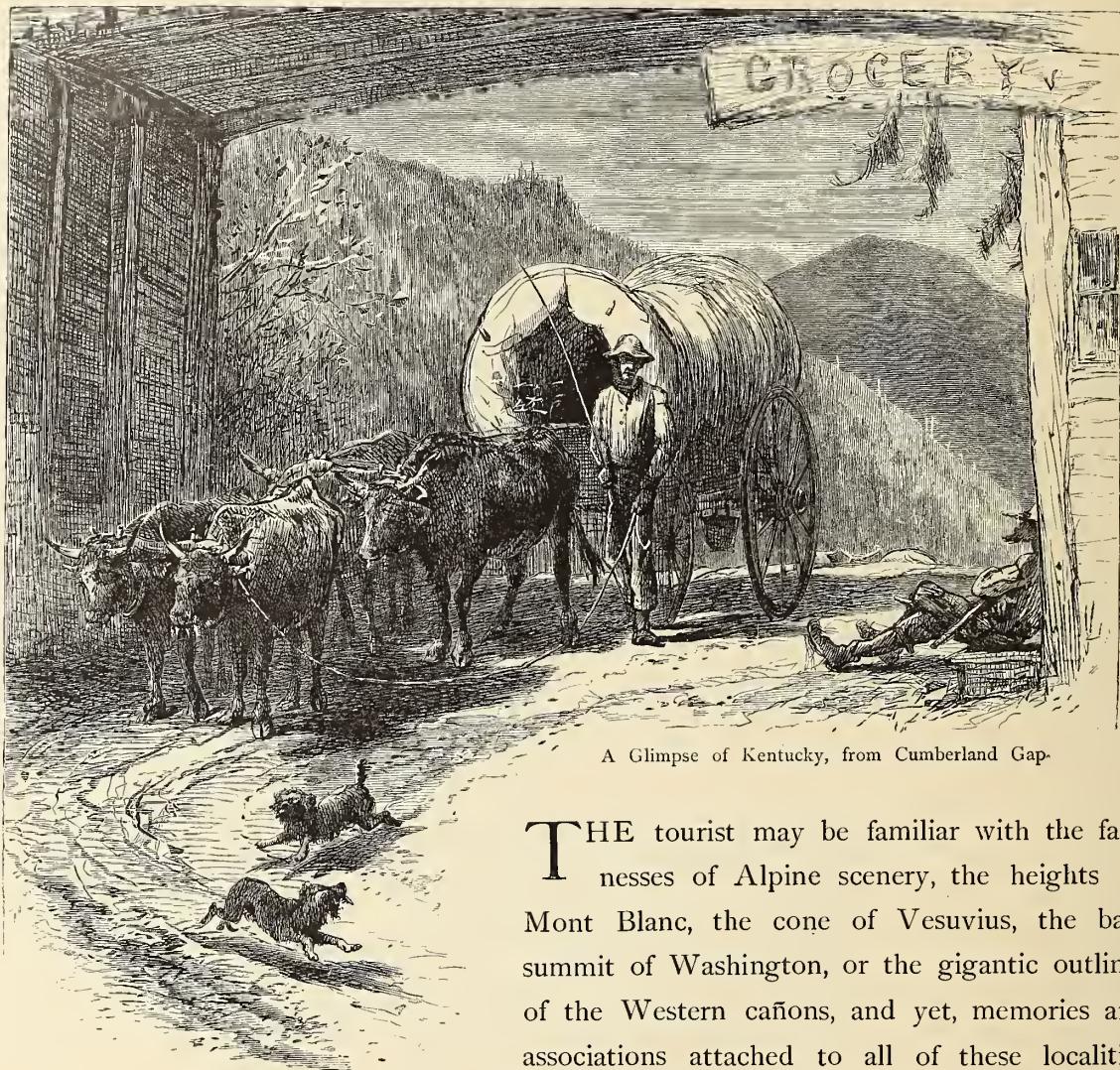
Above the powder-yard stretch the same scenes of beauty. At Rockland are extensive paper-mills, which, like all other factories on the Brandywine, form a pleasing feature in the landscape, and stand, with their gray tints, in harmonious relief against the background of verdure.

There is danger that the beauties of the Brandywine, near Wilmington, may in time be sacrificed to the greed of “enterprising” citizens, unless measures are taken to permanently secure them, by the conversion of the shores into a public park. The people of Wilmington have the example of their sister city of Philadelphia, and the banks of the Brandywine, like those of the Wissahickon, should, by timely public interposition, be set apart as things of beauty and loveliness forever.



CUMBERLAND GAP.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.



A Glimpse of Kentucky, from Cumberland Gap

THE tourist may be familiar with the fastnesses of Alpine scenery, the heights of Mont Blanc, the cone of Vesuvius, the bald summit of Washington, or the gigantic outlines of the Western cañons, and yet, memories and associations attached to all of these localities will be recalled by a visit to that region of

America in which the Cumberland Mountains trend obliquely across the States of Kentucky and Tennessee; because, somewhere in the four thousand four hundred miles of territory occupied by these "everlasting hills," they present to the eye almost every variety of picturesque expression that elsewhere has excited wonder or admiration.

Great ridges—now roofed over with thickets of evergreen, now padded with moss and ferns, or, again, crowned with huge bowlders that seem to have been tumbled about in wild disorder by some convulsive spasm of the monster beneath—shoot suddenly upward, from two thousand to six thousand feet, and become, as it were, landmarks in

the skies, that are visible at such distances as to appear like a part of the clouds. Here and there, a broad table-land, on which a city might be built, terminates abruptly in sharp escarpments and vertical sheets of rock, seamed and ragged, like the front of a stupendous fortress that has been raised by giant hands to protect the men of the mountains from the encroachments of the lowlanders. There are other rocks full of grand physiognomies; caves that might be the hiding-places of the winds; water-falls where the melody of the rills is never silent; glens and chasms; and forests so dense that a man might live and die in their recesses—

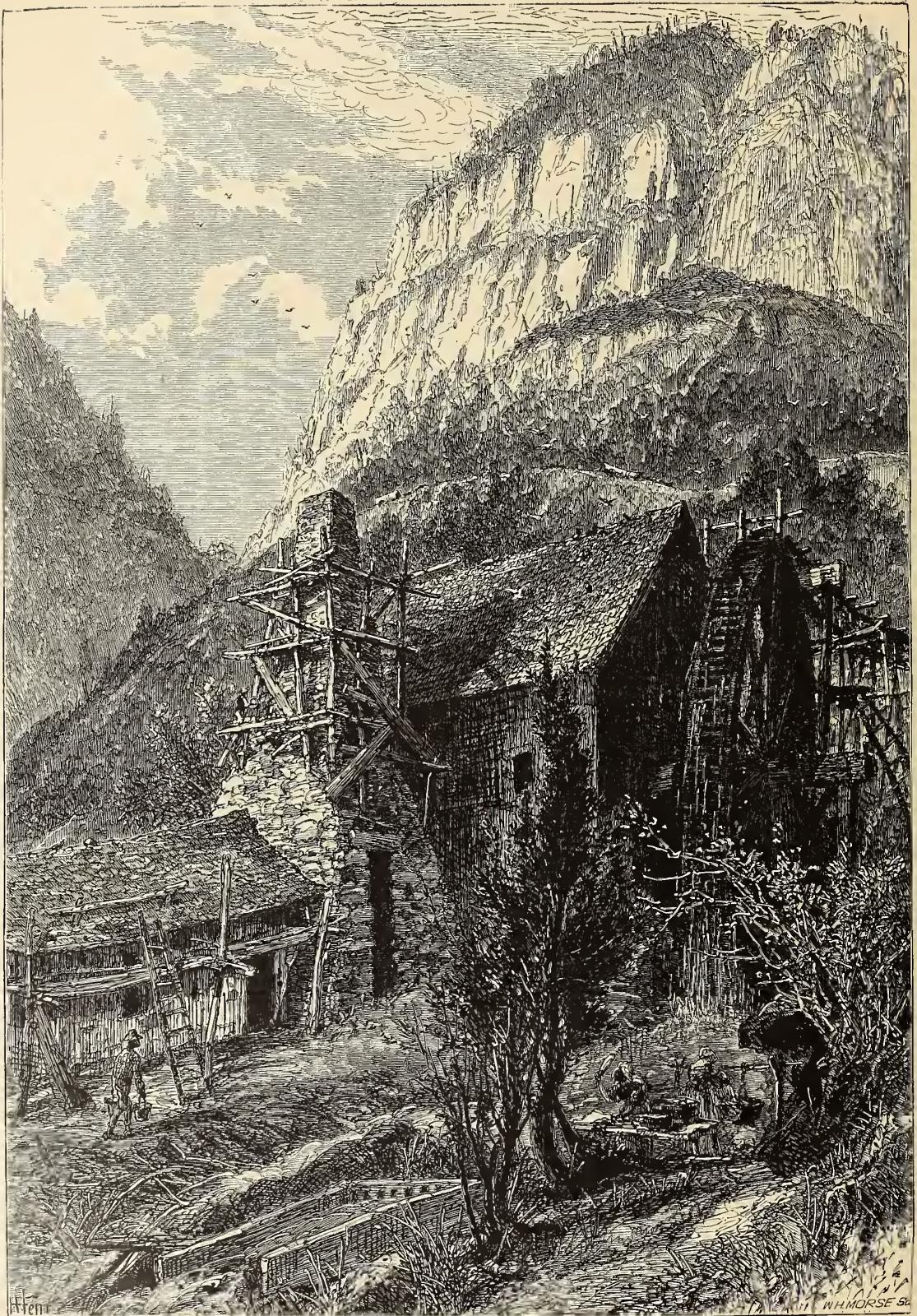
“The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

And so, in every conceivable shape that can appeal to the eye of poet, artist, or geologist, Nature has here piled up her changeless masonry of creation. The name *Cumberland*, let us here say, was given to these mountains by the first discoverers, a party of hunters from North Carolina, in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, at that time (1748) prime-minister of England.

The “ridges” referred to are among the curiosities of the Cumberland region. Aside from the fact that they observe a species of parallelism to each other, they contain numerous “breaks,” or depressions, which, in the peculiar configuration of the country, appear to the traveller who is at the foot of the mountain to be distant only a few hundred rods; yet he must frequently ride for miles through a labyrinth of hills, blind roads, and winding paths, before he can reach the entrance and pursue his journey.

The chief and most celebrated of these great fissures, or hall-ways, through the range, is known as “Cumberland Gap.” This gap is situated in East Tennessee, near the Kentucky border, about one hundred and fifty miles southeast from Lexington, and may be regarded as the only practical opening, for a distance of eighty miles, that deserves the name of a “gap.” There are other places which are so called, but it is only for the reason that they are more easy of access than because of any actual depression in the mountain. At a place called “Rogers’s Gap,” for example, which is eighteen miles distant from Cumberland Gap, there is no gap whatever; but the road, taking advantage of a series of ridges on the northern side, and running diagonally on the southern side, is rendered, with great exertion, passable by man and beast.

The gap depicted by our artist is about six miles in length, but so narrow in many places that there is scarcely room for the roadway. It is five hundred feet in depth. The mountains on either side rise to an altitude of twelve hundred feet; and, when their precipitous faces have been scaled by the tourist, and he stands upon the summit, the view, beneath a cloudless sky, is one of the most beautiful in America. Southward, there stretch away the lovely valleys of Tennessee, carpeted in summer with every shade of green, and in autumn with every rainbow tint—the rolling surface resem-



CUMBERLAND GAP, FROM THE EAST.

bling in the distance a vast plain, written all over with the handiwork of human enterprise; while, looking to the north, the vision is lost among a series of billowy-backed mountains, rising barrier-like to hide the luxuriant fields of Kentucky. "Across the country," is here a significant phrase; for the luckless traveller whose route lies in that direction must be prepared to encounter—

"Wave on wave succeeding."

The gap delineated in the accompanying sketches is a great highway between Southwestern Virginia and her sister States adjoining. Hence, during the late war, the position was early deemed important, and was occupied and strongly fortified by the Confederate Government. Cannon bristled from the neighboring heights, and a comparatively small force held the pass for many months, defending in that secluded mountain-recess the railroad connections between Richmond, North Alabama, Mississippi, Nashville, and Memphis, on the integrity of which so much depended.

The approach to the range from the northeast side, after leaving Abingdon, Virginia, is over a rough, broken country; and the only compensation to the traveller, as he saunters along on horseback, is in the enjoyment of bits of scenery wherein rocks and running streams, mountain-ferries, quaint old-fashioned mills, farm-houses and cabins perched like birds among the clefts of hills, lovely perspectives, wild-flowers and waving grain, and a homely but hospitable people, combine in charming confusion to keep the attention ever on the alert.

The road through the gap, winding like a huge ribbon, to take advantage of every foot of rugged soil, up, down, and around the mountains, is but the enlarged war-trail of the ancient Cherokees and other tribes, who made incursions from one State to the other. You are following the path pursued by Boone and the early settlers of the West. Passing through the scenes of bloody ambuscades, legends, and traditions, it would seem almost a part of the romance of the place if now an Indian should suddenly break the reigning silence with a warwhoop, and its dying echoes be answered by the rifle-shot of a pioneer. In short, it is an old, old region, covered with the rime of centuries, and but slightly changed by the progress of events.

Of residents in the gap, there are but few. One of these has been enterprising enough to establish, near an old bridge, which is shown in the picture, a grocery-store, and obtains his livelihood by trading in a small way with the teamsters of the passing trains, and exchanging whiskey, clothing, etc., for the produce of his neighbors. Similar establishments will be found at intervals of five, ten, or fifteen miles; sometimes they are half hidden from view in the coves, or "pockets," of the mountains. But they absorb much of the small "truck" that finds its way to market from this section. The commodities thus purchased and shipped in the mountain-wagons through the gap, *en*



CUMBERLAND GAP, FROM EAGLE CLIFF.

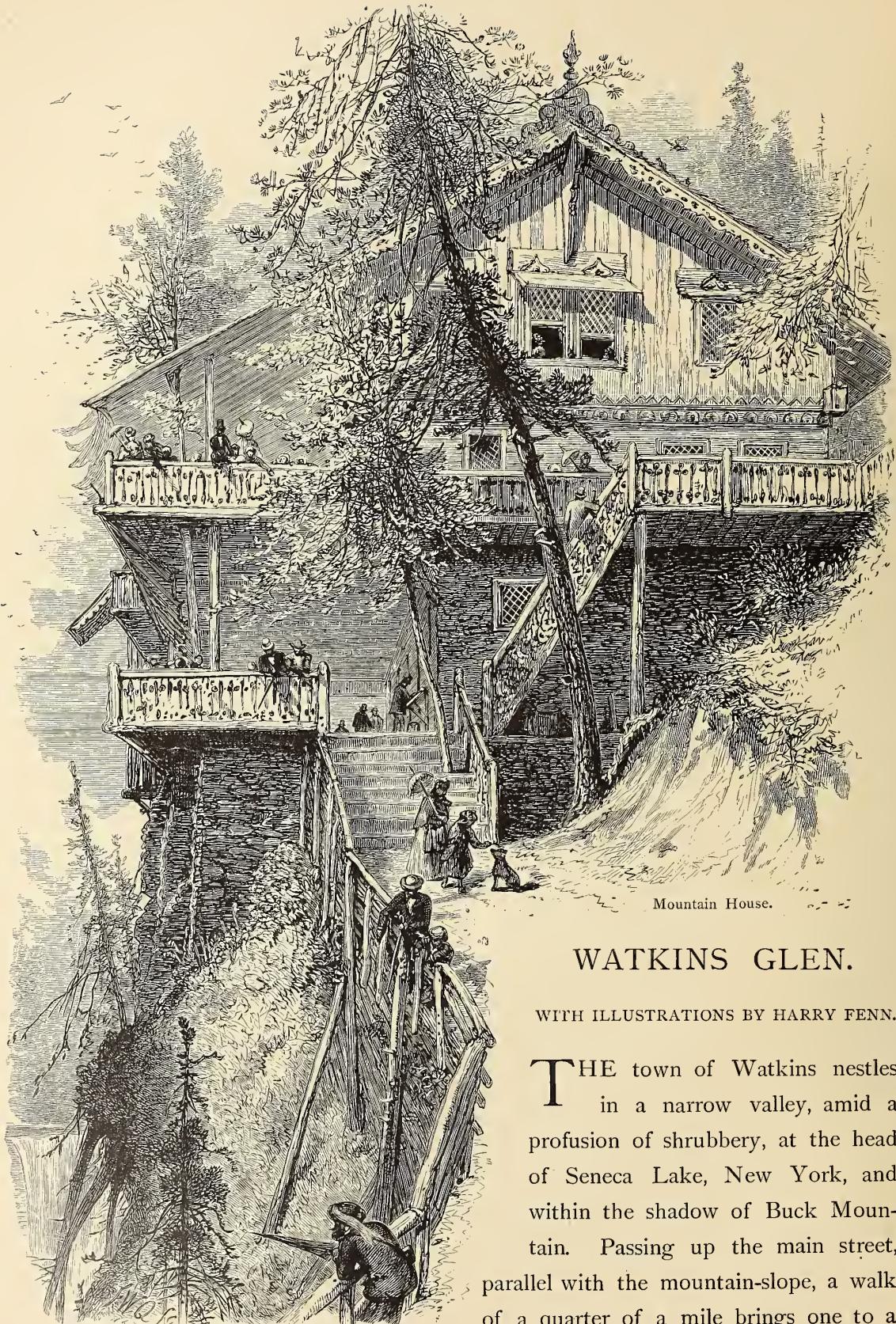
route to Baltimore and elsewhere, consist of dried apples, peaches, chestnuts, butter, lard, flaxseed, bacon, etc. Horse and mule trading is likewise carried on to a considerable extent; and sharp-witted, indeed, must be that man who can buy or sell more shrewdly than these self-same mountaineers, whose lives have been hammered out on the anvil in Nature's own workshop.

As a class, they are a large-bodied, large-hearted, large-handed people, rude in speech, brave in act, and honest in their friendships. They may know nothing of the conventionalities of society, but they will exhibit the "small, sweet courtesies of life"—as they understand them—with a readiness of generosity that makes one "feel at home." They may have but a single room in their cabin, yet you will be invited to enjoy the night's hospitality like one of the family, and may go to bed with "he, she, and it," on the family floor, with the manifestation of no more curiosity or concern, on the part of the individual members thereof, than if they had been born without eyes. And in the morning, after a "pull" at the "peach-and-honey" and a breakfast of hog and hominy, a long stride by your horse's side for three or four miles will tell you that the mountaineer knows how to "speed the parting guest," in his simple fashion, with a grace and hospitality that come straight from the heart.

The road through a portion of the gap, and one of the caravans which are frequently passing, may be seen in one of the accompanying pictures; while in another sketch is a view of a primitive old mill, now almost in ruins, where grain is ground for the neighbors; but it is situated in a spot so picturesque that, if money could buy the beauty of Nature, long ago it would have been transplanted to become the site of a rural palace.

Whatever may be the peculiarities of the region, social or otherwise, the time cannot be far distant when the whole of this wild tract must yield to the march of improvement, and pour forth the treasures of mineralogical wealth now latent in its soil. Already, a railroad is in process of construction, that is destined to cut the backbone of Kentucky and Tennessee in twain, and open a new avenue of communication between the East and West; while geologists and engineers are "prospecting" among the mines.

Iron exists in abundance—a common variety being the red iron-ore, which soils the fingers, and is generally composed of small round and flat bodies, for which reason it is called "lenticular ore." Not unfrequently, fossils, shells, and a species of coral, are found in the mass, showing that at some period in the misty past the sea or its tributaries have swept through the heart of the continent. At some points in Cumberland Gap the iron is hard enough to be quarried out in blocks, and this vein of metal has been traced one hundred and fifty miles. It is from twenty-four to thirty inches thick, and is of excellent quality. Coal is likewise found in this region, and, as far back as 1854, many thousands of bushels were transported through the gap.



Mountain House.

WATKINS GLEN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

THE town of Watkins nestles in a narrow valley, amid a profusion of shrubbery, at the head of Seneca Lake, New York, and within the shadow of Buck Mountain. Passing up the main street, parallel with the mountain-slope, a walk of a quarter of a mile brings one to a

bridge which spans a shallow stream. This stream has cut its way through the lower slope of the mountain-range, and formed for itself a short pass, or *cul-de-sac*, which terminates abruptly, at a distance of a few hundred yards, in a lofty wall, that stretches across the pass and bars all further progress.

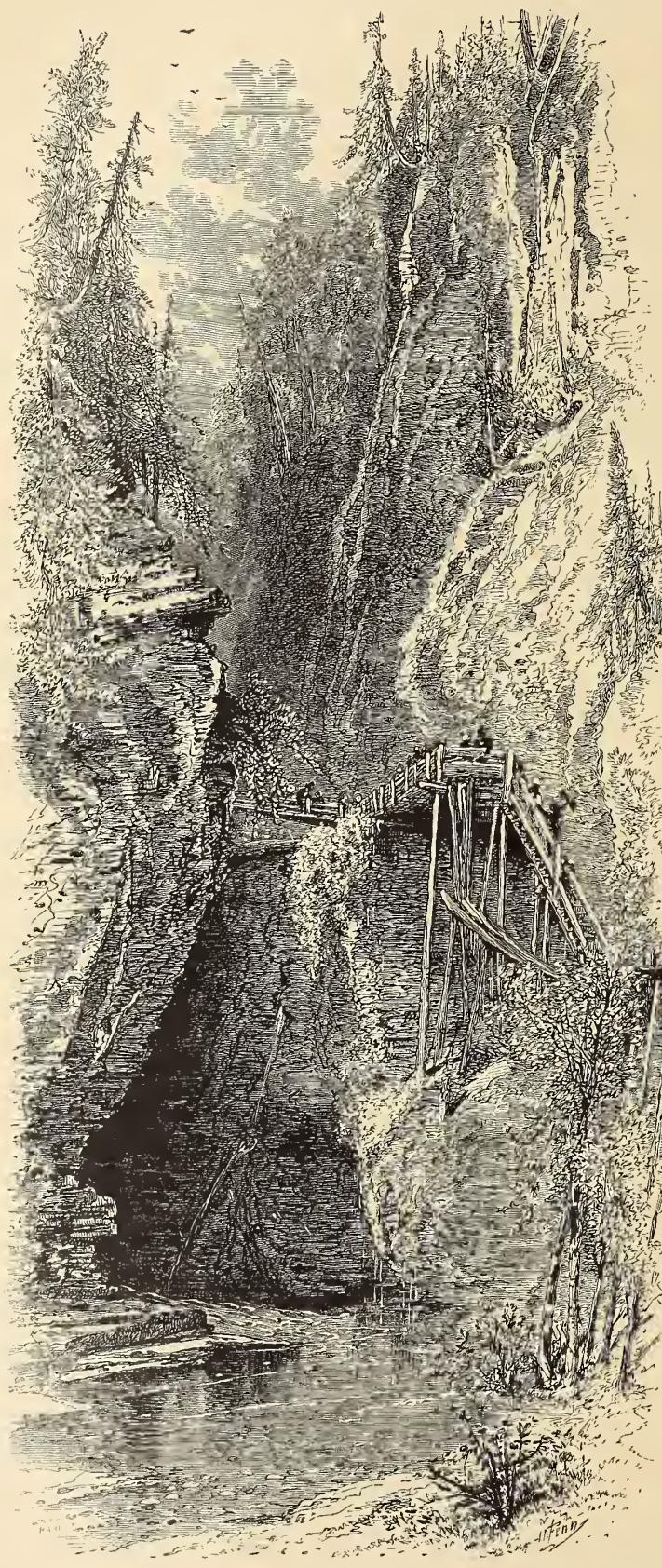
The wall is not, however, continuous on the same line, but falls back in the centre, and forms a cavernous recess, from one angle of which the stream issues. Behind this solemn gate-way of natural masonry, broken and abraded in places by time and the action of the elements, lie the gloomy ravines, and the infinite variety of water-falls, and foaming rapids, and deep and silent pools, which have become famous, within recent years, under the designation of Watkins Glen.

The mode of ingress for visitors to the glen is by rude stairways, running diagonally along the face of the wall, braced strongly to it, and propped, also, firmly from beneath. Landing-places are provided at intervals, from which other stairways spring; and thus the ascent is made until the angle of the northern portal is turned and a footway gained, when the first difficulty—the entrance to the gorge—is surmounted.

We are now in Glen Alpha, as it has been somewhat fantastically styled. Inside the great rock barrier, which we have just succeeded in passing, a narrow but secure bridge crosses the chasm; and from this bridge a fine view is had of the first cascade, as it pours swirling through a rift in the rocks, and falls, roaring and foaming, into a deep basin, scooped out of the solid rock-bed by the constant fret and chafe and turmoil of the waters. Quitting the bridge, and clambering up a series of steps, we gain presently a narrow foot-path, cut out of the face of the cliff, and follow its fantastic windings until all further progress is barred by a transverse wall, over which the waters of the long cascade fall from a great height into the dark pool below. At this point the rugged and lofty walls of the gorge draw closer together. Where the foot-path ends, a long staircase, wet with the mist and spray of the cascade, is flung, at an angle of ninety degrees, across the tremendous chasm, and at its upper end connects with another foot-path, some fifty feet above the one which has just been abandoned. After traversing this new path a little space, we come upon a series of cascades, dropping from one low ledge to another, with deep pools and broad shallows intervening.

Pursuing our onward and upward course, the aspect of the place grows weird and ghastly. The world, and the things of the world, are utterly shut out, and we seem to be struggling among the ruins of some older creation. The rocks take on more grotesque forms. The air is cold and moist. The path—a mere ledge in the face of the cliff—overhangs a deep chasm, at the bottom of which the waters chafe and struggle and brawl. Overhead, the gray walls rise, tier upon tier, inclining gradually toward each other, until finally, far upward, only a narrow slip of sky can be seen, with the light struggling dimly through a fringe of hemlocks.

Beyond this gloomy pass, with its strange, unearthly aspect, the ledge we are



Entrance to the Glen.

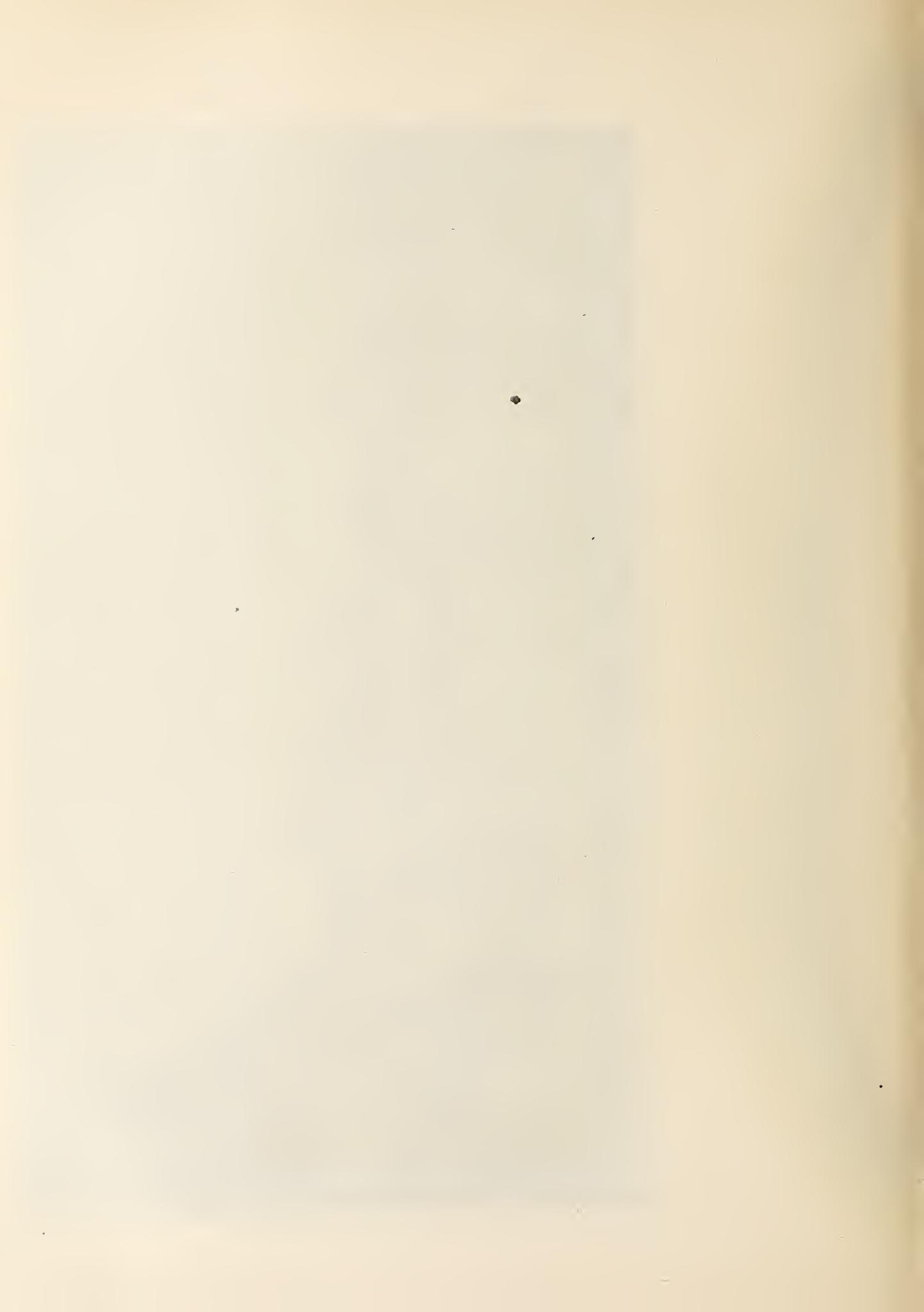
traversing ends abruptly, and the obstacles to a farther advance have to be overcome by a succession of stairways, now crossing to one side, now changing to the other, until, by an ever-ascending grade, another pathway is reached. Here the rock walls recede, and sufficient soil has accumulated over them to admit of the growth of shrubs and large evergreen-trees. The path, too, is easier. Following it for a short distance, we come to a stairway placed against the bank; and, on ascending it, reach a shelf of the mountain on the north side of the ravine. On this shelf is perched the Mountain House, built somewhat after the style of a Swiss *chalet*, but comfortably furnished, and well supplied with essentials and non-essentials, and affording an excellent resting-place for those who have become fatigued with their rough but exciting journey, thus far, through the marvellous gorge.

Leaving the Mountain House, the path dips steadily downward, almost to the bed of the stream; and, after passing another series of small cascades and rapids, we cross a bridge to the opposite side of the gorge, where the cliffs, rent and torn into every conceivable

The Times, London, 1868.

200.00 U.S.A.



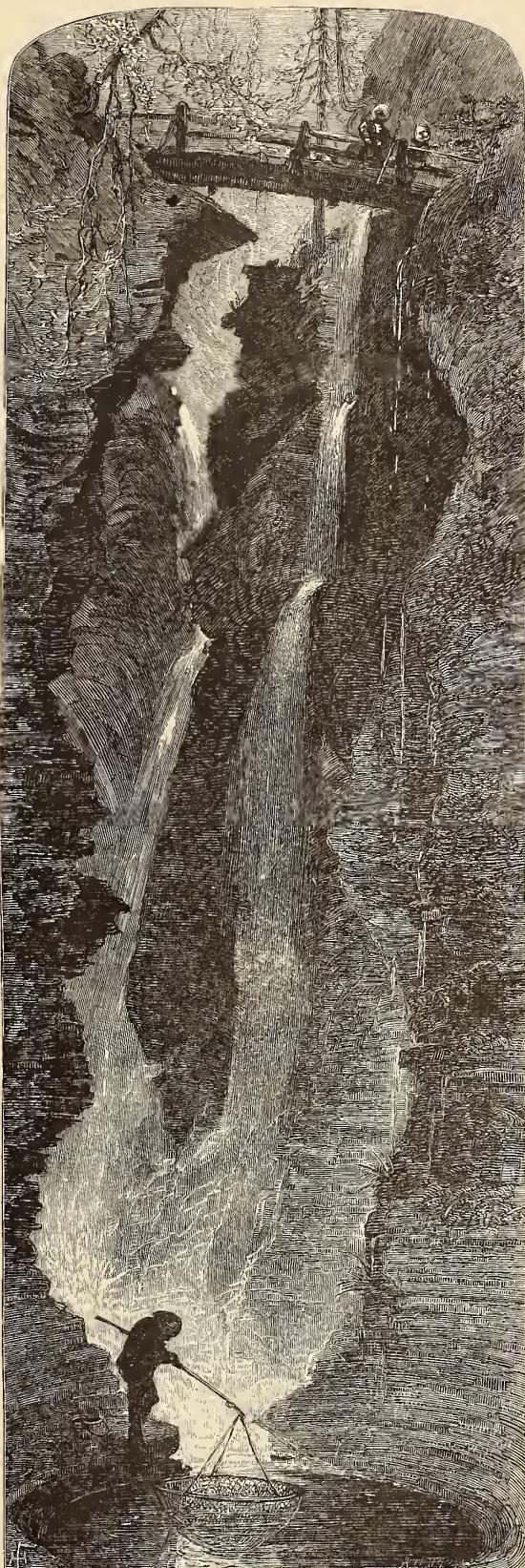


shape, first contract, and then expand into an enormous amphitheatre, to which has been given the name of Glen Cathedral. The area is vast. The immense walls, nearly circular in form, rise to a great height, and, where they terminate skyward, are crowned with the fresh, green, pendulous foliage of the hemlock. The floor of this amphitheatre is almost as level as if it had been paved by human hands; and over the great slabs of rock, laid regularly and close-jointed, the stream spreads out, but an inch or two in depth, flowing easily and quietly, with scarcely a ripple to break the smoothness of its surface.

Passing through a break in the great circular wall, by a path still broad, but more broken and water-worn, the tall cliffs recede upward

from their base; and on the slopes thus formed, and shelving outward, some hemlocks and deciduous trees find sustenance. Suddenly, the tall cliffs, as if spurning these picturesque accessories, close in again, and in the cavernous gloom of the remote distance another cascade is seen flowing in a white sheet over its rocky ledge, and pouring its waters into the gorge.

On nearing this fine cascade, another stairway, thrown across the gorge to a higher shelf projecting from the face of the cliff, gives access to a remarkable scene. Before us is what is called the Glen of Pools, from the variety and extent of its water-worn basins. Standing on the bridge, and looking up the gorge, the eye falls upon a series of cascades and rapids, low and

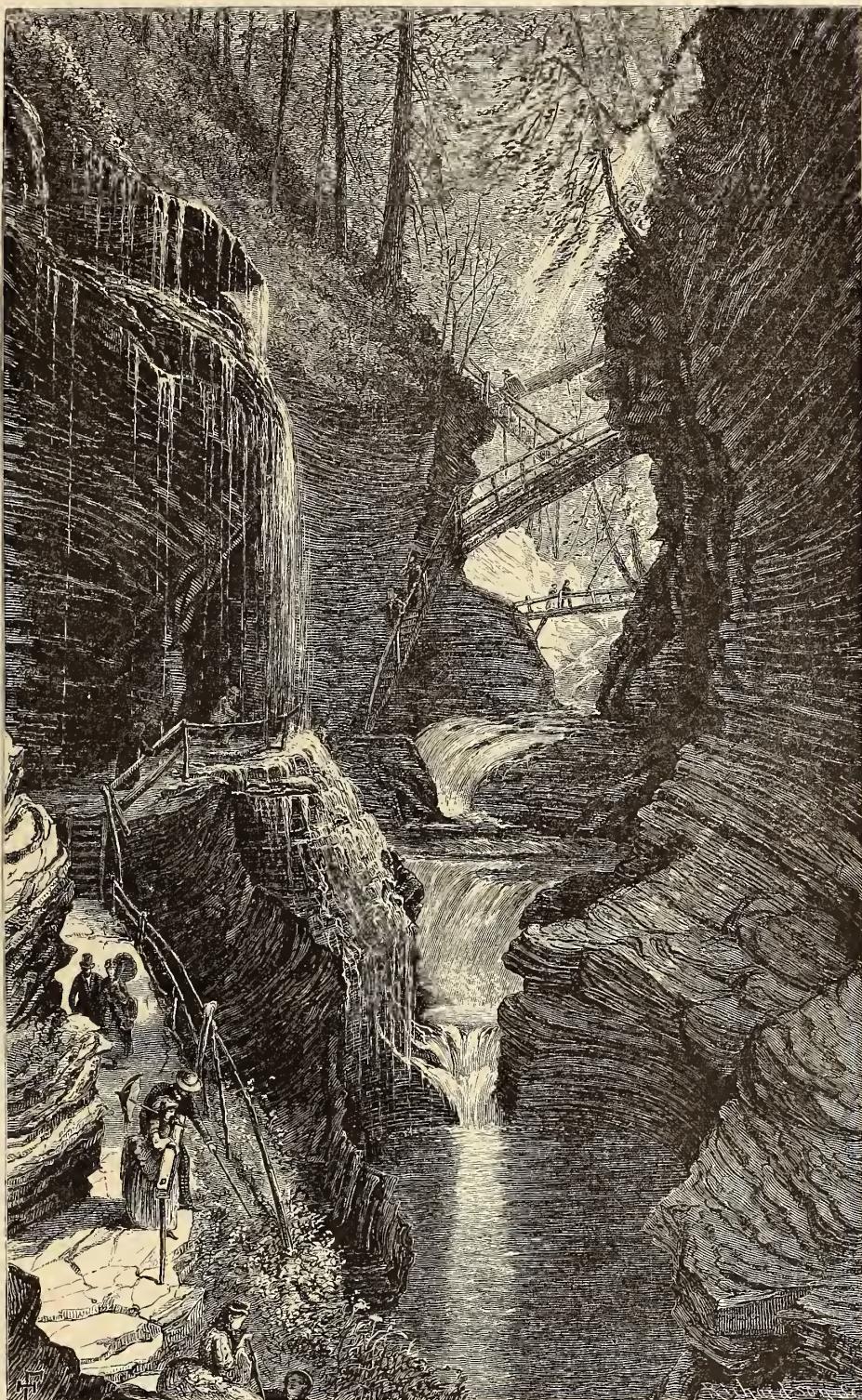


Glen Alpha.



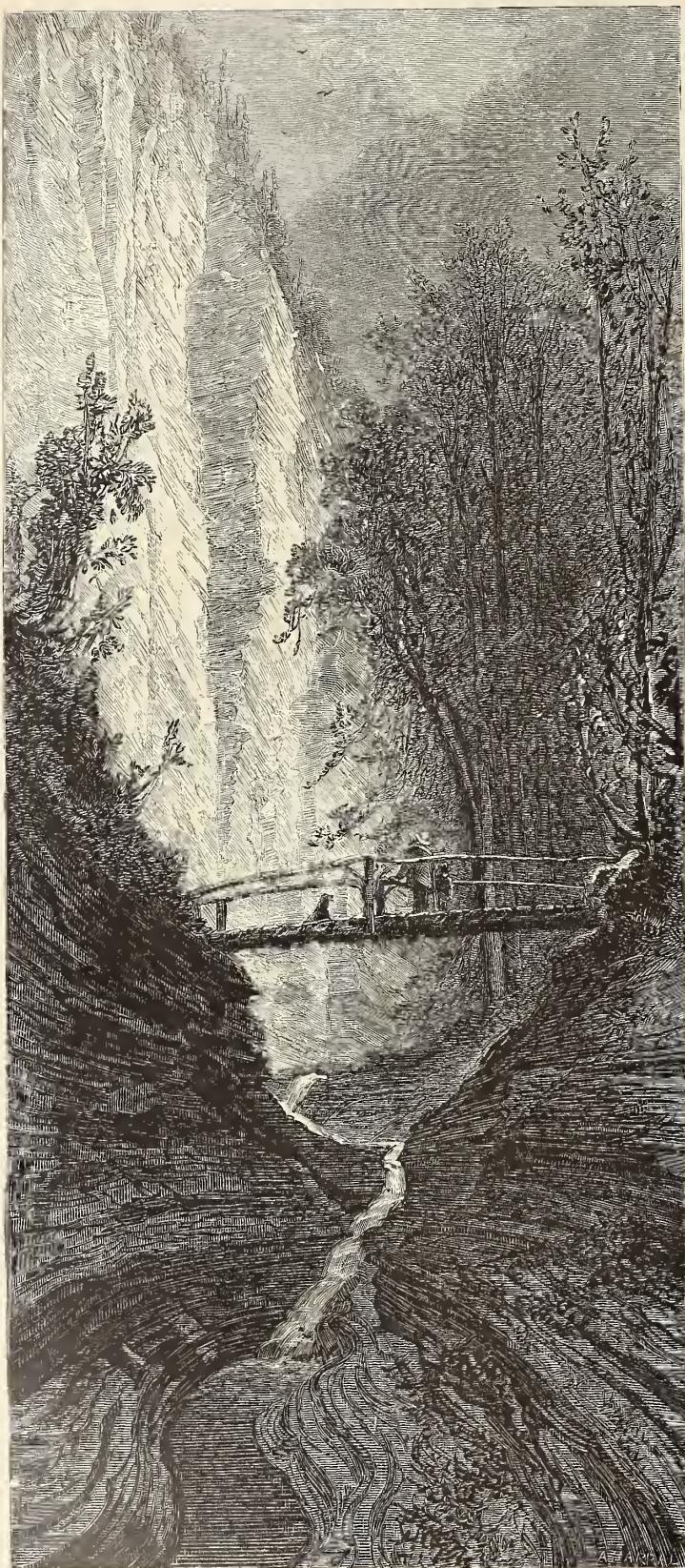
Cavern Cascade, below Mountain House.

broad, but very beautiful. The enclosing walls are again sufficiently broken to allow of the growth of trees in some places, and to let the light in freely. Beyond these, again, cascades of greater breadth drop from one rocky ledge to another, foaming and seething;



Rainbow Falls.

while over the southern wall, and the pathway that clings to it, a thin stream, falling from a great height, spreads itself out like a veil of silver mist, and mingles its waters with those in the rock-bound channel far below. At certain seasons of the year the sun



Cliffs, Glen Cathedral.

is at an angle which sends glancing lights through the gorge, which break in prismatic colors on this thin fringe of a water-fall, and hence give it the name of Rainbow Falls. But the nomenclature of the glen is hopelessly free and confusing, each season giving a new series of designations to its various falls and aspects. "Glen Cathedral" is a term that seems to have adhered with some tenacity, but the other water-falls and pools have almost as many terms as there are different tastes and fancies among the visitors; and names, at best, apply to one feature only of the scene they describe, whereas in each picture there are usually a hundred phases that rival each other in beauty and interest. In this strange rift in the rocks the eye shifts from beauty to beauty, from marvel to marvel, with restless delight. The tumbling water-falls; the dark, silent pools; the light above reflecting from cliff to cliff, and glancing with rich beauty on rock and cascade; the fantastic growths of trees at every "point of 'vantage,'" and the interlacing branches above; the picturesque bridges and stairways; the profound si-

lence, broken only by the sound of waters—all these conditions make up a fascinating charm that each succeeding picture varies in detail, but which pertain with almost equal force to every part of the entire glen. Among the strange beauties of the place are the dark pools that lie at the foot of the cascades. The water in this strange gorge is of a brilliant green, and beautifully transparent. In shallow places it is of an almost perfect emerald hue, and in deep pools becomes the darkest sea-green. There is one pool which no one has ever been able to fathom. A pole thirty feet long, thrust into it, totally disappeared, never returning to the surface. It is assumed that a channel exists far down under the rock, the subterranean current thus created sweeping objects let down in the pool out of reach or of power to return.

The very picturesque Mountain House, built directly on the side of the rift, affords one of the few instances where, in this country, man has worked in harmony with Nature. This chalet is, in its own way, al-



Curtain Cascade, Havana Glen.

most as attractive as the glen itself. Its balconies overhang the gorge, with trees jutting up through them from ledges in the rocks below; and the visitor looks down from his advantageous position into depths of the glen that remain inaccessible. Large hotels are now promised, in view of the yearly increase of visitors; but it is to be hoped the *chalet* will never be disturbed.



Bridal Veil, Havana Glen.

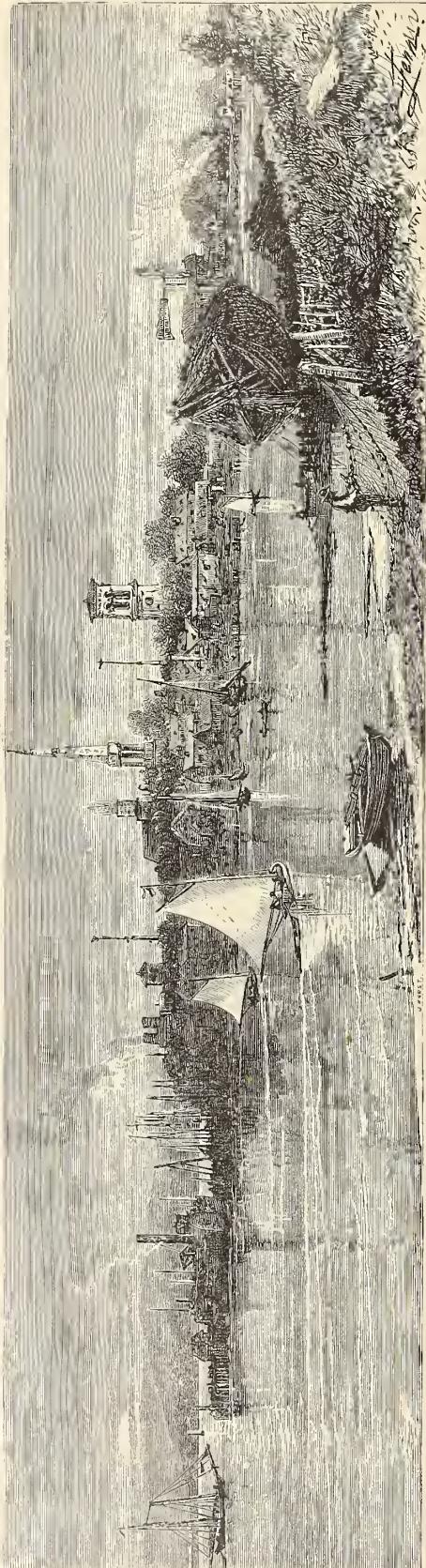
It is remarkable that this freak of Nature has only recently become known. None of the old New-York gazetteers make mention of it. The entrance to the glen was long familiar to the people of the neighborhood; but, until bridges and stairways were made, it was impossible to explore it, and hence nothing further was known of it beyond that which was revealed by a hasty glance into its dark mysteries. The extreme

length of the glen is about three miles, and the cliffs, at the deepest part of the gorge, have an altitude of probably three hundred feet.

Three miles south of Watkins is Havana Glen. It is very picturesque, more airy, and is quite easy of access, but is wanting in those elements of gloom, and vastness, and solemn grandeur, which are the peculiar characteristics of Watkins Glen. Nevertheless, there is a class of tourists who admire Havana Glen even more than its great rival. The cascades of which illustrations are furnished are but two of many which the tourist will meet with, in rapid succession, as he ascends it. The same system of stairways and ladders prevails as at Watkins; but these aids to progress are fewer in the former, and the paths broader. The glen, moreover, is short, as compared with Watkins, while the height, from the level of the valley to the table-land above, is much less. In the early summer months the volume of water is greater than that at Watkins; but it is said to shrink almost to a thread during the heats of July and August, while that of Watkins, being fed from bold springs far up the mountain, is much more permanent, though subject to the influence of the seasons.



Gothic Arch, Watkins Glen.



SCENES IN EASTERN LONG ISLAND.

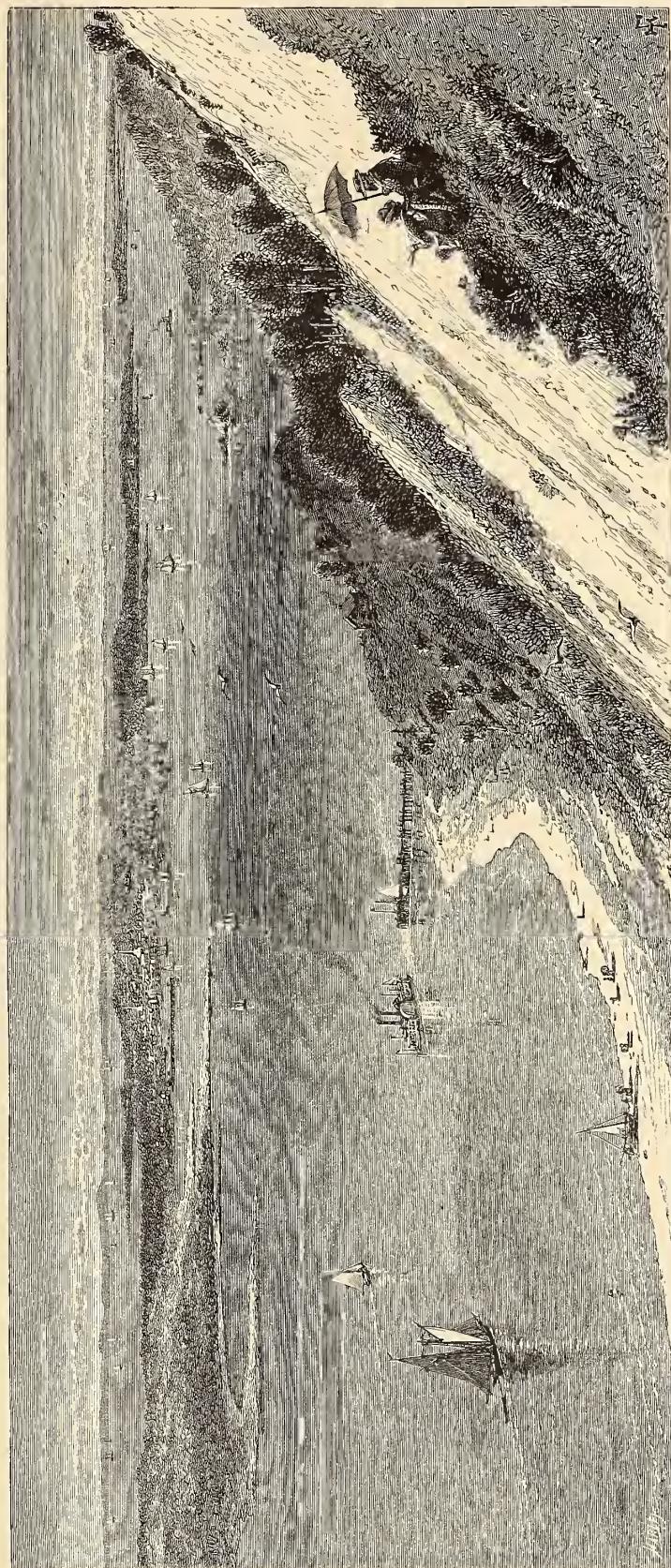
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

THE eastern end of Long Island is penetrated by a wide bay, extending inland a distance of thirty miles. A large island divides the bay into two distinct parts, the outer division being known as Gardiner's Bay, and the inner, which is subdivided by promontories, as Great Peconic and Little Peconic Bays. This large estuary gives to Long Island the shape of a two-pronged fork. The prongs are of unequal length, that upon the southern side exceeding the northern branch full twenty miles. The southern branch is distinguished as Montauk Point; the northern, until recently, as Oyster-Pond Point, but now is sometimes called Orient Point, deriving this name from the village of Orient, situated within its limits. Although Orient Point is shorter than Montauk Point, yet a succession of islands carries the line of this fork a long distance northeasterly into the sound—all of the islands, it is generally believed, once forming a portion of the northern peninsula. The most noted of them is Plumb Island—this name is popularly spelled *Plum*, and in Thompson's "History of Long Island" we find it indiscriminately given both *Plumb* and *Plum*—upon which is a light-house, well known to mariners. The channel between this island and the Point, known as Plumb Gut, has been rendered famous by the well-known exploit of Mr. Bennett's yacht. It is a common tradition at the Point that, in the last century, the passage to

Sag Harbor.

the island could easily be crossed, at low tide, on foot.

Gardiner's Bay is partly sheltered from the sea by a long, narrow, and low stretch of land, extending, on a line southerly with Plumb Island, across the open space that lies between the two points. Westerly, the bay is separated from the inner division of this inland sea by what is appropriately known as Shelter Island, which extends from opposite Greenport on the north branch to near Sag Harbor on the south branch. This island is high and beautifully wooded, and possesses so many attractions as a summer resort that large hotels are now erecting upon it. It has also been selected by the Methodists as a ground for their annual camp-meetings. A more beautiful place could scarcely be found for the purpose. Unlike all this portion of Long Island, it is crowned by noble hills, from the summits of which superb views can be obtained of the entire width of Long Island, the sound, and long

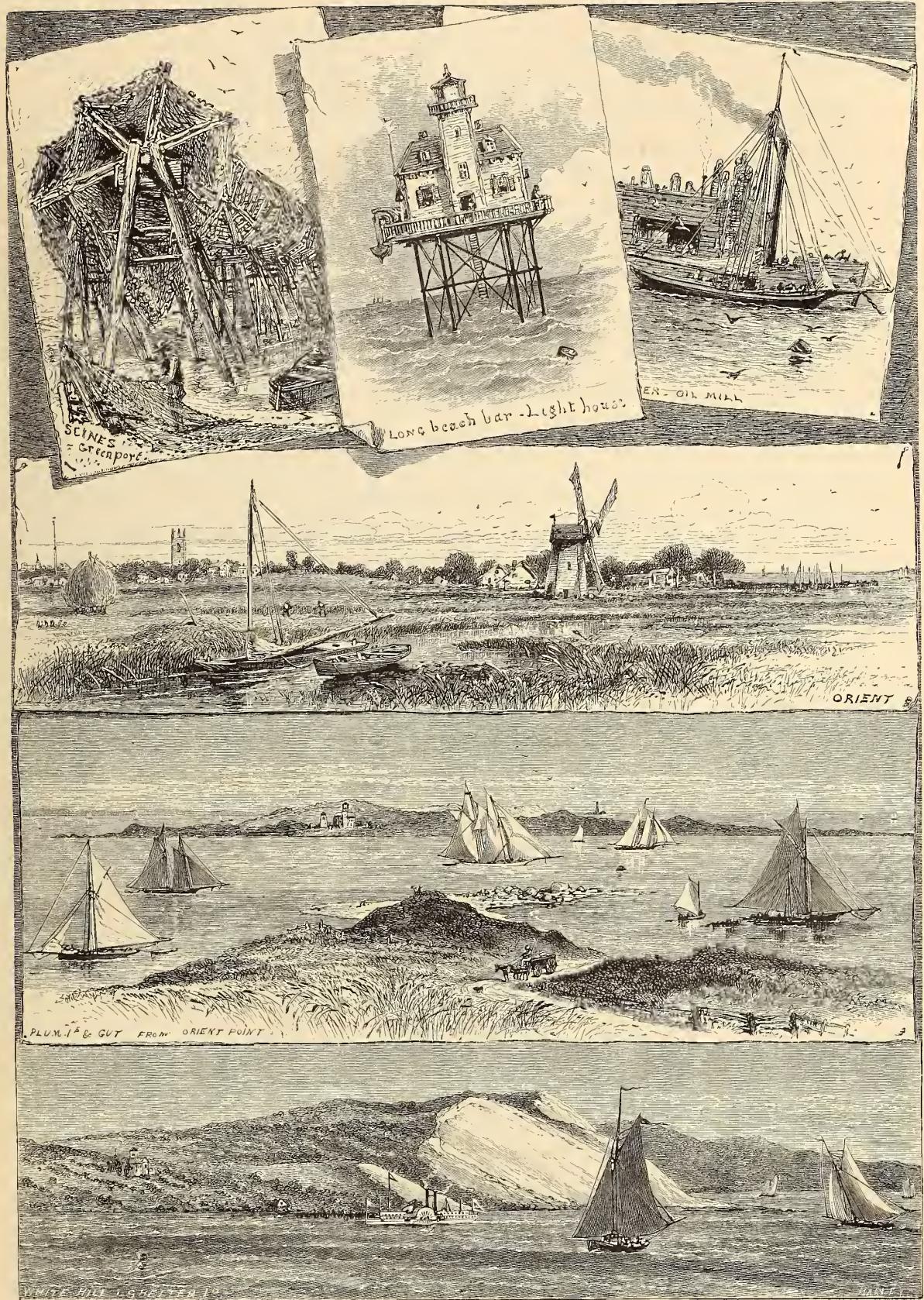


View from White Hill, Shelter Island.

stretches of the open sea. From White Hill, opposite Greenport, Orient Point is visible its entire length, charmingly dotted with villages, while beyond lies the sound, always white with many sails. From Prospect Hill, close at hand, Sag Harbor, and, far off, the open ocean, can be discerned. The Indian name of this island is Manhansack-aha-qusha-wamock, which we hope the reader will find no difficulty in pronouncing or remembering. The translation is rendered as "an island sheltered by islands," which is as poetical and pleasing as it is geographically accurate.

Eastern Long Island is famous for its fisheries. Its vast bays and adjacent seas abound with blue-fish, mackerel, and a small fish, valuable only for the oil extracted from it, called moss-bunker. This fish has built up in all this region an extensive and profitable industry. Numerous oil-factories recently lined the shores of the main island, and greatly marred the beauty of Shelter Island; but the horrible odor perennially escaping from them at last aroused a popular crusade, which resulted in their being legally declared public nuisances, and their removal ordered. But the industry was too profitable to readily surrender; hence it devised large floating oil-mills, and now, here and there over the surface of Gardiner's Bay, may be seen huge, black, uncouth, and yet picturesque-looking objects, always surrounded by waiting vessels, and ever vomiting into the blue air volumes of black smoke. But they scarcely mar the picture, and the odor of decayed bunkers never reaches the shore. The moss-bunker, menhaden, or bony-fish, is a little creature of something near a pound only in weight—to the great whale what a fly is to an ox. But it is caught in prodigious numbers, as many as one million having been taken at a single haul of a draw-seine from shore, enough to yield fifteen hundred gallons of oil. The fisheries in this section, whether considered as an industry or as a means of sport, give it its peculiar interest. The huge reels for winding the immense nets, seen all along the shores, are striking and picturesque incidents in the landscape.

Greenport, on the northern branch, is the terminus of the Long Island Railroad. It is comparatively a new settlement, dating only from 1827; while East Hampton and Southampton, on the southerly fork, are nearly two centuries older. There were settlers on Oyster Point, however, as far back as 1646, one Mr. Hallock having, in that year, purchased the district from the Indians. But no towns were built up until long after. The settlers on the southern fork, notwithstanding they came from the neighboring shores of New England, passed Orient Point, inviting as it must have been with its rich soil and varied greenery, to the pine-barrens and grassy downs of Montauk. Greenport is a very pretty town—as green, neat, and quiet, as the ideal New-England village. The cottages that line the well-shaded streets are hid among trees, and nowhere is decay or unwholesome poverty apparent. The drive from Greenport to the extreme of Orient Point is very charming. Near the town are many handsome villas and cottages, while flourishing farms and neat farm-houses enliven the road during the



EASTERN LONG ISLAND SCENES.

entire journey. The village of Orient, through which we pass, has a prosperous and pleasing aspect; and all along the drive the scene is varied by frequent glimpses of the sound on one side and the bay on the other. At Orient Point there is a summer hotel, where in July and August great numbers come to enjoy the sea-air and the fishing. There is animation always in the picture presented here. On the sound, steamers and coasting-vessels come and go incessantly; while, in the bay, fleets of fishing-boats ever hover on the horizon, and yachts and smaller pleasure-boats give life and animation to the nearer scene.

Returning to Greenport, the traveller who explores this region will next desire to reach Sag Harbor. A steamer from New York touches at Orient and Greenport, and makes Sag Harbor the terminus of its route; but a pleasanter way to make the journey from Greenport is by sail-boat. The course lies around Shelter Island, and, if winds are fair, the voyage can be accomplished in two hours. Sag Harbor was settled in 1730; nearly one hundred years before Greenport. It is an ancient whaling-place. When Long Island was first settled, whales were common visitors to its shores, and boats were always ready for the pursuit of those welcome strangers. The whales, when caught, were drawn upon the shore, cut in pieces, and sent to primitive boiling-establishments near at hand. When the land of this region was purchased of the Indians, the sachems were allowed, by the terms of purchase, to fish in all the creeks and ponds, hunt in the woods, and to have the "fynnes and tayles" of all whales cast upon the coast. From the pursuit of whales on the coast there naturally arose expeditions of a more ambitious character, and in the early part of the present century we find the people of this town largely interested in the Pacific and Indian Ocean whale-fishing. But eventually Nantucket and New Bedford obtained the monopoly of this business, and, long before whaling began to decline in these towns, it had known its best days for the people of Sag Harbor. The fisheries of the bay are now the principal dependence of its citizens, although a cotton-mill indicates the development of other industries. Sag Harbor is old, quaint, and fish-like; it must remain a matter of taste whether the traveller should prefer its semi-decayed antiquity to the orderly and trimmed newness of Greenport.

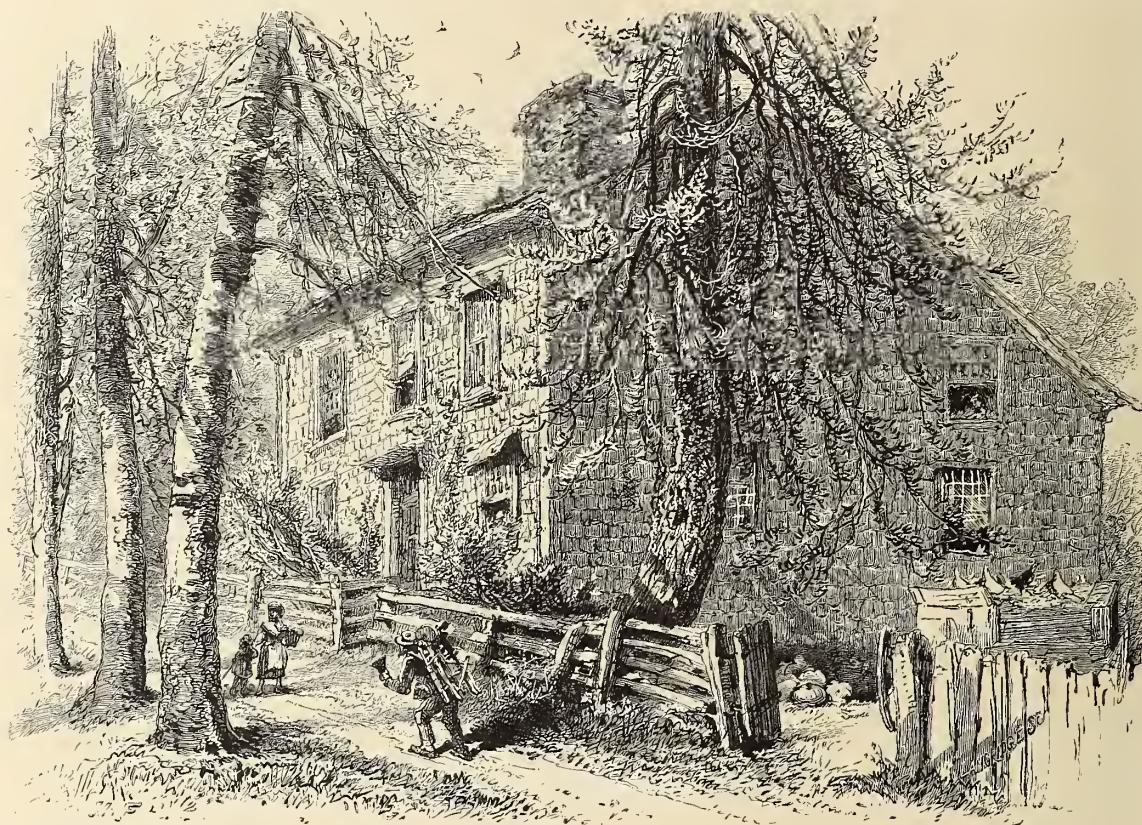
But Sag Harbor has a measure of newness by the side of East Hampton, on the southern branch, and the most easterly town of Long Island. This township was settled in 1649, by thirty families from Lynn and adjacent towns of Massachusetts. The land was purchased of the famous Montauk tribe, remnants of which are still found about Montauk Point. This part of our country does not seem to have the bloody Indian record that distinguishes so many sections. The early settlers, for the most part, lived harmoniously with the original occupants of the soil. Instead of making the red-man their determined enemy, measures seem to have been taken to secure his kindly coöperation; and the remains of the ancient tribe now upon the island, fishing in the same seas



EAST HAMPTON, FROM THE CHURCH BELFRY.

and hunting upon the same ground their fathers did, bear witness to the humanity and forethought of the first settlers of this region.

East Hampton consists simply of one wide street, nearly three hundred feet wide. There are no hotels, no shops, no manufactories. The residences are principally farmers' houses, congregated in a village after the French method, with their farms stretching to the ocean-shore on one side, and to the pine-plains that lie between the town and the bay on the other. Its wide street is lined with old trees, and a narrow roadway wanders through a sea of green grass on either side. Perhaps no town in America re-

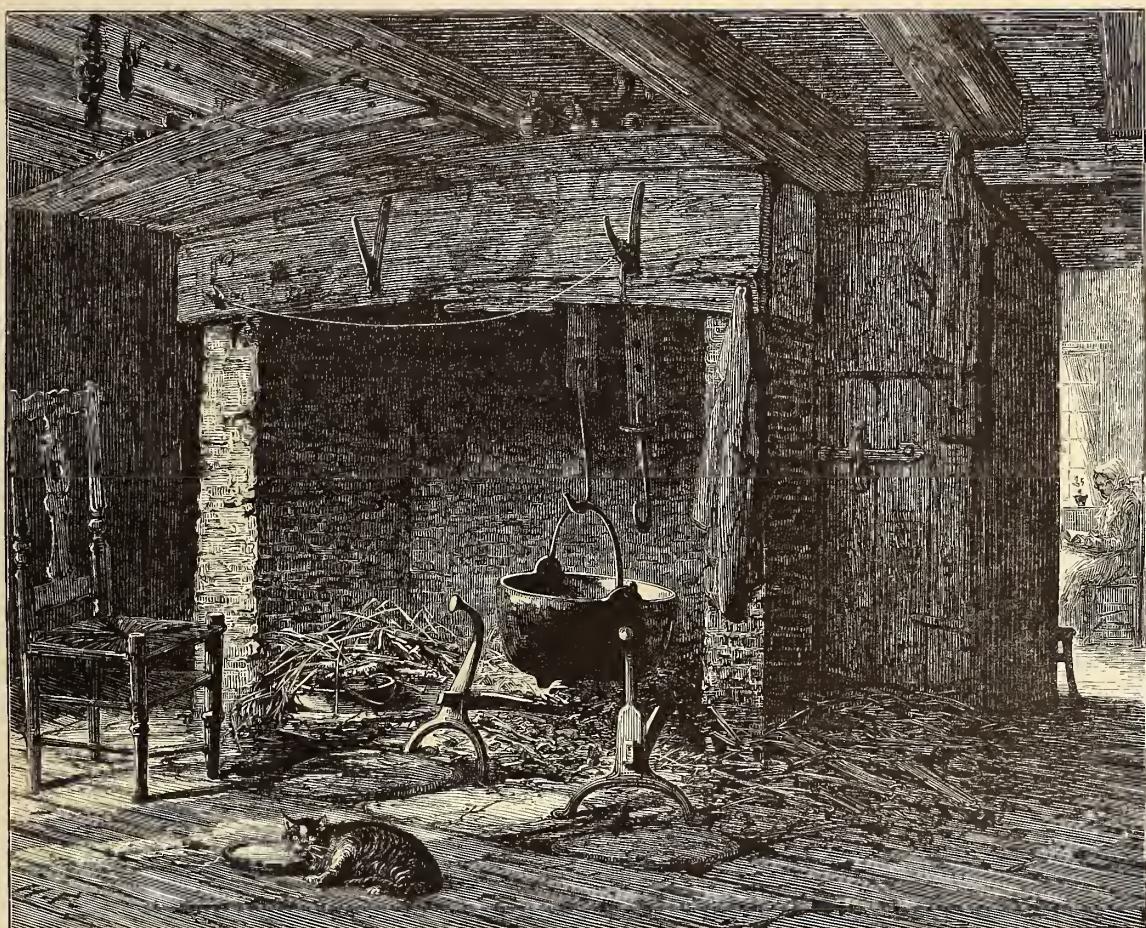


Home of John Howard Payne.

tains so nearly the primitive habits, tastes, and ideas of our forefathers as East Hampton. It is rapidly becoming a favorite place of summer resort, visitors at present finding no accommodation save that offered by private families; but its growing popularity renders the erection of hotels almost certain, and then good-by to its old-fashioned simplicity!

Our illustrations include a view of this primitive village from the belfry of its old church, which the people, since Mr. Fenn made his sketch, have inexplicably destroyed—the only instance in the town's history of a disregard for its time-honored memorials. The antiquity of this building gave it interest, but it possessed special antiquarian value to the visitor on account of its identification with one of the most famous

divines in our history. Here the Rev. Lyman Beecher officiated as minister during a period of twelve years, from 1798 to 1810; and during his residence in the town two of his distinguished children, Catharine and Edward, were born. The view from the belfry of the church is pleasing, the distant glimpse of the sea contrasting charmingly with the embowered cottages in the foreground. The old wind-mill gives quaintness to the picture. Two of these queer piles stand at the east of the village. They are very picturesque, reminding one forcibly of the quaint old mills in Holland which artists



Interior of Payne's "Home, Sweet Home."

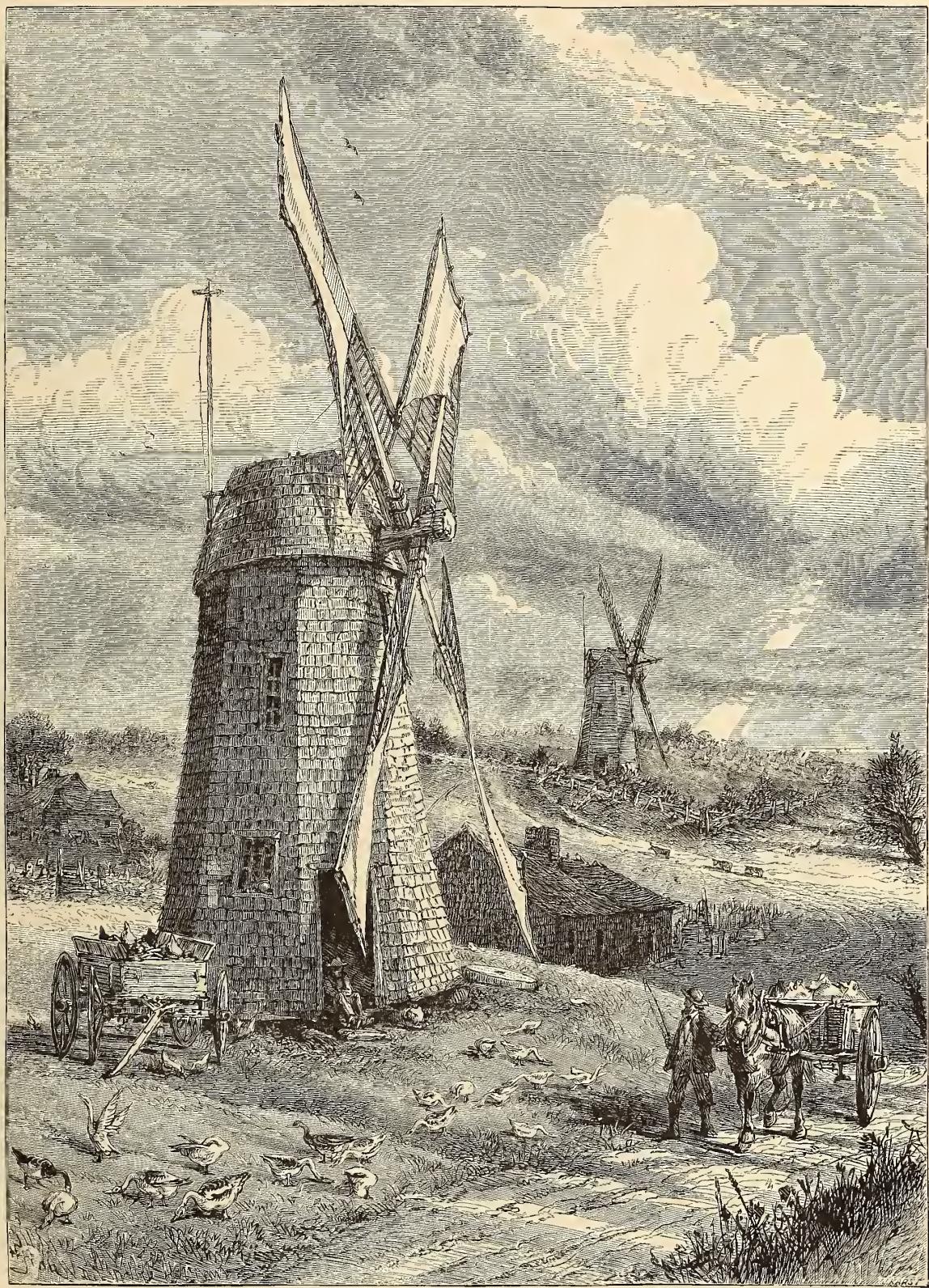
have always delighted to paint. They form a distinctive feature of this part of the island, inasmuch as there are few similar structures existing anywhere in our country.

But East Hampton is not only renowned as the residence of Lyman Beecher, but of one peculiarly associated with our best impulses and feelings. It was here that John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," passed his boyhood. It is commonly asserted that he was born in the very old, shingled cottage pointed out as his residence; but of this there is some doubt. That his father resided here during the tender infancy

of the lad is the better-supported story; but here, at least, the precocious lad spent several years of his early boyhood. His father was principal of Clinton Academy, one of the first institutions of the kind established in Long Island. The old house is held very sacred by the villagers, and the ancient kitchen, with its antique fireplace, stands to-day just as it did when Payne left it for his homeless wanderings over the world. It is truly a homely home; but, no doubt, many a happy hour was passed in the family circle around the bright blaze on the hearth, the simple joys of which were well calculated to inspire one of the best-known and best-loved lyrics in our language. Let no sacrilegious hand touch the old timbers of this precious relic! In a land where memorials of the past are so few, and one, also, where simple, happy homes are so abundant, it is specially fit that we should preserve the roof which sheltered one who has expressed the memories that cling around the hearthstone in words that thrill the hearts of millions.

From East Hampton to the easterly extremity of Montauk Point, the peninsula possesses a peculiar charm. The road follows the sea-shore over a succession of undulating, grass-covered hills. It has been pronounced, by some admirers, the finest sea-drive in America. There is at all times and in all places a fascination in the sea-shore, whether we explore the rocky precipices of Mount Desert, or follow the sandy cliffs of Long Island. But a summer jaunt along the cliffs of Montauk Point has a charm difficult to match. The hills are like the open downs of England, and their rich grasses afford such excellent grazing that great numbers of cattle and sheep are every year driven there for pasturage. The peaceful herds upon the grassy slopes of the hills; the broken, sea-washed cliffs; the beach, with the ever-tumbling surf; the wrecks that strew the shore in pitiful reminder of terrible tragedies passed; the crisp, delicious air from the sea; the long, superb stretch of blue waters—all these make up a picture that is full both of exhilaration and of repose. The heart expands and the blood glows under the sweet, subtle stimulant of the scene, even while delicious calm and contentment fill the chambers of the mind. The interest of the scene continually varies, even while its general features are almost monotonously the same. A boat on the beach, half buried in encroaching sand; a mass of remains of wrecked vessels, such as Mr. Fenn graphically calls "The Graveyard;" a gnarled, wind-beaten tree on the hills; changing groups of cattle, among which occasionally appear drovers or herdsmen on horseback; vessels appearing and disappearing in the horizon of the sea—these make up the changes of the picture, and, simple as they are, give abundant pleasure to the wayfarer.

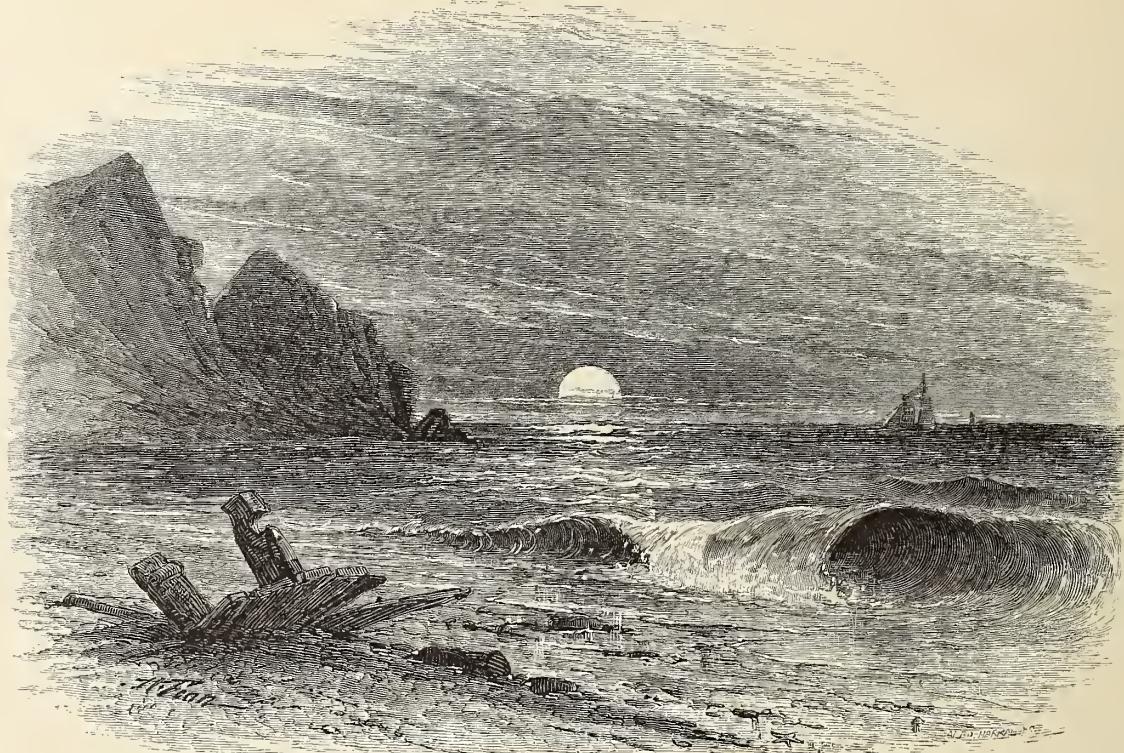
At last, Montauk Point is reached. This is a bold, solitary point of land, composed of sand, bowlders, and pebbles, with far stretches of sea on three of its sides. The storms here are grand, the wide Atlantic rolling in with unbroken force upon the shores. On the extreme point stands a tall, white light-house, erected in 1795, and one of the best-known lights of the coast. Mrs. Sigourney, while on a visit to the Point, in 1837, wrote the following lines:



GRIST WIND-MILLS AT EAST HAMPTON.

“ ‘Ultima Thule’ of this ancient isle,
 Against whose heart the everlasting surge,
 Long travelling on, and ominous of wrath,
 Forever beats! Thou lift’st an eye of light
 Unto the vexed and storm-tossed mariner,
 Guiding him safely to his home again.
 So teach us, ’mid our sorest ills, to wear
 The crown of mercy, and, with changeless eye,
 Look up to heaven.”

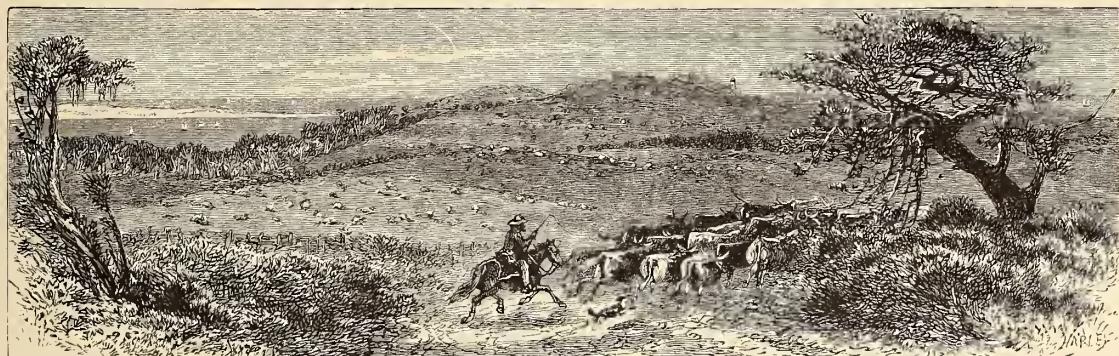
Eastern Long Island is undergoing many physical changes. In reports made to the State Legislature by W. W. Mather, more than thirty years ago, we find a full and in-



Moonlight on Shore.

teresting description of the action of the sea on this peninsula, and also upon Orient Point. “The coast of Long Island,” he says, “on the south side, from Montauk Point to Neapeague Beach, a distance of three miles, is constantly washing away by the action of the heavy surf beyond the base of the cliffs, protected only by narrow shingle beaches of a few yards or rods in width. The pebbles and boulders of the beaches serve as a partial protection to the cliffs during ordinary tides in calm weather; but even then, by the action of the surf as it tumbles upon the shore, they are continually grinding into sand and finer materials, and swept far away by the tidal currents. During storms and high tides, the surf breaks directly against the base of the cliffs; and as they are formed

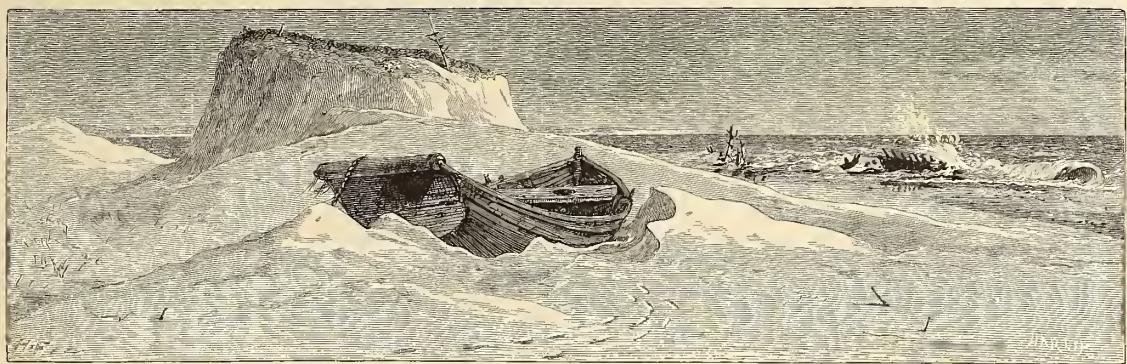
only of loose materials, as sand and clay, with a substratum of bowlders, pebbles, gravel, and loam, we can easily appreciate the destructive agency of the heavy waves, rolling in unbroken from the broad Atlantic. The destruction of land from this cause is less than one would be led to suppose, but still it is considerable. The road from Nepeague



The Downs.

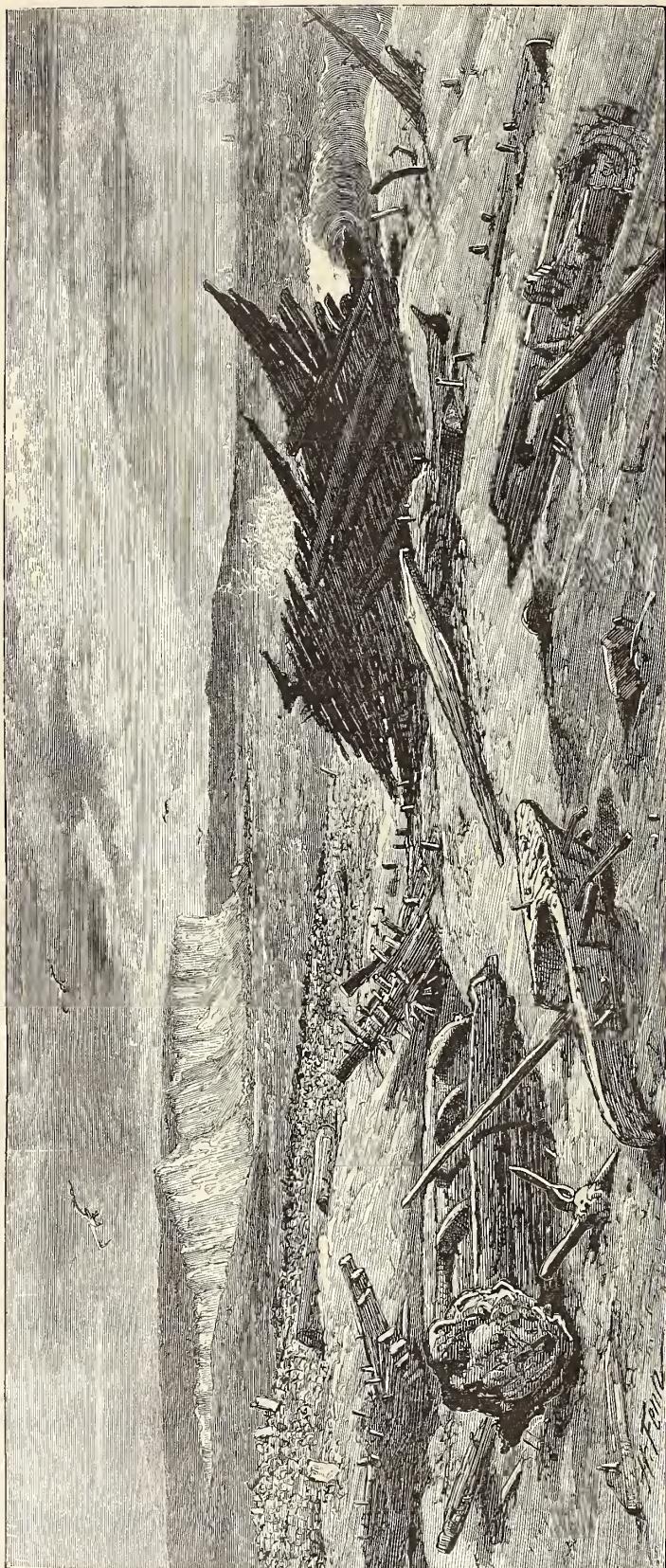
Beach to Montauk Point, which originally was some distance from the shore, has disappeared in several places by the falling of the cliffs. There are no data by which to estimate the inroads of the sea on this coast as this part of the island is held in common by an association of individuals who use it for pasture, and it is inhabited by three herdsmen only, who are frequently changed, and who live several miles distant from each other.

"From Nepeague Beach to two miles west of Southampton, the coast is protected



The Sand-drift.

by a broad and slightly-inclined sand-beach, which breaks the force of the surf as it rolls in from the ocean. From Southampton westward, the coast of the island is protected by long, narrow islands, from one to five or six miles distant from the main island.



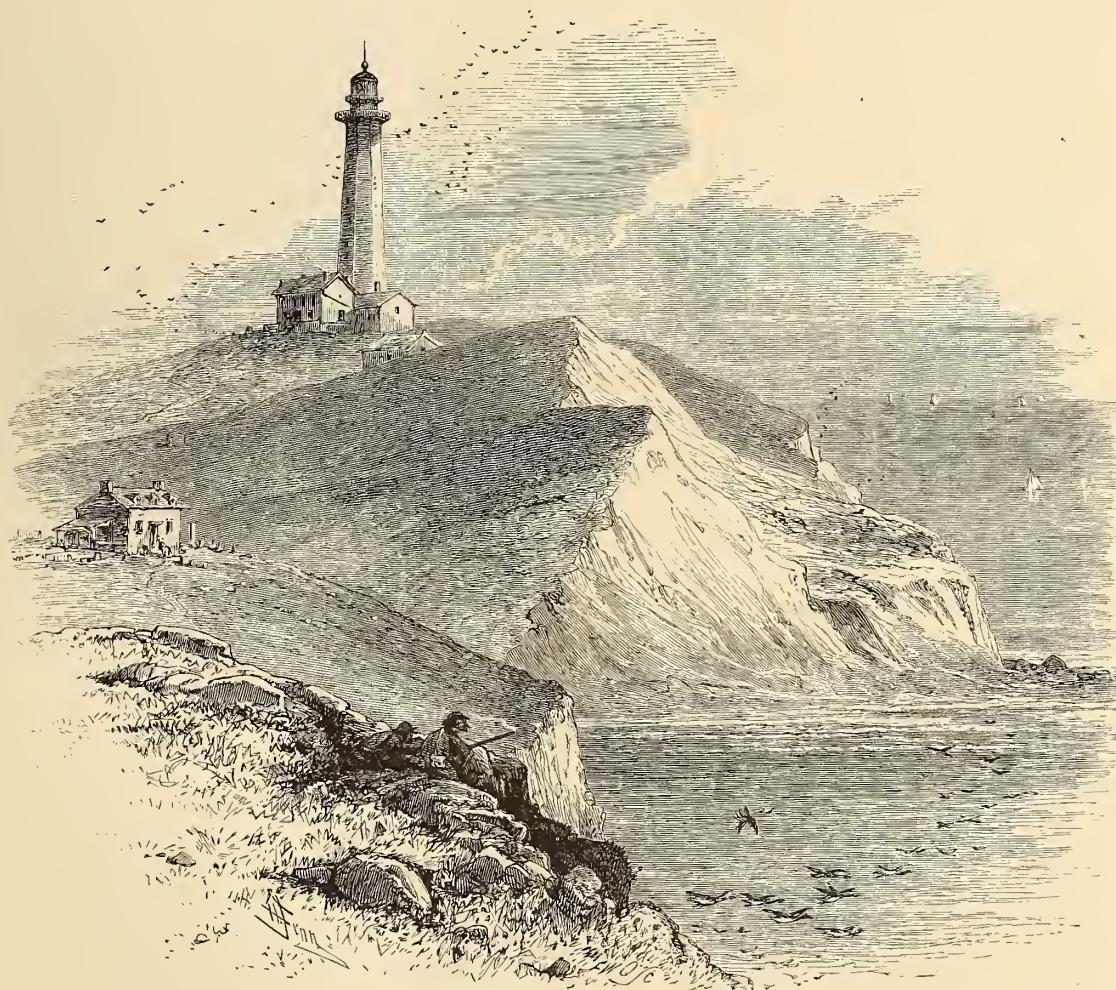
The Graveyard.

"The eastern parts of Gardiner's and Plumb Islands, which are composed of loose materials, are washing away in consequence of the very strong tidal currents, and the heavy sea rolling in upon their shores from the open ocean. The action upon these coasts is so rapid as to attract the attention of the inhabitants, and calculations even have been made as to the time that will probably elapse before they will have disappeared. Rocks that have formed a part of Plumb Island may now be observed, at low water, a mile or more from the present shore. Little Gull Island (to the east of Plumb Island), on which a light-house is located, was disappearing so rapidly, a few years since, that it became necessary to protect it from the further inroads of the ocean by encircling it with a strong sea-wall.

"Oyster-Pond Point is wearing away rapidly, by the combined action of the waves during heavy northeast storms, and the strong tidal current which flows with great velocity through Plumb Gut. During a

heavy storm, in 1836, the sea made a clean break over about one-quarter of a mile of the eastern part of the Point, washed away all the lighter materials, and cut a shallow channel, through which the tide now flows.

"Another effect of the sea is the formation of marine alluvion. Northeast storms bring in a heavy sea from the ocean, which, rolling obliquely along the shore, aided by powerful tidal currents, sweep the alluvia along in a westerly direction. Northwest winds do not bring in an ocean-swell, and the waves which they raise fall upon the shore in a line nearly perpendicular to the trend of the coast; so that their effect is to grind the pebbles and sand to gravel by the action of the surf, rather than to transport them coastwise. In this way outlets of small bays are frequently obstructed by bars, shoals, and spits, formed by the tidal currents sweeping past their mouths, and depositing the materials in the eddy formed by the meeting of the currents. Almost every bay and inlet, when not protected from the sea by sandy islands, have their outlets blocked up entirely by the materials deposited, or so nearly as to leave only narrow entrances."



Montauk Point.

THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED R. WAUD.



A Bayou of the Mississippi.

JUST fifty years after Columbus discovered the islands of the Bahamas, De Soto, an equal of Pizarro and Cortez in courage and spirit, but not in fortune, accompanied by a broken-down and dispirited remnant of a once-powerful expedition, reached the banks of the Mississippi a thousand miles or more from its mouth. The discovery gave him a lasting fame, and furnished him a fitting grave. This river, ever-changing and yet ever the same, after more than three centuries still answers to the original description of the adventurous Spaniards, for their chief chronicler writes that "the river was so broad that if a man stood still on the other side, it could not be told whether he was a



man or no. The channel," he continues, "was very deep, the current strong, the water muddy, and filled with floating trees." Luis de Moscoso, who took command of De Soto's expedition upon the decease of the great captain, gave up all ambition except to escape with his distressed followers from a country where they had met with so much misfortune, and for this purpose he finally embarked in a few rudely-built brigantines, which, left to the current, Moscoso felt assured would reach the ocean. On the route the discomfited Europeans passed what are now known as the hills of Vicksburg, the broken lands about Fort Adams, and Baton Rouge. All else on the voyage was a monotonous swamp; the banks of the river were nearly covered with water, and lined with tall cypresses, draped as if in mourning, with pendent moss. Even the low banks finally sank out of sight; the current, however, continued to flow, and Moscoso's anticipations were realized, for the brigantines finally floated in the clear green waters of the open Gulf.

More than a century elapsed after the discovery of the river before its solitude was again disturbed by the presence of the white man. During this time its mouth became involved in popular mystery. Tales were circulated that the flood of water, where the great outlet should be, was precipitated into the earth; that the story of Moscoso and his companions was a fiction; that great dragons and sullen mists guarded the vicinity from man's approach: and these tales, so harmonious with the spirit of the age, found confirmation in the traditions of the Indians, who lived thousands of miles away, on the banks of the Fox and the Illinois.

In the year 1673 Marquette, a French monk, left Quebec, traversed the great northern lakes, and reached the "Upper Mississippi" by way of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers. Having accomplished what was then supposed to be an heroic task, he returned to Quebec, and announced that, from what he saw, he was certain the Gulf of Mexico could be reached by uninterrupted navigation. Great rejoicings ensued; the *Te Deum* was sung in all the churches; the military fired salutes, and the great "western valley," by the right of discovery, was declared to belong to France. La Salle followed, and, from the Falls of St. Anthony, made the first continuous voyage of the whole length of the river. He entered the Gulf of Mexico April 9, 1682, founded the fort of St. Louis, and gave to the adjacent lands the name of Louisiana. Returning home, he fitted out an expedition to find the mouth of the river from the sea. After coasting many weary months and establishing two forts in the vicinity, his men, incensed by his severe discipline, and hopeless from his many failures, assassinated him at the mouth of Trinity River, Galveston Bay, which he had reached in his long and fruitless search.

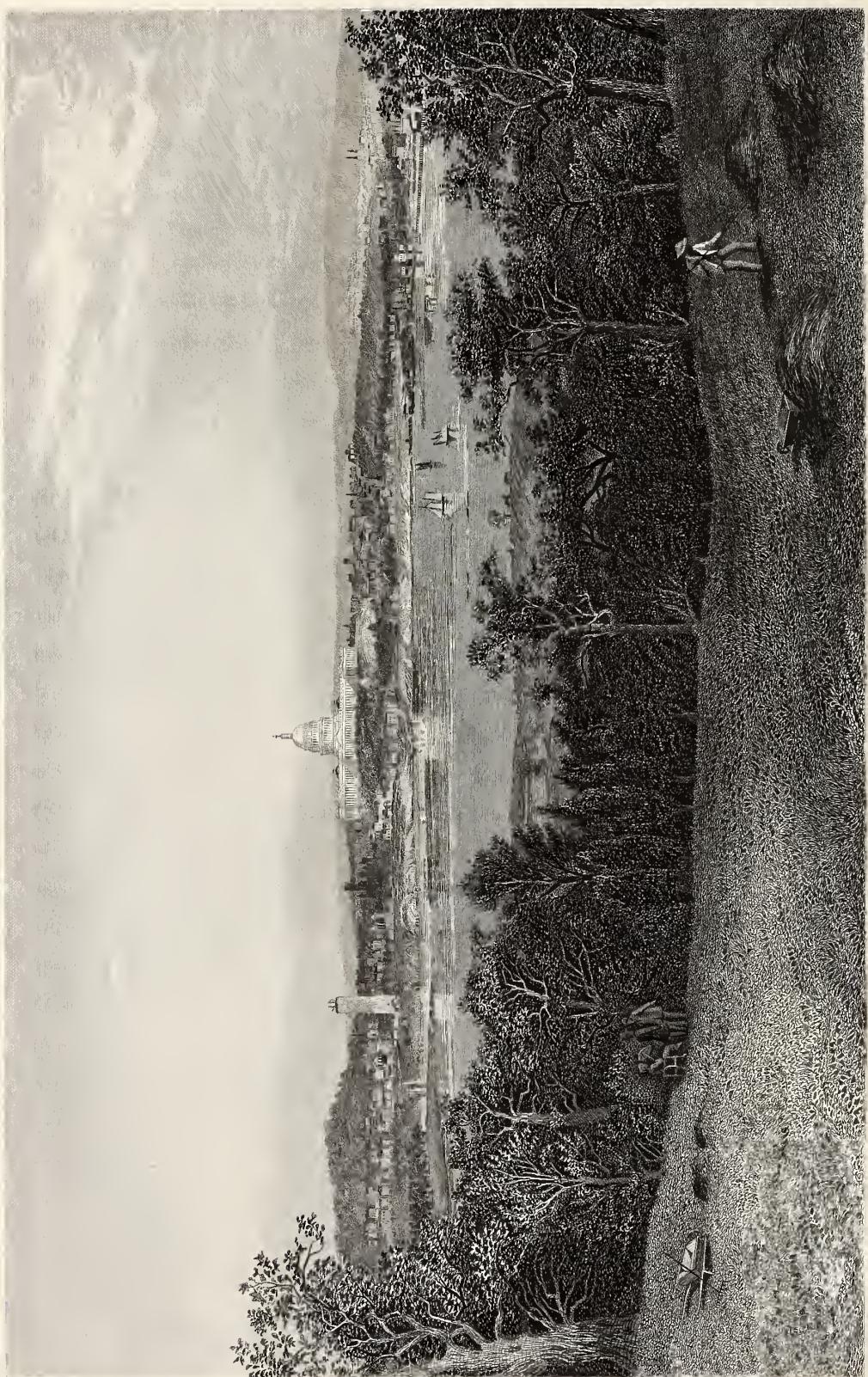
The mouth of the river, which thus eluded search, was discovered by Iberville eighteen years later. Instead of one vast current pouring into the Gulf, it was found to consist of numerous arms, or passes, through low swamps and islands formed by the sediment brought down by the river. This net-work of creeks, bayous, and passes, is

known as the Delta of the Mississippi. It covers an area estimated at fourteen thousand square miles, and is slowly advancing into the Gulf by the shoaling caused by the deposition of fresh sediment brought down by the river. Three of the main passes bear the practical names of Southwest, South, Northeast, and the fourth is called à l'Outre.



Southwest Pass.

The ragged and unformed arms of the "passes" are involved in what appears, even after careful examination, to be an interminable marsh. It is no wonder that La Salle consumed years in the difficult search, for there is not a place on all the extensive line of the gulf-coast that is not more suggestive of the proper mouth of a grand river



Engraved by Wm. H. Worrell, 1850. N.Y. D. Appleton & Co., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D.C.

Washington from Arlington Heights

New York, D. Appleton & Co.

than the point where it finds an outlet. With his European experience, he naturally conceived that a stream on which he had floated more than a thousand miles, would sweep grandly into a magnificent bay. For miles before you reach the passes, you observe the muddy Mississippi water in great masses, rolling and tumbling unmixed with the briny blue sea. Gradually the dull hue assumes supremacy, and at last you are greeted by a simple object of beauty and practical interest, which has been erected by human hands. Rising up from the interminable level is a solitary light-house, built at the entrance of the Southwest Pass. This structure is the sentinel on guard—an immovable point, from the bearings of which the pilot is enabled to bring his ship to safe harbor. Just inside the Northeast Pass is a huge mud-bank, known as the Belize. Long years ago people, mostly of Spanish origin, who found it irksome to live under the restraints of settled communities, made a home at the Belize, tempted by the isolation, the abun-



A Bayou of the Mississippi.

dance of game, and the occasional reward for acting as pilots or wreckers. Within a half century the growing demands of commerce have changed the rude huts of the settlement into pleasant residences. The once-solitary homes of these waste places are enlivened by good wives and bright children. The pilots are personally inferior to none of their class; and, with beautifully-modelled boats, are ever welcome visitors to the incoming ships, which they often board far out at sea, and, if leisure permits, will not only give the news of the day, but spin a thrilling yarn of the terrible times when Lafitte, the pirate, held high revels at the Belize.

The channels of the passes, for a long time after their entrance, are only discernible to the practised eye of the pilot by what appears a regular current flowing on in the universal waste. As you ascend, if on board of a swiftly-moving steamer, you perceive that coarse grass finally appears in consecutive lines, and then crop out here and there

great lumps of mud, around which seethes and boils what now has become a rushing current. It is apparent that the sediment of the river has obtained a foothold. Steadily moving onward, the shore at last becomes defined, and water-soaked shrubs are noticeable, ever moving and fretting from the lashings of the deflecting waves. When some fifteen or twenty miles have been made, you ask, possibly, with some surprise, "Is this, indeed, the great Mississippi? when you learn that you are in one of the four entrances of the river; anon, you reach the "head of the passes," and the broad-flowing stream, in its full volume, opens to your gaze. If the day is bright and the sun well toward the



Sunset in the Mississippi Swamp.

horizon, as the swelling tide moves grandly onward, its surface glistens with the hues of brass and bronze.

Vegetation now rapidly asserts its supremacy; the low banks are covered with ferns, and here and there is an ill-shapen tree; while, landward, a dark line indicates the perfectly-developed forest.

Naught but the sameness and monotony of the river now impresses you, save the consciousness that you are borne upon a mighty, sweeping flood. Mile after mile, and still the same. The bittern screams, the wild-fowl start in upward flight; and, if night sets in, you seem to be moving through an unvaried waste. The low and scarcely-

perceptible walls of Forts Jackson and St. Philip are just discernible, when lights dancing ahead give the first signs of intelligible settlement. The "quarantine" is reached, the official visit is made, and again you commence your monotonous upward trip.

If the morning sun greets you within fifty miles of New Orleans, you find the banks of the river above the flood-tide, and evidences of permanent cultivation and happy home-steads attract the eye. Along the "coast," as the river-banks are denominated, are the "gardens," upon which the city depends for vegetable food. Then come large sugar-plantations, the dwelling-houses made imposing by their verandas, and picturesque by being half hidden in an untold variety of magnificent trees.

Thus is displayed, in the upward trip from the Belize to within twoscore miles of New Orleans, the gradual development of the banks of the Mississippi. The constant creation goes on seemingly under your own eye. From water to ooze, to mud, to soil; from grass to shrubs, to ferns, to forest-trees.

The first grand tree-development of the "swamps" is the tall and ghostly cypress. It flourishes in our semi-tropical climate of the South, being nourished by warmth, water, and the richest possible soil. The Louisiana product finds a rival in Florida; and in both places this remarkable tree is perfect in growth, often reaching the height of one hundred and thirty feet. The base of the trunk, generally covered with ooze and mud, conceals the formidable "spikes," called "knees," which spring up from the roots. These excrescences, when young, are sharp and formidable weapons, and, young or old, are nearly as hard as steel. To travel in safety through a flooded cypress-swamp on horse-back, the greatest care must be taken to avoid the concealed cypress-knees; for, if your generous steed, while floundering in the soft mud, settles down upon one of them, he may never recover from the injury. The bark of the tree is spongy and fibrous; and the trunk of the tree often attains fifty or sixty feet without a branch. The foliage, as seen from below, is as soft as green silken fringe, and strangely beautiful and delicate, when contrasted with the tree itself and the gloomy, repulsive place of its nativity. The wood, though light and soft, is of extraordinary durability. It has been asserted, that cypress-trees which have been buried a thousand years under the solid but always damp earth, now retain every quality of the most perfect wood. At the root of the cypress the palmetto flourishes in vigor; and its intensely green, spear-like foliage adds to the variety of the vegetable productions in the forest solitudes.

Coming to the unsubmerged lands, which, like islands, are everywhere interspersed in this immense swamp, you meet with broad expanses on which grow the renowned "cane-brakes;" and, leaving them, you possibly come upon vistas of prairie, which, open to the constant influence of sunshine and sea-air, are dotted over with the magnificent "live-oak," the most picturesque tree of our continent. Fifty years ago the government took care of these monarchs of vegetation, depending upon their strong arms to bear our flag successfully in foreign seas; but iron and steam have combined to make more formidable



Cypress-Swamp.

defences, and the live-oak, as a necessity for naval architecture, is a thing of the past.

In contrast to the oak is the wonderful magnolia, a flowering giant, often reaching an altitude of ninety feet. Its form is attractive, and each particular bough has character-

istics of its own. Its leaves are large and crisp; the surface, exposed to the sun, is of a polished, dark green; while underneath it is almost as gray and velvety as the mullein. When the ever-green foliage of the live-oaks is trembling and whispering in the slightest breeze, or waving in great swaths in the rushing wind, the magnolia stands firm and unmoved—a beauty too full of starch to bend. But it makes amends. Its large imperial blossoms of pure white look like great ivory eggs, enveloped in green and brown. When the petals finally open, you have that bridal gift, the orange-blossom, enlarged to a span in diameter, and so fragrant that it oppresses the senses. The magnolia-tree, in full blossom, with the Spanish moss enshrouding it in a gray, neutral haze, makes a superb picture.

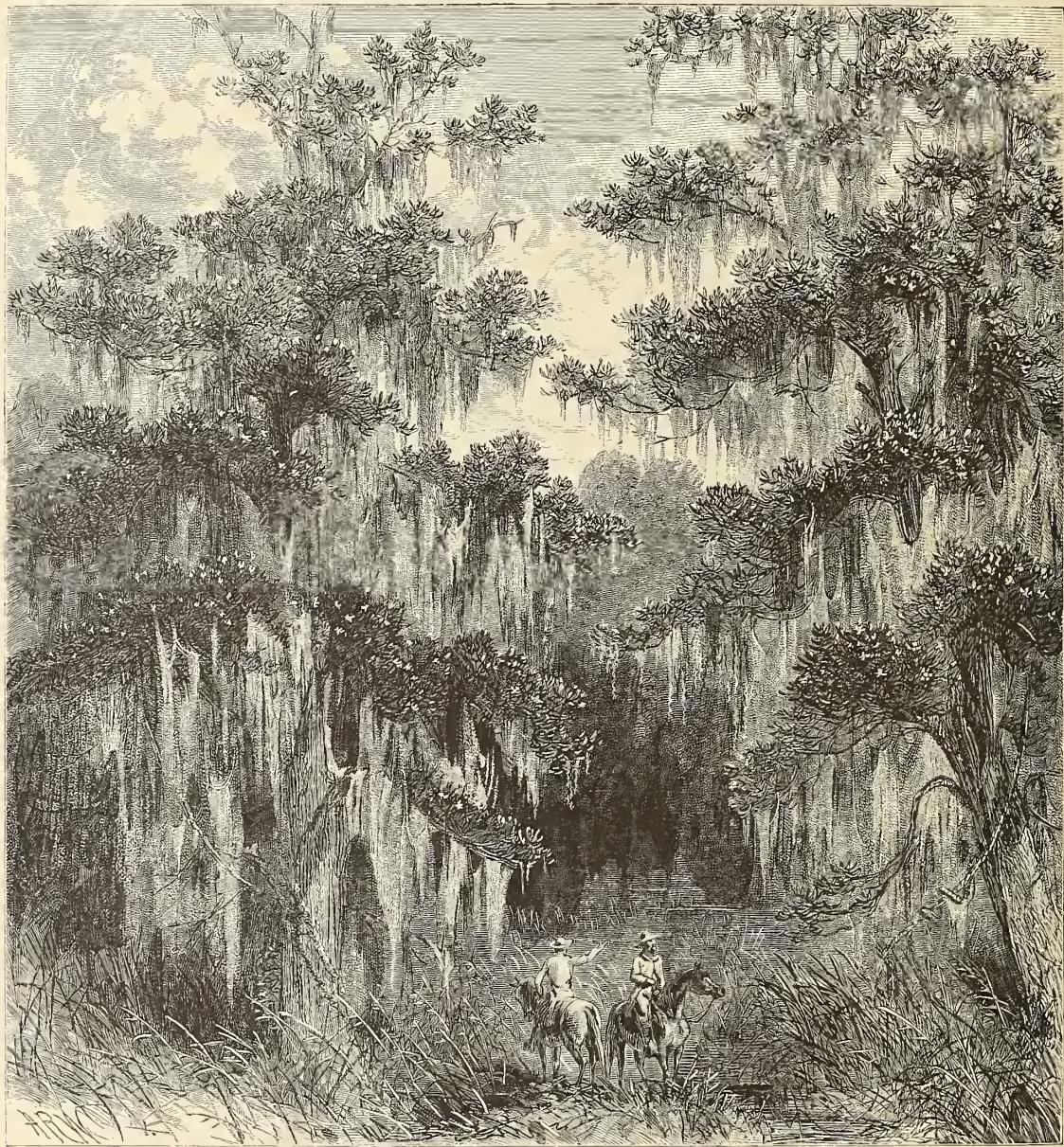
The scenery of the undisturbed forests of the Lower Mississippi is of a mysterious interest. Destitute though it be of the charms of mountains and water-falls, with no distant views, no great comprehensive exhibitions, it nevertheless inspires a sort of awe which it is difficult to define or account for. All objects are upon a water-level; and, when you look aloft through the gloom of the towering trees, you feel as if you were in a well, and below the usual surface of the earth, and that the place is born of the overflowing waters.

The grape-vines which festoon the trees curl round their supports with the force of cordage, and their trunks, slimy and grim, spring from the ground, and, writhing upward, like great pythons, grasp a supporting limb sixty feet in the air. The shimmer of distant lagoons greets you in the distance, and there are water-marks on the trees twenty feet above your head. If you look into the standing pools, you will find the surrounding earth as black as tar, and free from grass. The water is yellow with the sap of decaying vegetation, and the effluvia chill the heart.

If some passing storm has made a "window" and let in the sunshine, the under-growth, heretofore stunted or entirely repressed by the shade, now starts into life, and seems to rejoice in new-born luxuriance. The bright colors are metallic in intensity. The flower of the scarlet lobelia trembles and flashes as if a living coal of fire. The hydrangea, a modest shrub in the North, becomes a tree, a very mound of delicate blue flowers.

A deep and lasting impression was made upon the early discoverers of the Mississippi by the drapery which festooned the trees, and which is generally known as Spanish moss. It is probable that Moscoso and his companions, when floating disconsolate and heart-broken toward the Gulf, looked upon this strange vegetable production as mourning drapery for the losses and disappointments of the expedition, and in sorrow for the death of their departed chieftain. This moss is a parasite that lives by inserting its delicate suckers under the bark, and draws its sustenance from the flowing sap. It is repelled by trees in perfect vigor, but in one enfeebled by age or accident the moss gains foothold, and goes on with its quiet work of destruction until, vampire-like, it consumes the heart's-blood of its helpless victim, and then enwraps it in a weird wind-

ing-sheet. Except from practical observation, it is difficult to comprehend the quantity of this parasite which will sometimes gather on even one tree; and, startling as may be the assertion, we have seen great streamers, sixty feet in length, gracefully descending from the topmost branches to the ground. We have known many trees apparently



Magnolia Swamp.

stricken with age, which, artificially relieved of this burden, have revived and assumed almost their natural vigor. In the great order of Nature, the moss has its purposes. It consumes the hard and iron-like woods which would otherwise for long years, a century perhaps, be a vegetable wreck, and thus quietly and surely makes way for a new growth

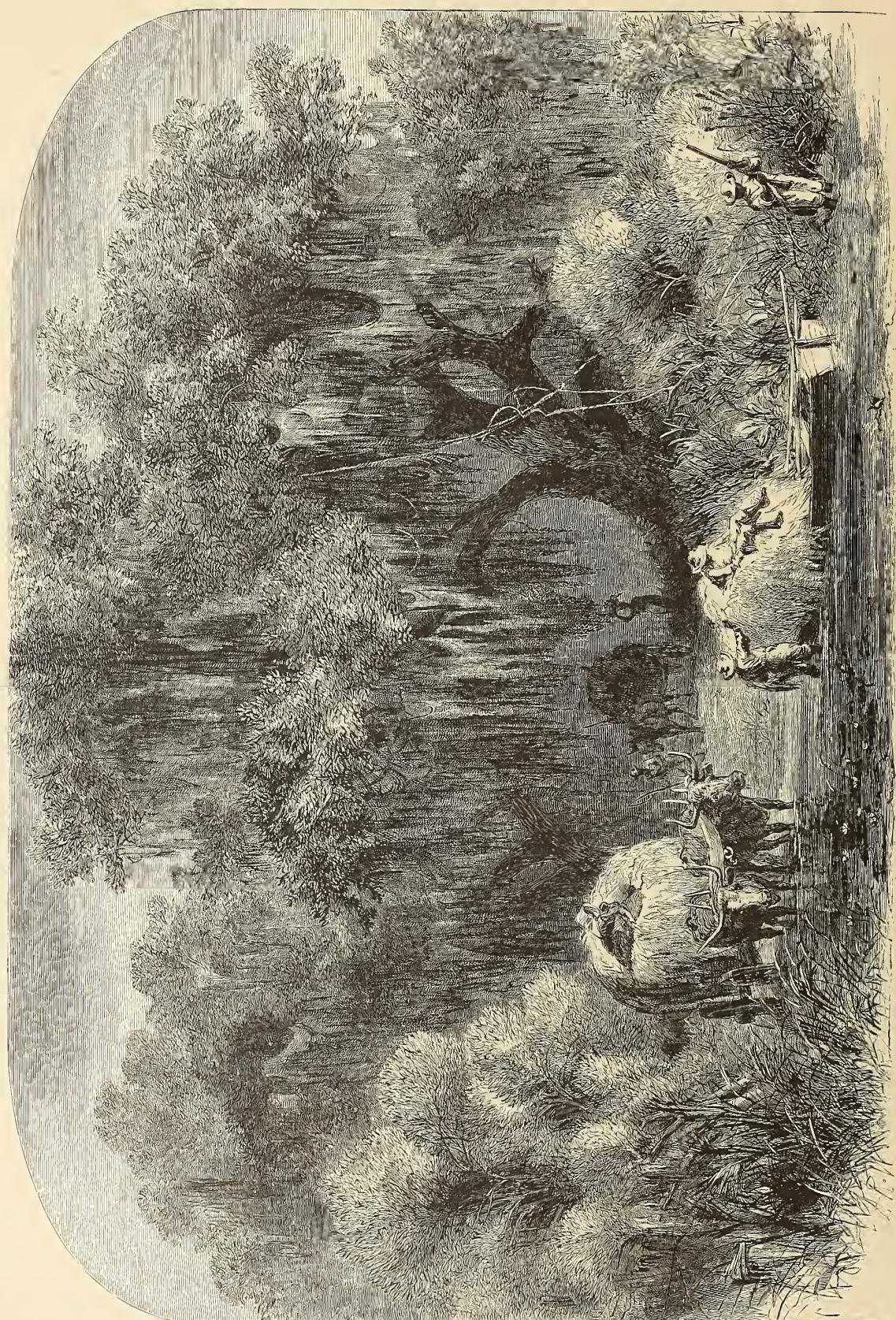
This Spanish moss has been, with some truth, likened to the shattered sails of a ship torn into shreds by the storm, but still hanging to the rigging. To Châteaubriand it suggested ghosts, but no perfect idea can be obtained by comparison; it is essentially peculiar in its aspect.

Comparatively within a few years, the Spanish moss has become important as an article of commerce, for, when plucked from the trees, from which it is easily separated, and then thoroughly "cured" and threshed of its delicate integuments of bark and leaves, it is found that through the long, thready moss is a delicate fibre as black as jet, and almost as thick as horsehair, which it strikingly resembles. For the stuffing of mattresses and cushions it is valuable, and the increasing demand for it has already opened a new field of enterprise among the denizens of the swamps.

Bienville, the first governor of Louisiana, is represented as laying the foundation of New Orleans on the first available high land he met with in ascending the river. Below the city there are now, along the banks, nearly fifty miles of continuous cultivation, and this arable land is the result of the accretions of the hundred and fifty years which have passed since the city was founded. As you ascend the river, evidences multiply that you are approaching the great Southern metropolis. A hundred columns of smoke are seen when you look across the land known as the "English turn." Large fleets of sailing-vessels in tow pass on their way to the ocean. Nondescript craft of all kinds line the shores; at last the "Crescent City" appears, stretching miles away along the coast, and opening wide its enfolding arms as a welcome to the arriving stranger.

The river opposite the city is more than a mile and a half in width, and, notwithstanding the velocity of its movement, and the distance from the sea (one hundred and eight miles), the tide regularly ebbs and flows, modifying somewhat the sweep of the downward current. Here we have a magnificent bay, grand in dimensions as any arm of the sea. The city extends along the eastern bank as far as the eye can reach; the western side is dotted over with villages, highly-cultivated farms, and great workshops. A consecutive mile or more of steamers is in sight, including the magnificent "floating palaces," which "carry" between the "great cities of the West," down through every conceivable representative graduation to the absurd "stern-wheeler," which works its way up the shallower streams and "damp places," tributary to the Arkansas and Red Rivers. Ships of stately proportions from every land lie side by side, their masts and cordage revealing in rich confusion a leafless forest. The ferry-boats are constantly in motion, while the great steam-tugs, bringing up with ease a fleet of sailing-vessels from the mouth of the river, make the lowlands echo with their high-pressure puffing, and send great clouds of bituminous smoke from their chimneys, which, borne away to the upper current of the air, extend along the low horizon in miles of serpentine forms.

Reaching the shore, you find that the "Levee," which below was a narrow embank-

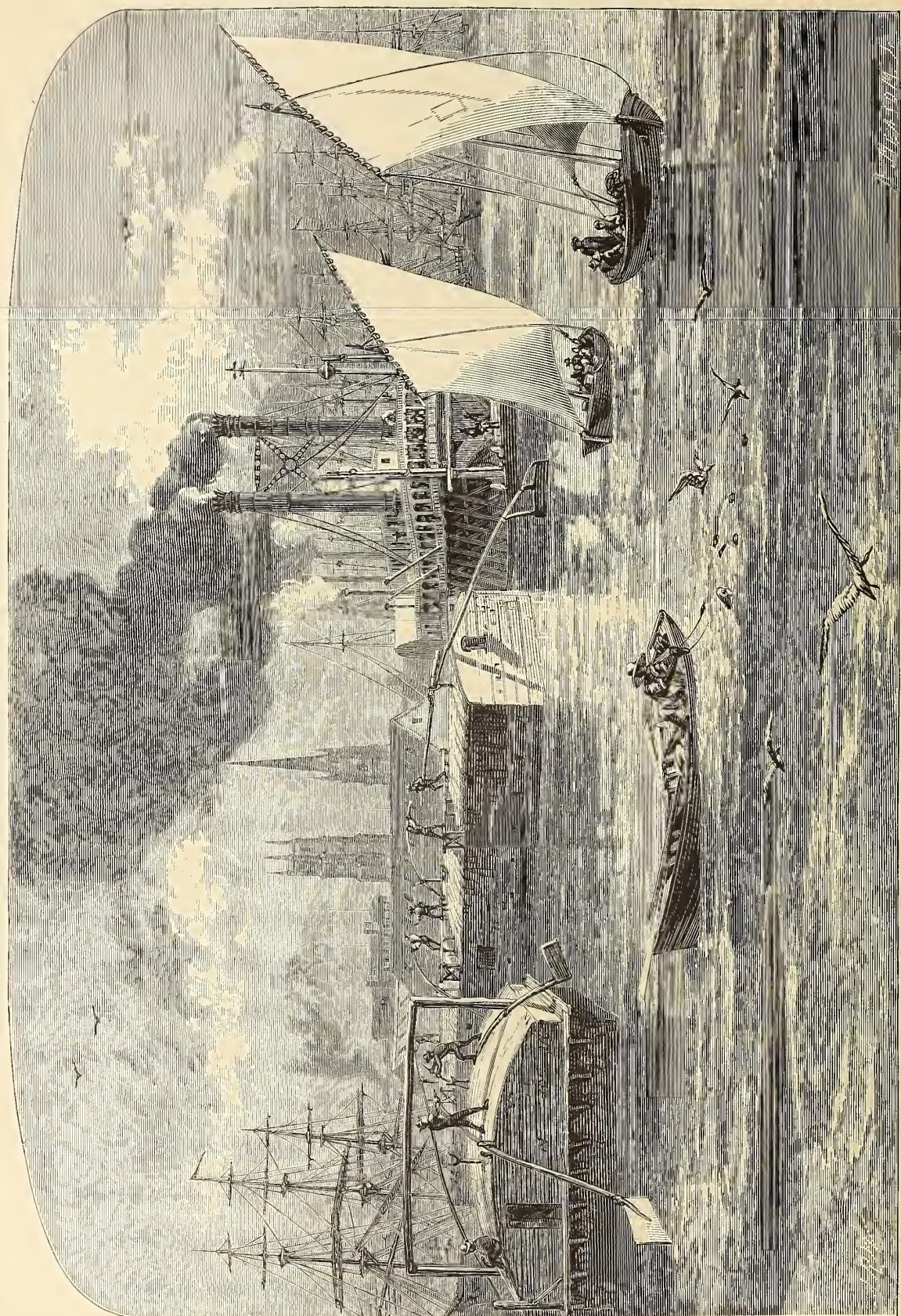


THE MOSS-GATHERERS

ment, is now a wide, artificial plateau, extending miles each way, and crowded with the teeming productions of the counties and States which lie on the tributary streams of the great river. A Babel of tongues is heard among the human toilers, who with the keenest industry pursue their different avocations. You realize that you are in a great city, and at the foot of a vast and surpassable inland navigation.

To float down the Western rivers was as easy as healthy respiration; to stem the swift current on the upward trip was a task of almost superhuman labor. If artificial means had not come to the rescue, much of the great West which to-day is enriched by cities and towns, and teeming with intelligent populations, would have remained a primitive wilderness. Before the application of steam for the propulsion of water-craft, commerce was carried on by means of "broad-horns" and "keel-boats." The broad-horn accomplished its purpose when, floating down the current, it arrived at its place of destination and delivered its cargo. The keel-boat not only brought down a cargo, but, loaded with foreign products, was "cordelled" by months of hard work up the river to its original starting-point. The keel-boatmen of the Mississippi were a remarkable race of men. In strength they were absolute giants; in power of sustaining fatigue, without rivals in any age. If they had been classical in the expressions of their exultation of physical power, they would confidently have challenged Hercules to combat, and, in our opinion, would have conquered that old Greek. The keel-boatmen are gone; the strong arms of iron, impelled by fire and steam, now more perfectly do what was once their gigantic work. But the broad-horn still exists in the cumbrous flat-boat, the only craft Mike Fink and his companions would recognize. And they will be seen probably for all time in the harbor of New Orleans, bearing to the great distributing markets of the world the agricultural products of our Western States. These huge edifices are really built upon large scows, sometimes a hundred feet or more in length, the superstructure a great, oblong, square building. A good specimen flat-boat, with a full load, is literally a whole block of country-stores afloat. Intended only for the temporary purpose of floating down the current with the spring-tide, they need no architectural adornments, no quality of beauty, nothing but the virtue of strength. To keep them off the "snags" and "sawyers," they are furnished with four immense "sweeps," which are sometimes, in moments of danger, worked with a power by the flat-boatmen that shows somewhat of the spirit of the mighty men they so imperfectly represent. The flat having reached its place of destination, and been safely discharged of its valuable cargo, its mission as an argosy is ended. Now, by transmutation, to meet the further demands of commerce, it is consigned to the tender mercies of the saw and axe, and converted into cord-wood.

A favorably-situated series of plantations, with land more than ordinarily high, and therefore comparatively free from overflow, in the course of long years of cultivation becomes the centre of charming landscape scenery, which combines the novelty of many exotics growing side by side with the best-preserved specimens of the original forest.



THE MISSISSIPPI AT NEW ORLEANS.

On these old plantations, modified by climate, are developed in the greatest perfection some of the choicest tropical plants. Orange-trees may be met with which are three-quarters of a century old, with great, gnarled trunks and strong arms, still bearing in perfection their delicious fruit. The sugar-cane, usually a tender, sensitive plant, has become acclimated, and, though still a biennial, repays most liberally for its cultivation. The magnificent banana, with its great, sweeping leaves of emerald green waving in the breeze with the dignity of a banner, has within a comparatively few years almost overcome its susceptibility to cold, and is now successfully cultivated.

In the rear of the garden you find the elm-shaped pecan, of immense height and beautiful proportions, bearing abundantly an oval-shaped, thin-shelled fruit, possessing all the sweetness of the hickory-nut and almond combined. As you go farther south, below the Louisiana coast, these trees form forests, and yield to their possessors princely incomes. Hedges of jasmine lead up to the door-ways of the planters' residences, and vie in fragrance with the flowing pomegranate and night-blooming cereus, and an endless variety of the queenly family of the rose. And just where the cultivated line disappears, and the natural swamp begins, will often be found the yellow jasmine climbing up some blasted tree, and usurping its dead branches for its own uses, and covering it over with a canopy of blossoms which shed a fragrance that, in descending, is palpable to the touch and oppressive to the nostrils. Here the honey-bee revels, and the humming-bird, glancing in the sunlight as if made of living sapphires, dashes to and fro with lightning rapidity, shaking from its tiny, quivering wings the golden pollen.

At nightfall, when the warm spring-day has disappeared, to be followed by the cool sea-breeze, and the atmosphere predisposes to lassitude and dreamy repose, the minstrel of the Southern landscape, the wonderful mocking-bird, will find a commanding perch near the house, where he can enjoy the fragrance of flowers in the sea-cooled air, and know that his human admirers are listening, and he will then carol forth songs of praise and admiration, of joy and humor, of sweet strains and discords, like a very "Puck of the woods," a marvel of music and song.

The settlers who first gained foothold were of French origin, and the original impress is still maintained. Up to within a very few years communities existed in Louisiana of the most charming rural population: the little chapel, with its social French priest; the men temperate and of good bearing, because the genial climate called for moderate labor; the women bright, fond of home, and inheriting a natural taste for dress worthy of the mother-country. Unprovided with the theatre and opera, these rural populations were content in matters of display with the imposing ceremonies of their church, and for amusement with the weekly enjoyment of their extemporized balls. Among this population originally were many scions of the best families of France, whose historic names are still preserved, who shed over their simple settlements in the far-off wilds of the Mississippi something of the style pertaining to the villa and *château*. In

course of time many of these old mansions along the river have disappeared, or, falling into the possession of the irreverent Anglo-Saxon, have had their outward faces buried under broadly-constructed verandas and galleries—nice places for shade and promenade, but sadly incongruous, and painfully expressive of a “sudden growth.”

The Mississippi, left to itself for hundreds of miles above its mouth in the spring-floods, would overflow its banks from two to three feet. To obviate such a catastrophe, there has been built by the enterprising planters a continuous line of levee, or earth-intrenchments, upon which slight barrier depends the material wealth of the people. The alluvium, or sediment, of the river, which is deposited most abundantly upon its



Market-Garden on the Coast.

banks, makes the frontage the highest surface, and, as you go inland, you unconsciously but steadily descend, at least four feet to the mile, until you often find the water-level marked on the trees at times of overflow far above your head. When the spring-flood is at its height, a person standing inside of the levee has the water running above him, and, if he glances at the houses in the rear, the level of the flood will possibly reach the height of the second-story windows.

For nine months of the year the Louisiana planter pays but little attention to the levee, but, when the spring comes, and the melted snows, which fall even as far off as the foot of the Rocky Mountains, find their way past his residence to the sea, he is suddenly awakened to the most intense anxiety; and when, at last, the great flood of

water—the drainage, in fact, of two-thirds of the lands of the centre of the continent—dashes over the frail embankment of the levee—he realizes what a slender hold he has upon his young crop and the earthy improvements of a large estate. The rains at these times assist in making the water-soaked barrier unstable; rats, mice, and beetles, have their burrows, and thousands of crawfish, with their claws as hard and sharp as a chisel of iron, riddle the levee with holes. Under these critical conditions, even a light wind may invite the impending catastrophe. In an unexpected moment the alarm is given that a “crevasse” is threatened! All is confusion and consternation. The cry of

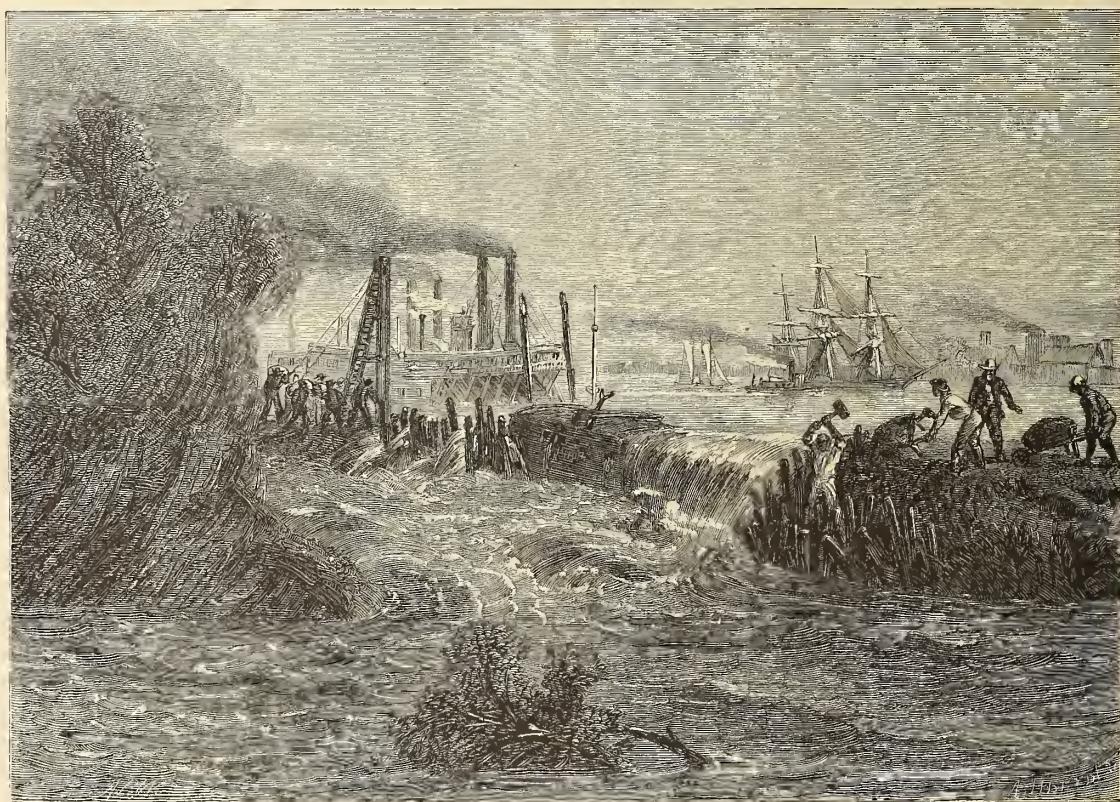


Planter's House on the Mississippi.

fire at midnight in a crowded city is not more terrible. The plantation-bells are rung, the news is carried to out-of-the-way places by fleet horsemen, the laboring population assemble, and, armed with such implements as are at command, the attempt is made to stay the threatening waves. The levee at the point of assault, in spite of all action to the contrary, moves from its foundation and crumbles away, and the river, raised to an artificial height, now finds relief in a current that roars like a cataract. If the break is of formidable proportions, the passing flat-boat is drawn into the vortex, and sent like a chip high and dry into the distant fields. Even the great Western steamer that

breasts so grandly the downward current of the river, in the newly-formed rapids trembles and swerves from its course. Occasionally a crevasse is arrested by the erection of coffer-dams, by piles driven in the earth, which make the support for branches of trees or the broadside of a flat-boat; but, as a rule, these ill-directed labors are fruitless, and the sweeping current is left to take its course. The lowlands in the rear of the river-front are soon filled, and the current, at last finding a level with the river itself, converts the surrounding country for miles into a waste of waters.

Added to the danger of overflow is that of caving banks. By a natural law in the formation of the banks of the Mississippi, the alluvium is rapidly deposited upon



A "Crevasse" on the Mississippi.

the "points," and dissolves away from the "bends." It is not an extraordinary sight to see a grandly-constructed and ancient house hanging outside the levee and over the edge of the river-bank, destined sooner or later to drop into the river. You will find these things occur where the mighty current, sweeping round a bend, has worn away the soft earth, often dissolving it by acres. If this occurs in front of a plantation, the house and improvements, perhaps originally a mile from the river, will be gradually brought to the edge of the bank, to be finally engulfed. The point directly opposite the bend, however, makes, in accretions, exactly what is taken away from the opposite side of the river.

MACKINAC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. DOUGLAS WOODWARD.

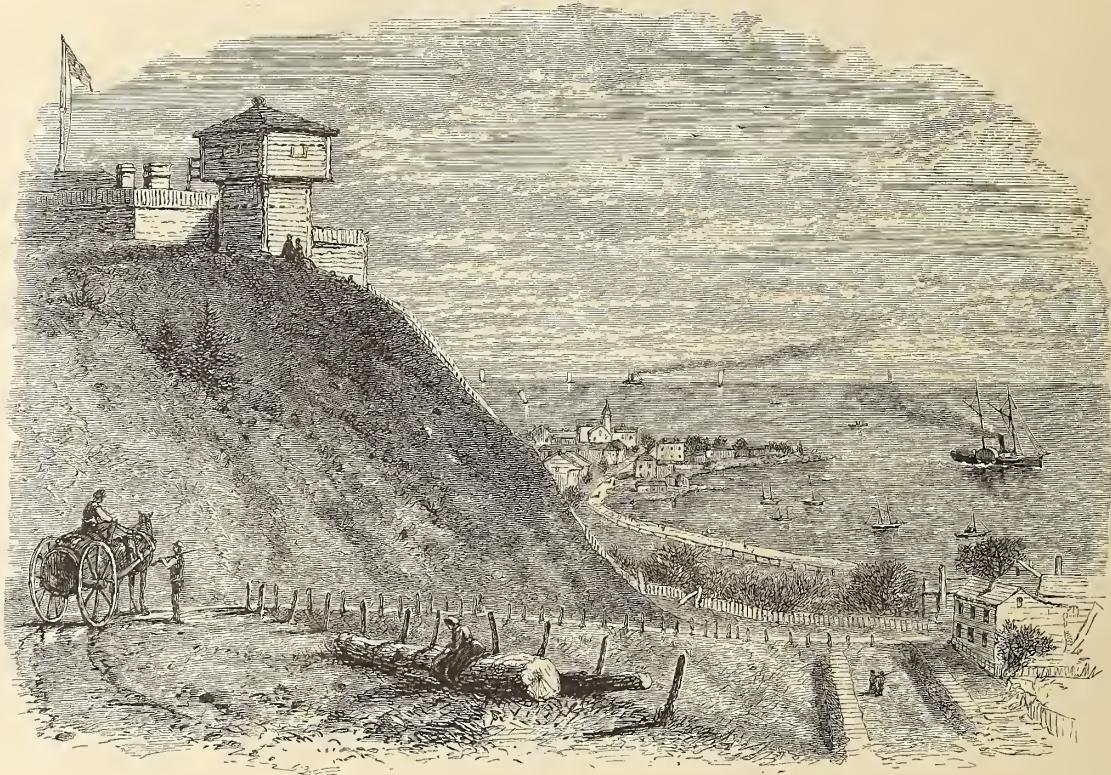


Arched Rock.

TRAVELLING westward over the great lakes, we constantly encounter beginnings. The newness of the new world is conspicuous, pleasantly or obtrusively, according to our tastes, but conspicuous always. The cities on the shores are young and precocious, the villages are young and awkward, and the lumber-sta-

tions are young and green with the freshly-cut verdure of the forest. The universal boast on the fresh-water seas is, "See how young we are!"

You enter a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants. "Twenty years ago, sir, this was an unbroken wilderness," observes the citizen, as he takes you through the busy streets in his luxurious carriage. The steamer stops at a thriving town of ten thousand people. "Five years ago there wasn't so much as a shanty here," says the hotel-keeper, with a flourishing wave of his hand toward the clustering houses and his four-story frame caravansary, decked out in shining green and white. Early, some bright morning, a landing is made at a wood-station; a long wharf, a group of unpainted



View of Fort and Town.

houses, a store, and several saw-mills, compose a promising settlement. "Six months ago, mister, there war'n't even a chip on this yer spot," says a bearded giant, sitting on a wood-pile, watching the passengers as they come ashore.

Coming from the east and striking the lakes at Buffalo, the elderly traveller begins to breathe this juvenile atmosphere of the fresh water; and, as he advances westward, he is obliged to abandon, one by one, his cherished beliefs and interests. History there is none, relics there are none, and the oldest inhabitant seems to him but a boy. At first he wonders and admires, with a strange, new scorn for the quiet ocean-village where his home is fixed, but gradually he grows weary of the hurry, weary of the paint, weary of unfinished cities and just-begun villages, weary of ambitious words and daring hopes



Arched Rock by Moonlight.

weary, in short, of the soaring American eagle. In this mood, after gloomily surveying Duncan and Sheboygan, on the Michigan shore, the elderly traveller, still weary with the new, is suddenly brought face to face with the old; for in the straits between Lakes Huron and Michigan, round the corner of Bois-Blanc and past the shoals of Round

Point, lies the ancient home of the Giant Fairies, the little picturesque island of Mackinac, venerable with the memories of more than two centuries.

There is nothing young about Mackinac, nothing new. The village, at the foot of the cliff, is decayed and antiquated; the fort, on the height above, is white and crumbling with age; the very flag is tattered; and, once beyond this fringe of habitations around the port, there is no trace of the white man on the island save one farm-house of the last century, and a ruin on the western shore. There is no commercial activity at Mackinac; the business life of the village died out with the fur-trade; and so different is its aspect from that of the other lake-towns, no matter how small, that the traveller feels as though he was walking through the streets of a New-World Pompeii.

There is no excitement in Mackinac, no news. In summer, if Huron is willing, the Sarnia boats bring the mails three times a week; but Saginaw Bay is often surly; blustering head-winds lie in wait behind Thunder-Bay Islands, and days pass without a letter or paper. In winter the mails are carried over the ice on dog-trains, travelling northward along the shores of Lake Huron, and striking across the straits—pictures of arctic life as real as any in the polar regions. But even this means of communication is necessarily precarious, and spy-glasses from the fort often sweep the horizon for weeks, searching in vain for the welcome black speck in the white distance. Thus isolated in the northern waters, the island does not enjoy that vivid interest in passing events which this age of steam and electricity has evoked; neither politics, epidemics, improvements, nor religion, disturb its lethargy. Religion has lain dormant where the first missionaries left it; the air is so pure that no one dies under the extreme limit of the term allotted to man; no improvements have been made in a hundred years; and, as to politics, if the islanders do not persist, like the Pennsylvania Dutchmen, in voting for General Jackson, it is simply because they have only got as far down the list as Madison.

The history of Mackinac (Mackinac, or Mackinaw, is an abbreviation of the full title of Michilimackinac, which, according to Lippincott's "Gazetteer," should be pronounced *Mish-il-e-mak'e-naw*) may be divided into three periods—the explorer's, the military, and the fur-trading. The first period embraces the early voyages of Father Marquette; his college for the education of Indian youths, established on the straits in 1671; the death of the explorer, and the remarkable funeral procession of canoes, which, two years afterward, brought back his body, from its first burial-place on Lake Michigan, to the little mission on the Straits of Mackinac, which in life he loved so well. Here, in 1677, his grave was made by his Indian converts; its exact site was lost during the warfare that followed, but it was in the neighborhood of the little church whose foundation remains still visible, and here it is proposed to erect a monument to his memory.

In 1679 the daring explorer, Robert Cavalier de la Salle, sailed through the straits on his way to the Mississippi, in a vessel of sixty tons, called the Griffin, built by himself, on Lake Erie, during the previous spring. He stopped at old Mackinac, on the

main-land; and Hennepin, the historian of the expedition, describes the astonishment of the Indians on seeing the Griffin, the first vessel that passed through the beautiful straits.

In 1688 a French officer, Baron la Houtan, visited the straits, and in his journal



Chimney Rock.

makes the first mention of the fur-trade: "The *courriers de bois* have a settlement here, this being the depot for the goods obtained from the south and west savages, for they cannot avoid passing this way when they go to the seats of the Illinees and the Oumamis, and to the river of Mississippi."

In 1695 the military period begins. At that date M. de la Motte Cadillac, who afterward founded the present city of Detroit, established a small fort on the straits. Then came contests and skirmishes, not unmixed with massacres (for the Indians were enlisted on both sides), and finally the post of Mackinac, together with all the French strongholds on the lakes, was surrendered to the English, in September, 1761.

In 1763 began the conspiracy of Pontiac, wonderful for the sagacity with which it was planned and the vigor with which it was executed. Pontiac, the most remarkable Indian of all the lake-tribes, lived on Pêché Island, near Lake St. Clair. He was a firm friend of the French, and, to aid their cause, he arranged a simultaneous attack upon all the English forts in the lake-country, nine out of twelve being taken by surprise and destroyed, and among them the little post on the Straits of Mackinac. For a year after the massacre no soldiers were seen in these regions; but, a treaty of peace having been made with the Indians, troops were again sent west to raise the English flag in its old position.

During the War for Independence the fort was established in its present site on Mackinac Island; and the stars and stripes, superseding the cross of St. George and the lilies of the Bourbons, waved for a time peacefully over the heights; but the War of 1812 began, and the small American garrison was surprised and captured by the British, under Captain Robarts, who, having landed at the point still known as the "British Landing," marched across the island to the gate of the fort and forced a surrender. After the victory of Commodore Perry, on Lake Erie, in 1813, it was determined to recapture Fort Mackinac from the British, and a little fleet was sent from Detroit for that purpose. After wandering in the persistent fogs of Lake Huron, the vessels reached the straits, and a brisk engagement began in the channel, between Round Island and Mackinac. At length the American commander decided to try a land attack, and forces were sent on shore, under command of Colonel Croghan and Major Holmes. They landed at the "British Landing," and had begun to cross the island when the British and Indians met them, and a desperate battle ensued in the clearing near the Dousman farm-house. The enemy had the advantage of position and numbers, and, aided by their innumerable Indian allies, they succeeded in defeating the gallant little band, who retreated to the "Landing," leaving a number killed on the field, among them Major Holmes. The American fleet cruised around the island for some time, but "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

As far back as 1671, Marquette had noticed and described the currents of air that disturb the navigation of the straits, in the following quaint terms: "The winds: for this is the central point between the three great lakes which surround it, and which seem incessantly tossing ball at each other. For no sooner has the wind ceased blowing from Lake Michigan, than Lake Huron hurls back the gale it has received; and Lake Superior, in its turn, sends forth its blasts from another quarter; and thus the game is con-



Fairy Arch.

stantly played from one to the other." The clumsy vessels could do nothing against the winds and waves; and not until the conclusion of peace, in 1814, was the American flag again hoisted over the Gibraltar of the lakes.

Points on the Straits of Mackinac began to be stations for the fur-trade as early as

1688, but the constant warfare of the military period interfered with the business. In 1809 John Jacob Astor bought out the existing associations, and organized the American Fur Company, with a capital of two millions. For forty years this company monopolized the fur-trade, and Mackinac was the gayest and busiest post in the chain—the great central mart. Here were the supply-stores for the outgoing and incoming *voyageurs*, and the warehouses for the goods brought from New York, as well as for the furs from the interior. From here started the *bateaux* on their long journey to the Northwest, and here, once or twice a year, came the returned *voyageurs*, spending their gains in a day, with the gay prodigality of their race, laughing, singing, and dancing with the pretty half-breed girls, and then away into the wilderness again. The old buildings of the Fur Company form a large portion of the present village of Mackinac. The warehouses are



Sugar-Loaf Rock—(East Side).

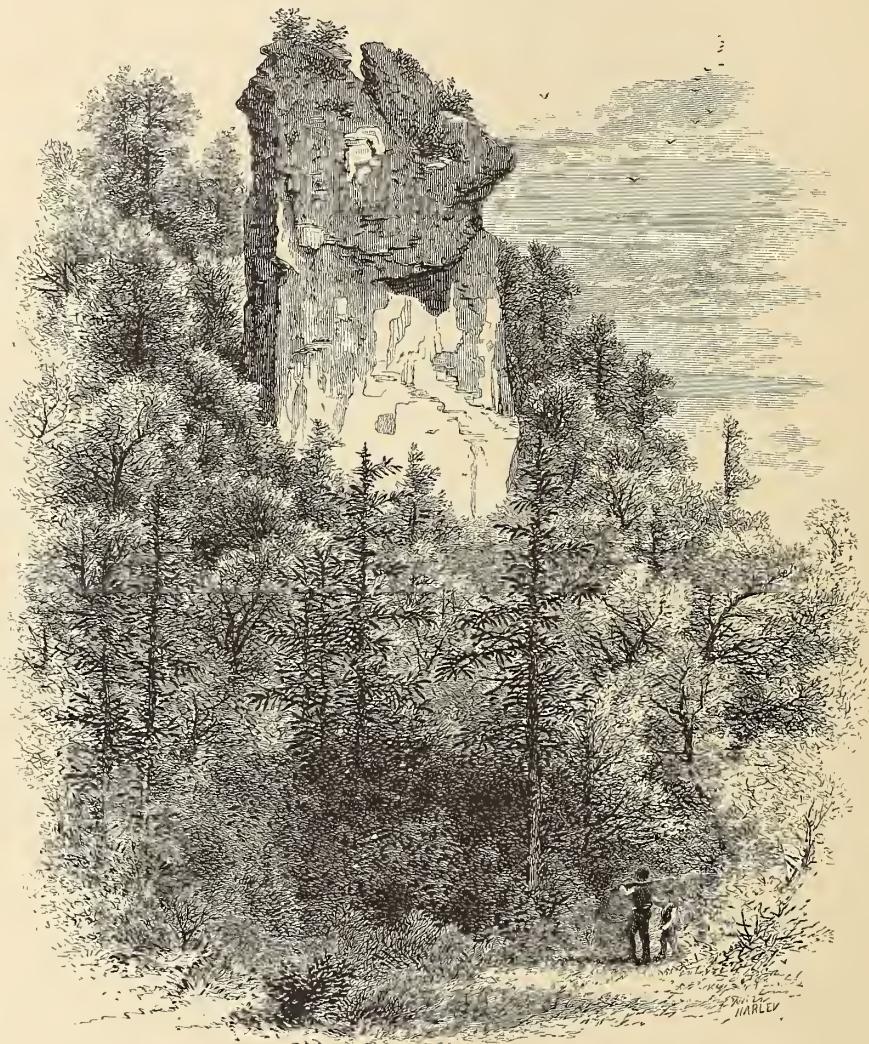


Sugar-Loaf Rock—(West Side).

for the most part, unused, although portions of some of them are occupied as stores. The present McLeod House, an hotel on the north street, was originally erected as a boarding-house for the company's clerks, in 1809. These were Mackinac's palmy days; her two little streets were crowded with people, and her warehouses filled with merchandise. All the traffic of the company centred here, and its demands necessitated the presence of men of energy and enterprise, some of the oldest and best business-men of the Eastern cities having served an apprenticeship in the little French village under the cliff. Here, also, were made the annual Indian payments, when the neighboring tribes assembled by thousands on the island to receive their stipend.

The natural scenery of Mackinac is charming. The geologist finds mysteries in the masses of calcareous rock dipping at unexpected angles; the antiquarian feasts his eyes

on the Druidical circles of ancient stones; the invalid sits on the cliff's edge, in the vivid sunshine, and breathes in the buoyant air with delight, or rides slowly over the old military roads, with the spicery of cedars and juniper alternating with the fresh forest-odors of young maples and beeches. The haunted birches abound, and on the crags grow the weird larches, beckoning with their long fingers—the most human tree of all. Bluebells, on their hair-like stems, swing from the rocks, fading at a touch, and in the deep woods



Lovers' Leap.

are the Indian pipes, but the ordinary wild-flowers are not to be found. Over toward the British Landing stand the Gothic spires of the blue-green spruces, and now and then an Indian trail crosses the road, worn deep by the feet of the red-men, when the Fairy Island was their favorite and sacred resort.

The Arch Rock, one of the curiosities of Mackinac, is a natural bridge, one hundred and forty-five feet high by less than three feet wide, spanning the chasm with airy grace. This arch has been excavated by the action of the weather on a projecting angle

